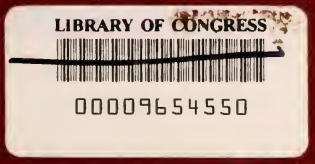
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NARRATIVE

OF

EXCURSIONS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS,

PERFORMED AT DIFFERENT PERIODS

IN AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA:

BY

GEORGE RAPELJE, ESQ.

"I was born and educated in the new world, but from earliest life panted to visit the old, to gaze on the monuments of ancient days, and to meditate over the graves of departed nations."—*Ledyard's Letter.*

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TO THE

Memory of my Father,

REM RAPELJE;

Whose precepts for the guidance of my youth were wholesome and wise; whose example for my imitation was worthy of all praise; a man who accumulated wealth by industry and economy, and expended it with a generous and open hand; who, in evil times, escaped from harm, by wisdom and prudence, and sustained his integrity of principle by firmness of purpose; who was a good citizen, always ready to support an honest government, to vindicate its dignity and honor; who was a kind father, administering liberally to the wants and wishes of his children; a philanthropist to whom the poor never cried for bread in vain; one who lived in peace with all mankind, when permitted so to do; unambitious of political honors or popular favor, and what is of a higher fame, and of sweeter remembrance to his descendants, a Christian, who died in the hopes of the resurrection of the just to immortal life—this honest narrative of his "oft wandering son" is filially and reverently inscribed.

G. R.

PREFACE.

My objects in travelling, were to find amusement, and to gain health and information; but at the time I was wandering over Europe and Asia, little did I think of ever becoming an author; but in order to preserve some passages of my life, I have at length thought proper to send my journal to the press. It has been printed on my own account and risk, and, of course, no bookseller could say to me, enlarge this, soften that, and entirely obliterate this page, as it may be injurious to the sale of the work. It is therefore given in the spirit of independence. I have the vanity to think that there are some peculiarities in my journal, for I went not out with the spirit of virtu, or to find wonders where they did not exist, nor to give classical descriptions and illustrations of those curiosities which have engaged the attention of travellers for ages. I cannot boast of having spent my days in copying half obliterated inscriptions on the walls of ruined temples, and of busying myself in supplying that by conjecture which has been lost by decay. I have taken no impression of hieroglyphics from pillars or pyramids, nor wasted my time in attempting to form a key to unlock these supposed mysterious treasures of knowledge. Those who had gone before me have attempted all this, for they went out for fame or pecuniary recompense. These savans and literati have

frequently thrown a spell around a subject which did not intrinsically belong to it. I have traversed the same fields, without any pretensions to deep learning or extraordinary investigation, but have gone onward, with, I trust, a share of common sense and common honesty. The things which I have seen I have described in my own way, without poring over learned tomes to settle agitated questions by comparisons or weight of authorities. My opinions have been formed from a direct eye-sight and an unbiased understanding, and as such I have given them, without a disposition to depreciate any country, or to degrade any particular race of men : sometimes I may have been severe in my remarks, but I think facts will support my observations. When I made my first visit to England, the old fashioned doctrine of the balance of power among nations, had nearly been destroyed by the two great belligerents, Great Britain and France, but on my second, it was evident that the Holy Alliance had chained nations to the car of peace, which gave the traveller new advantages. The struggle of the Greeks seemed the only exception in the civilized world, save a few provincial feuds in South America.

The great nations of Europe will at all times have a commanding influence on the affairs of nations and will long hold it, particularly, over the Levant, once, the greatest theatre of human action. Half the mighty battles of past ages by land and sea have been fought there. This region, and the farthest East, in my opinion, are destined, in the process of ages, to be governed entirely by European nations. The Asiatics have no elements of recuperative power in their institutions, although they are among the bravest of the human race.

In travelling over these countries whose sun of glory has set for ages, perhaps forever, or those on the decline, one of a philosophi-

cal turn of mind cannot refrain from indulging the belief that there is, by the maker of the whole, a connection or resemblance between the natural and political worlds. It is a perpetual law of the physical world that when a ray of light leaves one spot on earth that it beams on another, making the light and shades forever changing, and forever equal; so in the political and moral, when one country sinks in darkness, another arises into day. The Eastern sun was shorn of its beams before that of science arose in the Western Hemisphere. Rome had declined and fallen before Venice sprung up from the hundred islands of the Adriatic, and Venice, in turn, had lost the traffic of the East before Britain assumed it, and Spain began to sink when her South American colonies began to flourish. These are subjects for the traveller's consideration.

A citizen in a republic like ours views every subject with a freshness, and with a desire to be informed, and at the same time with a spirit of independence. He finds in the decayed and decaying portions of the old world, much from their gone-by institutions to reason upon and to profit by, in establishing those of the new. Commisseration is felt for the past, as well as honor and respect, but hope and belief peculiarly belong to the future. I will now come down to more particular reasons for publishing this volume. One is, that I wished to preserve for myself the impressions which were made upon my mind in the course of my travels, by whatever I had seen and examined; another, that I might give to my friends some correct views of my travels; and above all, that I might leave on record some proofs of my attachment to the institutions of my country. My property is in the land of my ancestors and of my birth, and its value must be calculated by the prospects of the country. On the score of modesty, I have not any scruples

in ushering my views and opinions to the world, when I find every Englishman who had travelled over my country in stages, steam or canal boats, or otherwise, has given an account of us with great positiveness; a man who probably came without letters or means of introduction to any one. Such travellers talk wisely of the habits, manners, customs, and propensities of the people of the United States, knowing no more of us than the bird who emigrates from south to north or from north to south every season. The opinions of travellers should be modest, and when they are so, are beneficial to the great family of mankind, of whatever cast they may be. Those who visit the old world have ten thousand partialities for past times, while he who comes to examine a new one has as many prejudices in his mind to overcome. To my own countrymen I say, cherish your own institutions, and look upon those of others in candor and justice.

G. R.

RAPELJE'S NARRATIVE.

I THINK it quite proper that every man who attempts to give his travels to the public, should also give some account of himself, to assist the reader in putting a true estimate on the capacity and veracity of the writer; for there are those who may have an interest in falsely coloring whatever they present, and there are others so situated, as to tell the truth honestly, without any partiality or prejudice. I rank myself among the latter class, but the public are the judges. I want no man's favor; I ask for no office, pension, or place; still, as my work is to come before the world, I shall indulge myself in giving a few particulars of my life.

I was born on the 9th of August, 1771, in a three story brick house, on the north side of Liberty-street, at that time called Crown-street; the house was a few doors from the corner of William-street. My father's name was Rem Rapelje, and at that time, before business was so distinctly divided as it now is, was a ship owner, dealt in general merchandise, and kept a store in Maiden-lane, directly in rear of his dwelling-

house. He was a native of Brooklyn, Long-Island. He lost his father when a child, and his mother having contracted a second marriage, he felt all the chilling influence of a step-father, and sought for friendly aid elsewhere. He fortunately had an uncle, in the corn, grain, and flour business, a thrifty, intelligent man, who took him into his store, which was at the fork of Maiden-lane and Crown-street. Here, after a few years of industrious labor, during which he supported the character of an intelligent, honest young man, he was sent in a schooner, as supercargo, to the island of Curacoa, in the West Indies, and although but twenty-one years of age, had other vessels consigned to him. His personal appearance, his honesty, his amenity of manners, as well as his intelligence, made him a popular young man.

The family of Rapelje was originally from France. Being Protestant, they fled to Holland, after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and were among the early emigrants to New-Amsterdam. One of the family was a land surveyor, and the other a farmer. The name is mentioned in the first accounts of the city, as one of the burgomasters in the good old days of admiral, governor Stuyvesant. The first child born of Christian parents in the city of New-Amsterdam was named Sarah De Rapelje. This account is now preserved as a curiosity. As they came from the

river Wall, in Holland, and held lands on Long Island, they called the small stream near their dwelling "the Wallabout." The descendants of these first settlers are now to be found in various parts of the United States. My mother, whose maiden name was Nelly Hardenbrook, was born in the city of New-York, at the corner of Beekman and Pearl streets, which my great grandfather built, and lived in for many years. From the great number of his children, my maternal uncles and aunts, I have named the old mansion-house "*the bee-hive.*"

At the close of the American war, my father purchased the glass-house farm, three miles and an half from the city, as it then was, but now in it, on the North river. It received its name from an unsuccessful attempt to make glass bottles there. It was little north of a country seat called Content, a delightful place, the summer residence of a Mrs. McAdam, sister to a Mrs. Shaw, whose daughter had married Sir Richard Wheat, and after his death, admiral Lord Cochran, who, if living, now resides in Scotland. My father resided at the glass-house farm thirteen years, when he removed to a much larger farm, at Pelham, West Chester county, where he resided until his death, which happened at the age of seventy-six years and ten months; my mother survived him several years.

At four years of age I was put to a woman's

school, next door to my father's, in Crown-street. I afterwards went to a master's school, in Maiden-lane, near Nassau-street. When my father resided at the glass-house farm, being then about twelve years of age, I was sent to Hackensack school, in New-Jersey; for during the revolution all things in the city were in a state of disorder, and there were no good schools established. At the institution at Hackensack there were an hundred scholars, of the best families, from the states of New-York and New-Jersey. The school was under the superintendence of Mr. Peter Wilson, a most capable and indefatigable teacher, who some years afterwards was elected a professor of the Latin and Greek languages in Columbia College. I left Mr. Wilson to enter Columbia College, where in due course I graduated Bachelor of Arts. On leaving my alma mater, I was put in the office with John Watkins, counsellor at law, to study the profession. His wife,—for I lived in the family, and cannot forget her kindness to me,—was adorned with every social and domestic virtue. She belonged to a family of talent, being a daughter to William Livingston, Governor of New-Jersey, and sister to Judge Brockholst Livingston.

I must turn back, leaving my own history for a season, to give some account of what happened to my father during the revolutionary troubles.

My father, when parties ran high, inclined to

the old order of things; he for one, among many, was contented and happy under the British government. His property was secure, and he, no doubt, thought that many of our grievances were imaginary. My father was not of a disposition to remain still, and expressing his sentiments perhaps a little too freely, excited the indignation of some of the sons of liberty, from whom he met with rude treatment. The mob assailed my father's house, in search of my brothers, who had resented the insults offered their father, but they were saved by the cool intrepidity of my mother, who invited a committee of three to come in and search the house, declaring that her sons were not there, nor did she know when they might be. They had been taken from the house disguised in female apparel, and secreted for a while. They were high spirited young men; one of them was a student in medicine, and the other was preparing to be a merchant, under commissary Henry White, a man of distinction in that day.

Another circumstance happened, which was a sad grievance to our family. My maternal uncle, Theophilus Hardenbrook, chief engineer to the king, in New-York, was treated with every insult, and was mangled, and ill used by the mob; but to their honor be it said, that the upper classes of the whigs did every thing in their power to restrain the mob. He got away from his persecutors, concealed himself on the banks of the Hudson,

and at length gaining a little strength, he took a small boat to go on board a man-of-war, lying in the stream, but after he had reached the ship, exhausted from the loss of blood, in attempting to get on board, was drowned. These stories, often repeated by my dear mother, have sunk deep into my heart, and their influences can never be done away. My father, for his honesty was never for a moment doubted, was allowed by the committee of safety in New-York, to reside in New-Jersey, where he lived in great retirement until the war was over. He had pledged the word of a man of principle and honor, and he took no part in the revolutionary conflict.

While my father was in banishment, one of my mother's relations, a whig, came to her, and told her that she had better remove with her children into the country, as in the event of the city being taken by the British, it would be burnt. My mother replied, "My dear cousin, you have valuable property here, and would not like to have it destroyed. What I should wish to see will not be a matter of consequence. I assure you it is the intention of General Washington to fire the city, if it falls into the hands of the British army;" and it so happened that soon after they got possession of the city, a fire commenced somewhere to the east of Broad-street, and near the spot where Pearl-street and the East river are continued round the point, on the east and north side of

Broad-street, crossing over to the west side of Broadway, before it came to Wall-street, and sweeping up on the west side of Broadway, between it and the North river. Trinity church was burnt. St. Paul's was with difficulty saved, and the desolation reached to the North river. Many persons were suspected and examined, but no satisfactory account of the conflagration could be given; but the general opinion was, that the fire originated from design.

While we lived at the glass-house farm, about the close of the war, when many of the Hessians were still in the country, a singular circumstance happened at our place, which I will relate, not that I was a believer in witchcraft, but to show how general the belief is in every part of the world. In Syria and Egypt, long since that period, my mind has been perplexed to account for many things that seemed to be out of the common course of nature. I will tell the story as it was. My father had on his place three cows, one of them drooped very much, and appeared very poor and sulky. We had two colored men, one of whom had been taken by the English army, and made to drive a wagon for the Hessians, and he became acquainted with their tricks and contrivances. He said to my father, "I now know, master, what is the matter with our cow; master, if you go on the top of the hill you will see her coming this way." Sure enough, as Shadrach,—

for this was the name of the colored man,—had suggested, she made her appearance, when the fellow cut off a piece of the cow's tail, and away she bounded, as far as she could, for fences. As we stood there, a Hessian soldier came from our kitchen, then another from a neighbor's house, to the very spot where the cow was; my father called them by name; they had their heads bound up as they came near the cow; the moment they saw my father, they said they were very sick, and were looking for herbs to cure them of a bad headache, cold, and fever. These men were not sick before Shadrach performed his counter charm by letting blood, but after this they were really ill, and kept their beds for several days. The colored man said he had known many instances like this, and that the two men had done the art. The cow soon got well. He who laughs at superstition, more than half believes in supernatural agency, and he who defends his belief in enchantments must often be ashamed at his own credulity. What Shakspeare and Johnson believed and reasoned upon is, however, not a subject to be treated with contempt.

When I entered Columbia College, the second Dr. Johnson was President of the institution. His father had been President before the revolution, and was exalted in his day and generation. Professor Cochran, an elegant classical scholar, filled the chair of Latin and Greek; Dr. Johannes Gros,

a German, that of Moral Philosophy and Geography; and Professor Kemp, of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy; he was indefatigable in his duties, and considered by all who knew him a ripe scholar. These were the lights of mind that led us onward in the paths of knowledge of that day. Then the alumni were happy; but soon there sprung up a sectarian feeling, and great art was used to get a Presbyterian head to the College. This was after the death of that excellent and learned man the Right Reverend Bishop More, the President who came after Dr. Johnson. This succeeded for a while. The charter of the institution made it imperative that the President must be an Episcopalian. The great mover of the machine would not have it so exactly; they made a nominal President, and put over his head a *Provost*. The President was an old man, with a small salary; the Provost had a large one, and a house provided for him. This however did not succeed; the evil remedied itself; the College did not prosper under the new auspices; many students took their degrees in other Colleges; the Provost was translated to another institution; and all things were reinstated in their former regular course; and the President became an officer *de facto* as well as *de jure*. O, I look back to the city of my birth, that too of my ancestors, when all things went on in a good old-fashioned way; when those pestiferous sinks of

property, the banks, which create artificial capital to the destruction of real capital, were unknown. I hate the name. They give the speculator an opportunity to cheat his honest neighbor. I hate modern degeneracy. There was a time, when I was a child, if one owed another a few thousands of dollars, he had a cart backed up to the door, and took in the precious metals in bags, which had been previously honestly counted, whether of gold or silver. You had only to tell the carman where to go, and he went. No guards were necessary; his character was enough. These were indeed golden days, such as I fear never will return. Each man pursued his own course as his judgment dictated. There were then no fire and life insurance companys' bonds to gull you with promises of exhorbitant gains, which were never realized. Now-a-days, if a man is known to have a few thousands in ready money on hand, an hundred schemes are put into operation to get it from him. Golden dreams are set before him, and one must have a good share of the true knicker-bocker, to save himself from destruction.

It often happens that some of our shrewd, sharp dealers are to form some plausible pretext or plan for a bank, or a canal, or a rail-road, or setting up some factory or other, getting a legislative grant or charter, or insurance company; then some one or other of these men who are to be trustees or directors is your friend; he has your

confidence, he comes and tells you what great gains are to be made from the bank, or institution, or factory, or other contrivance they mean to set up, and you had better take so many shares, as it will raise the stock, and you will make money; all which, as it is told you by your *best* and *most confidential friend*, you are induced to believe is *true;*—you agree to take a large number of shares. After they get your money, and by some means or other deceive you, as to what they put in themselves, they soon after make out some excuse, prepared from the beginning, no doubt, that your stock is all gone, and divide yours, and other money they have obtained in the same way, among themselves. Many, very many, of those who are now riding in great style through the country, would have been hung, aye, hung for conspiracy, had they practised their tricks in any European country.

The first voyage I took at sea must have been about the fall of 1791. A Captain John Keaquick, knowing well my father, I being then about twenty years of age, and a great favorite with the Captain, it being vacation at College, persuaded my father to let me go with him to Boston in a brig he commanded, and of which he was part owner. The passage was all very well, till we came to Cape Cod, when one morning he came down in the cabin, and said to me, "I am afraid it is all over with us." I was then laying upon the

cabin floor, rolling about from one side to the other. He, no doubt, expected I might say something or other to console him; so he picked me up, and placed me in my berth. My reply was, "The sooner she goes to the bottom now the better; I am so sea-sick, I would rather die than live. For God's sake, can't you stop her from rolling about so? Can't you have more sail hoisted? I am sure on a small boat, it will make her more steady." He took a glass of brandy and water, and away he went on deck—had more sail hoisted, and she went more steadily, and we cleared the cape.

On my return from Boston, I was in the office of Samuel Jones, Esq., counsellor at law, for about six months. This was the gentleman whom the Indians liked so well in making their treaties with our State, that they would not conclude any arrangement till Mr. Jones, or *Old Pine Knot*, as they used to call him, was present. There are two of his sons eminent lawyers, at this day; the eldest has been Chancellor of the state, and is now Chief Justice of the Superior Court in the city of New-York.

Being one day met by a sea-faring acquaintance, I took it into my head to go with him to the West Indies. He told me he was bound to one of the Windward Islands, (I think Barbadoes.) In October, 1793, we set sail in a brig belonging to Ten Eyck, Cockroft & Vandyke, commanded by

Capt. Solomon Saltus, a Burmudean, a very skilful, worthy, and respectable man. Her name I have forgotten, but she was deeply loaded. My father and mother reluctantly parted with me, I being now an only son; but having been away from home, at school, in my early days, so great a part of my time, that I was hardly contented to sit quietly down in the family circle, although always treated with the greatest paternal kindness. The articles I was fond of when a boy were always placed where I could get them, such as boiled milk, tarts, fruits, custards, and the like, in a pantry, where I found them when I came home after meals on Saturday from school or College; and the students from College, or those with whom I was studying law, often shared with me. I would ask them to walk or ride out in the afternoons. Among these were Mr. James Woods, counsellor at law, Mr. Parson Cave Jones, (both now deceased) the Judge of our new Court of Sessions, Mr. Riker, and many others who came out to see me on that pleasant spot on the North river, the glass-house farm, where there was abundance of fruits in their season, and of the very best kind; and thus we used to enjoy ourselves comfortably with my parents. My father formerly, among other articles of trade, dealt in wines, of various kinds, and had his cellar in Crown-street often filled with pipes and casks of Madeira, and other wines, and always, during his residence in

the country, had a pipe on tap. I therefore was allowed to draw a decanter whenever any of my company came out to see me; and my mother was always pleased to see my friends and acquaintances, and would, from a spring we had on the place, make a fine dish of the best green tea, with smoked beef, excellent home baked bread and butter, and Bogert's crackers, prepared in the way hereafter described, with common comfiture, or some kind of sweetmeats, and in the season, currants, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, or peaches sliced and sugared. Notwithstanding all my comforts at home, I had made up my mind to take this voyage. My father wished me to take a thousand dollars in cash with me for my expenses, but I preferred taking part of the cargo, and the owners agreed to let me have what sum I pleased. I chose for my adventure, peas, ship-bread, and flour, to the amount of about a thousand dollars. We laid in full and ample stores—we had twelve dozen of wine each, porter, and cider, the same of Bogert's crackers, made of nothing but flour and water, and by putting them in a bowl of fresh cold water, they would rise up and burst open; any old man could eat them without teeth. These crackers were delicious; our modern bakers seem to have lost the art of making them. I often long for the days to return, when I could share with the knickerbockers in a cup of tea, from the tea-water pump. Whatever of other cake, and bread and

butter, we had always a plate of those Bogert's biscuits, soaked in cold water, split open, and a bit of sweet fresh butter put on each half biscuit.

We laid in for our voyage every thing in proportion, as six dozen of ducks, six dozen of fowls, &c. We started in October, and instead of getting as far to windward as Barbadoes, we fell to leeward as far as the island of Dominique, and anchored at the town of Rosseau. Governor Bruce, a hearty old officer, invited my fellow passenger and myself to dine with him, as also Captain Saltus. He entertained us in the most sumptuous manner, with the very best Madeira, so good that I was quite inspired by it. He offered us beds, in his cool house, but we declined, and went on board. I here think proper to mention, that my friend and shipmate was a Mr. William Carpenter, of Brooklyn, who had been brought up a complete merchant. At the time of our arrival, we found that flour was selling at a dollar a barrel less than it had cost us; but the Captain luckily hit upon a project to have the price advanced, so that we might have a profit.

After having been in port a couple of days, the Captain told the Governor, if there was any part of his cargo that was wanting, he might have it, but he could not sell it, and sacrifice the property of his owners; and as they had money owing to them in the island, he would charter another vessel or two, and purchase all the flour

in the island at six dollars and a quarter a barrel; for he knew where to take it, to an island not very far distant, and get seven or more dollars for all they had. The bait took; and I got for my flour one dollar and a half a barrel more than it was at that time selling for. In a few days we sailed to Point a' Petre, Guadaloupe, where the captain and the other passenger laid in sugars for a return cargo. They both had been concerned in merchandise all their lives, but they missed a figure in their purchase. They could easily have obtained *white clayed* sugars for the same or a less price; but no: (the prejudice of education is a wonderful thing!) they laid out all their money arising from the cargo they had sold, in *brown* sugars. "Why do you not buy coffee?" says I; "it is selling for sixpence a pound, New-York money." "O, no; that would not do." For my part, I had no mind to lay out my money—I had sold my peas, beans, and flour, and thought I would keep my return moneys snug, and not try merchandise again. During our stay at Point a' Petre, Guadaloupe, my fellow passenger was taken sick, and I sent for the most distinguished physician in the city, but could not get him to give my friend any medicine. On my urging him to prescribe something, he replied, "I know not the nature of his disease, and he had better die with it, than that I should kill him by administering improper remedies for the complaint; put him into the warm bath three

times a day, and give him light chicken broth and gruel, as his appetite may require." The patient gave up all hopes of recovery, and made his will; but under this treatment he slowly recovered. The captain earnestly assured me I could now make something of the return cargo, and he had room enough in the hold to put any thing I might buy. I therefore bought some clayed sugars, and coffee for sixpence a pound. We sailed on Monday morning, and on the following Wednesday arrived at St. Eustatia, where I sold my coffee for double the money I gave for it. That was pretty good profit in three days. The captain and my fellow passenger were ready to tear the hair from their heads with vexation. We then started for New-York; but before we arrived at Guadaloupe, I remember sailing along a French island, called Mariagalante; when we sailed pretty close to it, we saw several horsemen on the sand-beach, riding to and fro, and, in a short space of time, cannon-balls were fired at us from the shore, which went hissing over our vessel, and fell beyond us. The captain paid no regard to the firing, but kept on; and a breeze springing up, we soon got clear of them.

On our passage to New-York, we got on the Banks of Newfoundland. My fellow passenger, who was a great hand at fishing, was fixing his lines and hooks, to try to get some cod-fish, when

the captain said, "You need not think to catch any here; there has never been any cod-fish caught within five hundred miles of where we are now." So positive are some people. "O, but captain," said I, "Carpenter is so fond of fishing, you will have no objection to his trying." "O, no," says the captain. There was a calm, and I think the day was clear. The young man put down his line, which, to appearance, reached about a hundred fathom. "Ay," says the captain, "I told you so; who ever heard of cod-fish being caught in water a hundred fathom deep?" But in a short time my fellow passenger brought up as fine a fish as ever I saw, and soon after, several others; but the wind soon springing up, put an end to the fishing. We sailed then for New-York; and what we made in a week, we were blown off again in a day or two. The sailors, poor fellows, had a dismal time on the coast, in winter weather, knocking the icicles off the rigging, and experiencing a succession of contrary winds and bad weather. However, after enduring much cold, we arrived at New-York some time in February.

I remained with my father and mother at the glass-house farm, till the fall of 1795, when finding my health much impaired, I conceived a voyage to England might be of service to me; and, in the month of October, took my passage on board a new ship, called the Niagara, Capt.

Black, bound for London.* My father and mother were much grieved, and it almost broke my own heart to part with them; but I was in so feeble a state, that I concluded a sea voyage would be most conducive to the restoration of my health. I however got my father's and mother's consent, without which I should not have departed. I took letters from many most respectable friends to deliver in England. Some of them I brought back unopened; but those I did deliver were of importance to me. I found many friends I had known in America, who were all happy to see me; I shall give an account of them as I go on. The passengers on board were the captain's wife, a captain of a merchant ship, a Mr. Francis Bassett, who had been to America to purchase some land for a farm, in case there should be a revolution in England, which he very much expected, and myself. We had a very boisterous passage, the ship's deck was under water almost the whole time. She made the easterly part of England, and came within sight of the Scilly rocks, which I had before heard of as dangerous, but they were at a distance, the water dashing over them. It looked as if there was a storm coming on. A signal was made for a pilot, and

* The ship, belonging to the Rhinelanders, of Greenwich-street, New-York, had just been built at Hudson. By my writing to my father as soon as I landed at Penzance, and sending the letter to Portsmouth, from which place I think the packet ships sailed for New-York, Rhinelander saved by this letter his insurance of, I think, three thousand dollars.

one soon came to the ship. He said, as it was near night, he would recommend the captain to steer into Mount's Bay, in Penzance, Cornwall. Into the bay he went, and cast anchor before sunset. My fellow passenger, Mr. Francis Bassett, took me about the town, and introduced me to several persons, among whom were the clergyman of the place, the Mayor of the town, and Sir John Price, Bart., a widower. He had an only son, named John, who kept a fine stable of twelve blood horses, hunters, roadsters, saddle, and carriage. They lived next door to the widow Stone, who kept the best inn in the place, and where I put up. We passengers were all sitting at supper, when in came two custom-house officers to inquire about the ship, &c. The captain and some of the passengers suspected what was brewing, for they knew the yellow fever was in New-York when the ship sailed. The men inquired if the ship was healthy; they were answered, it was. They then said they would go and inform the principal officer, and return in a short time. On their departure, what a scampering there was! The captain and one passenger going to London, paid their bills, ran down to the boat, and went on board the ship. The other passenger lived about fifteen or twenty miles from Penzance, at Truro; he got a post-chaise at the back door, and went off immediately. I *alone* was left when the officers returned. I told them I did not care to

go; I wished to rest myself. I should put myself under their laws—the ship was healthy—there was no sickness on board, nor had there been any on the voyage—that the Niagara was a new ship, and that I myself was from the country, not from the city of New-York—that I was so well satisfied with the English, their laws, and government, they might do what they thought proper with me. They consulted together, and said that but to save appearances, they would permit me to walk to any part of the town, but they would rather I should stay in the house, and I should have the whole range of it; that there would be occasion for two officers to be at the door every day, but I believe there was seldom more than one. Well, there I lived most sumptuously; every day joints of delicious meat, poultry, fish, uncommonly fine potatoes, and other vegetables, with fine clotted cream, and apple tarts. I must here observe, that in no part of the world is clotted cream to be had in such perfection as in Cornwall. Many persons from the metropolis are in the habit of appreciating its excellence; and, in consumptive cases, it has been generally recommended. This part of the country is celebrated for its tin mines. There is one shaft sunk down far out in the bay; and in travelling, you see men constantly with a large bunch of candles in their hands, going to work in these mines. Sir John Price came in every day to see me, and amused himself with

playing battledore with me. When quarantine was out, he invited me to breakfast; it was tastefully set out with delicious fruits, tarts, and plenty of game, plover, and fresh eggs, muffins, crumpets, and indeed with every thing substantial. I remember I expressed a wish for a book; he sent me "Taplin on Farriery," and wrote me a polite note, saying that by Englishmen it was highly esteemed, as the author had, in handling the subject, freed it from superstition and ignorance, from which time he was called "The immortal Taplin;" that his book in six years ran through eleven editions, the greatest sale of any book ever published in the English language. Indeed, his style is as elevated as if he was writing on the most dignified national subject.

At this period there was a cartel arrived from France with Englishmen who had been exchanged for an equal number of French prisoners; and when I saw them step on shore, the first thing they did was to kneel down, and almost involuntarily, one and all, kissed the earth. *There was devotion to their country!* They for a moment kept on their knees, as if putting up their thanksgiving to Heaven for their safe deliverance from French imprisonment.

I left Penzance and came on to Truro, a fine looking town, where I spent the night, and the next day proceeded to Exeter, and took an occasion to examine St. Peter's Cathedral. The out-

side view is indeed noble. The walls are at least eight hundred years old, making a striking contrast to our brick churches. Princes, priests, and apostles are seen gazing from their niches, where they have stood for centuries. The archway is ornamented with reposing angels, and St. Peter, with the keys of heaven, stands conspicuously in the front. There can be nothing in the combinations of architecture more imposing than the sight of the great Gothic window, with its stained glass and beautiful tracery. If the outside is imposing and solemn, the inside is full of piety and sublimity. The bishop's throne is considered the most magnificent of any one in England. It far exceeded any thing I ever saw. History informs us that this venerable edifice has more than once been desolated by a licentious soldiery; but by the hand of taste, and the zeal of pious ecclesiastics, has arisen again in more than former splendor. It has a chime of ten bells, but the great one, which took twenty-five men to ring it, is now only used as a bell for the great clock. The others are said to make a noble peal. The old clock is an astronomical one, and goes to prove that the science of astronomy was pretty well understood many years ago. Nothing can be more solemn than the monuments to the dead in this church. Here, within the walls of one of the mightiest efforts of the genius of past ages, moulder the remains of prelates, warriors, and sages.

In such a still and solemn place, so magnificent, so full of inspiration, the traveller seems as it were standing at the gates of another world, which beatified spirits are soon to open on their golden hinges.

From Exeter I proceeded to Bristol, which is a fine city. It is situated on the southern extremity of Gloucestershire, and on the northern extremity of Somersetshire, and once formed a part of both counties. It is one hundred and seventeen miles from London, and twelve from Bath. It is situated principally on a peninsula, between the Frome and the Avon. It is an ancient city, being named in the Doomsday Book of William the Conquerer, in 1086; and its inhabitants in that book are styled burgesses, certainly implying some privileges above ordinary places. It was early a great mart of commerce. John Cabot, the great explorer, was made a citizen of Bristol for his discoveries and enterprising character. The public buildings are numerous; but amidst all that wealth could give, or the bustle of trade inspire, that it was on one side washed by the Avon, Willy Shakspeare's Avon, made it dearer to me. As turbid as the waters were, vexed with a thousand craft, of every size, the swan of Avon, in my imagination, sailed down the tide; enough to consecrate the waters of the Dead Sea.

From Bristol I made my course to Bath, only twelve miles distant, and a little more than an

hundred from London. It is situated in the bottom of a narrow valley, where hot waters have boiled up, perhaps ever since the creation. Those luxurious conquerors of the world, the Romans, inclosed these springs by walls, including about fifty acres. It is now a picturesque place, as it is now built. Bath has had a variety of names, such as Aquæ Solis, Fontes Calidi, &c. Its early history commences in fable.

There are some fine public buildings. The Common Council-room is truly elegant, and adorned with several portraits of kings, queens, and statesmen,—Chatham and Camden among the latter. The pump room is eighty-five feet in length, forty-six broad, and thirty-five in height. The crowd had dispersed at the time of my visit, and I could only imagine it in the summer season. I was struck with a marble statue of Richard Nash, Esq., the arbiter elegantiarum of Bath. This man's life shows the power of fashion over wealth, birth, and genius. No monarch of the east ever governed with more arbitrary sway his vassals or slaves, than Beau Nash did the company at Bath. He was polite, discriminating, and just, equally the enemy to supercilious aristocracy, and to vulgar plebianism. He gave grace and charms to free manners; and if he could not cure a propensity to scandal, he taught them to spice it with wit. Such a man is of more value to society than we

think for. Manners are next to morals, and often of more importance to the traveller.

From Bath I proceeded to Oxford, a place I had heard much of while I was in college. It is situated in the centre of England, on the southern side of Oxfordshire. It was a monastic establishment, early in the Christian era, in England. It is situated in a flat, sedgy country. On the east of the town is the river Chirwell, and on the west the Isis. These rivers ramify into numerous streams at this place, and unite their waters on the south side of the city. The history of Oxford has often been written, and Cowley, Pope, Wharton, and many others, have celebrated it in the sweetest strains of poetry. The Isis, having a more poetical and classical name than the Chirwell, has received all the glories of the Muse. Is there not something in a name? The appearance of the town from the high grounds is picturesque. The water had overflowed the meadows, as is often the case in spring and fall, and Oxford looked like an island. The numerous churches, colleges, and bridges, give the place a singular look. The whole city contains not much over six hundred acres. On the south are the meadows, and on the north is arable land. In ancient times this place was defended by fortifications; they included at that time only about a tenth part of the present city. It contains, with the suburbs and liberties,

fourteen parishes. Some historians trace its classical character to Alfred the Great. The city has been twice burnt by accident,—in 979 and 1002. In 1009, Swein, King of Denmark, set fire to it. King Ethereld avenged this deed by ordering a general massacre of the Danes throughout all his dominions. In Oxford the deed was executed with the most savage vengeance. The sister of the King of Denmark perished with her kindred. Swein retaliated, and laid several towns in ashes, but his revenge was in a measure satiated before he reached Oxford, and he spared it with imposing a fine only. Ethereld, who had fled to France, now returned and glutted his rage in return. Such were the unsettled times in the early ages of English history. King Edward, called Ironsides, held his court in Oxford. The city was stubborn when taken possession of by William of Normandy. Richard Cœur de Lion was born in Oxford. This the people are proud of to this day. He certainly was the proudest of all the hosts of the crusaders, although

> "He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Queen Elizabeth was fond of Oxford, for a very good reason. This University decreed the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catharine of Arragon to be void; which gave the King an opportunity of marrying Anne Boylen, the mother of Elizabeth. In 1577 a sickness broke out here,

that carried off a great proportion of the inhabitants. For a while it was deserted, as a sickly place; but it had so far recovered its reputation for a healthy one, that King James came to Oxford and spent the summer of 1665, when the plague broke out in London. The town's people and scholars have been quarreling for centuries; and I believe this is a common case throughout my own country, as well as this. It is a little singular that the first act for the freedom of the press in England was granted to this University by Richard III., who allowed it to export and import books at pleasure. Here was established the first press in England. Here was educated the great John Wickliffe, the first translator of the Bible into the English language. He was one of the sturdy Puritans, who assisted in breaking down the power of the Papal See. But the University had many benefactors among the Catholics: Cardinal Wolsey founded Christ's College here, and endowed seven professorships. It was not until the reign of James I. that the University had the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament. This was just and generous,—letters should be represented. Charles I. was friendly to Oxford. James II. played the fool there by attempting to direct "the wilderness of free minds," and this was one great cause of his unpopularity and final ejectment from his kingdom.

The officers of the College are numerous; a

Chancellor, a High Steward, a Vice Chancellor, and Public Orator, with many others. The University consists of twenty Colleges and five Halls. The Colleges bear date from 1264 to 1740; the Halls from 1200 to 1480. Oxford is a fine place for a gentleman to spend a few months in; as he can, upon proper recommendation, obtain access to the Bodleian library, which is large and rich in materials for history that have been accumulating ever since its foundation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the earlier records are deposited here for safety. And what is still more important to some persons, Oxford has a fine market.

I am now in London, the most noble and populous city in Europe, and, in my opinion, the first, all things considered, in the world. For years I have longed to see this great emporium. I shall take as wide a survey of it as I can consistent with my state of health. With me geography is first, and history follows. London is situated on a valley, or rather perhaps a plain, on the banks of the Thames, which divides the city into two irregular parts, and passes through from west to east in its journey to the sea. It is stupendous when we look to its trade, commerce, wealth, and population. It is a sort of grand caravansary of the world. It not only concentrates the traffic of England, but it is the broker's shop of all nations. It is the residence of royalty, the seat of Parliament; the judges settle the law here; the com-

merce of the trading world is arranged here. Science, literature, and also all the great blood vessels of benevolence and charity, are found here. It is not like many cities, scrimped for room. A great portion of it is on the northern bank of the Thames, in the county of Middlesex. It now covers eighteen square miles, or eleven thousand five hundred and twenty acres. This calculation includes the bed of the Thames, which is about four hundred yards wide, taking it on an average. The old city includes the central part, called the east end. Here a great portion of the commerce is carried on. The southern bank of the Thames from Deptford to Lambeth bears some resemblance to the east end; but abounds not only in commerce but in manufactures. Every part of this Babylon is alive with industry. In war or peace they go on about the same, or if any change is perceived, it is more brisk in war than in peace. It is said that it contains seventy squares, eight hundred streets, lanes, &c. The inhabitants are now somewhat over a million, and are rapidly increasing. It is an old place, and was a town before the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The Romans gave it consequence by walling it and making it a favorite residence. Tradition will have it that Cæsar built a castle, which is now called the Tower of London. Many of the institutions of London are decidedly of ancient date. It was one of the first portions of Britain which was converted to

Christianity. Melitus was consecrated the first Bishop of London in 604. Notwithstanding the general accuracy of the Doomsday Book of William the Conqueror, London is not mentioned in it. This can only be accounted for by some privileges which it then enjoyed, for certainly the place must have been of sufficient consequence to have been registered at that time. London has been fated to all the casualties of other cities. In 1077, a great part of the city was destroyed by fire; in 1086 there was another great fire, and in four years afterward a tornado passed over the city, and demolished six hundred houses. In 1196 the city suffered from popular riots; the first, I understand, that were ever known in that city for such a cause. In 1212 another great fire took place, in which three thousand persons perished in the flames. In the Magna Charter wrested from King John, three years after this period, it is stipulated that the city of London should have "all its ancient privileges and free customs, as well by land as water." In 1264, there was a massacre of the Jews; there had been one before.

In 1348, a terrible pestilence, which travelled from India, the cradle of all things that enlighten or destroy the human race, reached London in its progress over the globe. Scarcely had the pestilence done walking in darkness and wasting at noon-day, and as yet the gloom had not passed away, when Edward the Black Prince returned

from his victorious campaigns in France, bringing with him the King of France, whom he exhibited in triumph, in the streets of London. The citizens evinced their patriotism and their wealth on the occasion; the greatest splendor was exhibited by the commonalty as well as nobility. In 1381, London was shaken to its very foundations by the insurrection of Watt Tyler. This agony lasted only three weeks—the lawyers and the literati suffered severely in this insurrection. The rabble burnt the inns of court, and murdered every lawyer they caught. The city suffered from other causes. From the death of Henry VIII. the religious feuds were disastrous. Edward, his son, was young and feeble minded—Mary, his successor, bigoted and cruel. She condemned and executed more than two hundred for religious heresies, as she called them. The fires lighted at Smithfield were not put out for nearly a century. During the reign of the house of Stuart, new evils were inflicted on the city of London. The plague of 1665, which carried off an hundred thousand victims, was followed by the great fire in 1666, which destroyed a good proportion of the city. The evils which had hovered over and fallen on London seemed in a good measure to cease, when William and Mary came to the throne, by a fair contract between rulers and people. The history of the city since, is so well known to all the reading community, that I shall not detail it, but describe a few of the curiosities that at-

tracted my attention while in London. Among the first was St. Paul's Cathedral. This noble edifice requires particular attention. Several edifices had been erected on the site before the present noble pile arose. This, which now stands, I shall attempt to give some account of; for it is one of great interest to travellers. It is the first object that strikes the eye as you enter the city, and the last you behold when leaving it. It is entirely of a different style of architecture from St. Peter's Cathedral at Exeter, for St. Paul's is of Grecian origin. The design was from that classical scholar and elevated genius, Sir Christopher Wren. It is in the form of a cross, five hundred feet long, and two hundred and eighty-five broad, covering more than two acres of ground. It was finished in the reign of Queen Anne. A colossal statue of the Queen adorns the principal entrance. The allegorical emblems which are on certain portions of this piece of sculpture I had not patience to attempt. At the western end appears the majestic dome, surmounted by a ball and cross. The north and south-western extremities support two splendid towers. A statue of St. Paul stands in the centre of one front, and the figures of the four evangelists, in a recumbent posture, cover another. The material of the edifice is massive and durable, being Portland stone. If it was ever white, it has now grown dingy by smoke or time. When you enter this Grecian temple, the mind is carrried back to

the days of Pericles. The airy, tasteful appearance of every thing around, gives you fresh admiration for that wonderful people, who had no gloom in their religion, no fears of death in their imagination ; who in a bland air and under brilliant skies, caught every inspiration of nature, and embodied the whole in marble.

This church contains the monuments of many distinguished men. Howard, the philanthropist, has a monument here, or rather a full length statue. He is dispensing good things to man while struggling with ignorance and oppression. The statue of Dr. Samuel Johnson exhibits the author of the Rambler in profound thought.

I visited the whispering gallery, an accidental combination of arches and angles which gives to a soft whisper a strong, articulate sound at the distance of more than an hundred feet, and the shutting of a door reverberated like thunder, enough almost to stun one. After all the interior elegance of St. Paul's, I should prefer to pay my homage to my Maker in the Gothic cathedral, whose architect reminds one of the pale lamps and sacred shrines of the Christian Fathers.

My next steps were directed to

> "Where London's column pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts his head and lies."

This column received the honor of the above couplet from Pope, from an inscription on it charging or insinuating that the great fire in 1666

was the doings of the Catholics, which Pope believed to be false. It is now tottering, and is not held in respect, either for its form, masonry or commemorations, and will probably be pulled down before many years. It looks now as if it was about to fall on the head of the traveller. I visited the Tower. It is an old and clumsy building, and fit only for the abode of wild beasts; although some noble fellows have been imprisoned here. We were shown the jewels of the crown, those heir-looms of the kingly office which no monarch can appropriate to himself. Formerly these jewels were kept by some great officer of state, but now they were shown to us by a young woman, who was extremely eloquent in giving us the history of the several jewels, as she took them out of the casket and carefully returned them again. Each room in this ancient pile has some appendant story for the benefit of those who live by showing the Tower to strangers, and the stairs under which the murdered children's bones were found, is not the least interesting place about the tower. I was several times here, and found all they said they had by rote; for they never varied their narratives. The sentences, words, and syllables were always the same; but after all, these traditions must be taken "*cum grano salis*," as the legends have, in many instances, but little history to support them.

Even to one accustomed to the harbor of

New-York, destined, I believe, to be a rival one day to London herself, the forest of masts is astonishing. Vessels lie near each other as far as the eye can extend its vision. Not being aware how swiftly the water ran under London bridge, I, with one of my countrymen, a Mr. Seaman from New-York, came near being swamped in a small wherry as we attempted to pass under one of the arches. The boatmen on the Thames are expert, but many accidents happen, notwithstanding their skill.

It is the height of English ambition to repose after life's fitful fever, in Westminster Abbey. There is hardly a child of ten years of age, who speaks the English language, who has not some idea of this illustrious cemetery. The site of the church and monastery of St. Peter, was in early times an island, by some ramification of the Thames, now only discernible to antiquarians, who take pains to show the fact. Offa, King of Marcia, granted certain lands to this monastery in 785. For several centuries it was protected by the petty kings. The Abbey was used for their coronation, which gave it a high degree of esteem among all classes of people. Edgar, in 957, by the instigation of Dunstan, founded here an order of Benedictine Monks. Edward the Confessor, however, was the great patron of the Abbey; he enlarged it as a substitute for his vow of going to Rome, to thank

Heaven for mercies received. The style of the architecture of this building is Gothic, but as it had many builders of different tastes, it is not exactly to be classed under any particular style. It is said that within the walls of Westminster Abbey, was printed the first book from an English press, in March, 1474, entitled The Game of Chess. The Abbey was in jeopardy in the reign of Henry VIII., but from the partiality of the King to this place, it rode the storm and became a cathedral with a bishop. In the next reign, part of the possessions or income of St. Peter's were appropriated to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Hence arose the proverb of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." It is now many centuries since it became a burial place, which makes it a place of attraction and resort.

After visiting the chapels, the traveller is in haste to see the "Poet's Corner." The monument of "Old Chaucer" shows that the chisel had not transcended the pen in that, for his verse is quite as smooth as his monumental stone. Spencer's monument has a very short inscription. "His divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he has left behind him." The cenotaph erected to the memory of Rowe has the following lines written on it.

"Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honor'd bust.
Oh! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest that, timely from our scene remov'd,
The soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd!
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone
That holds their ashes and expects her own."

The epitaph on Gay is delicate and forcible.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end;
These are thy honors; not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, there lies Gay!"

The epitaph of Milton is in plain prose, no poet venturing to invoke the Muse who had inspired the author of "Paradise Lost." His monument is more durable than marble, composed of his works, which will never die so long as the English language is spoken. Milton, however, receives a compliment in the inscription on the tomb of Gray.

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Sir Godfrey Kneller was a distinguished painter, the favorite artist of William and Mary, and ranked among the poets and men of genius of his day; he belonged to the Kit-Cat club, and was really a man of talents. Pope wrote his epitaph.

"Kneller by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
When now two ages he had snatch'd from fate,
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,
Rest crown'd with princes' honors, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise;
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die."

I was anxious to visit Windsor, as I had heard so much of the place, and made my arrangements accordingly. It is chiefly distinguished for having been the residence of several of the sovereigns of England, from William the Conqueror down to George III. The Saxon chroniclers state that William kept some of his holy-days here. William Rufus was at Windsor in 1095–96 and '97. The festivals he held there were secure from tumult or apprehension. Windsor Castle was a strong military post. Henry VIII. added to the Castle. A great tournament was held at Windsor in the reign of Edward I. Edward II. made it a place of resort; and Edward III. was born here, and during life cherished an affection for the place. He made more improvements than any of his predecessors. He impressed workmen from the neighboring counties to make repairs upon the Castle. In Windsor Castle, Richard II. heard the charge of the Duke of Lancaster against the Duke of Norfolk, but not being able to decide the question, appointed them a day for mortal combat.

During the Commonwealth, Windsor Castle was garrisoned by Parliament troops. In 1648 the Castle was the prison of Charles I. On the restoration of Charles II. he repaired the Castle, which he found in a state of great dilapidation. After making his improvements, he usually spent his summer months at Windsor.

Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark,

resided in a cottage at Windsor. George III. makes it a favorite residence. He has employed our countryman West to ornament the Chapel of St. George with some elegant paintings. For nearly four centuries, sovereigns and prelates have exerted themselves to ornament this Chapel. In it were buried Henry VIII., and his favorite wife Jane Seymour; also Charles I., and many persons of distinction among the Peers.

There are two parks at Windsor, one the home park, and the other the great Windsor park, which is said to be twenty-one miles round. It is in a high state of cultivation, in trees and grass. The cattle, horses, sheep, and hares, were seen in every direction holding a holy-day. The feed was as luxuriant as ever grew on the German flats. George III. is one of the best farmers in England. His breed of sheep is excellent, and he is as good a judge of the weight of wool, meat, and tallow, as any drover in the whole nation. Windsor is a distance of twenty-one miles from London, which the King drives in less than two hours; for he is a very Jehu on horseback, and rides elegantly. The land all about the Castle seems to be a piece of enchantment, and is often surveyed by the King from the terrace. Pope is not extravagant in his praise of Windsor, when he says:

"Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

"The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that sun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That crown with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand."

I saw at Windsor a dairy of twelve cows, said to be presents from various parts of Europe, from crowned heads to the Queen. They were in fine order, and the largest I had ever seen. The dairy-house was a fine building, and the whole arrangement excellent. No favorite horses ever had more care taken of them, than these cows. I ate some of the butter, and never tasted better. There is much to be done in our country in improving the breed of cattle, and in making butter and cheese. We are far behind England in the economy of the dairy.

Near the town is the Billingsgate fish-market;

as I turned a corner, I saw a large woman, with a broad-brimmed hat, and broad, high flushed cheeks; of her I inquired the way to the Billingsgate fish-market. Putting her arms a-kimbo, with her hands on her sides, and raising herself on her toes, in a harsh, discordant, angry tone, she replied, "This is the market, and I am one of the Billingsgate fish-women; what the d—l do you think of me?" I was almost struck dumb at her size and speech, but I made the best of my situation, by saying, "Why, I really think you a fine looking woman, with a basket of excellent fish." "Then," said she, "will you not buy some of my fish?" "I have no family, a lodger in a hotel,"—and this, with the present of an English shilling, saved me, no doubt, from at least a torrent of abuse. This market, which I expected to find large and convenient, is indeed very small.

England is the most renowned of all countries for its extensive charities, and London is the focus of them. The Foundling Hospital has been erected many years. In 1713, Addison called the attention of the public to the subject in a number of the Guardian but a few years before the institution was chartered. The object of this charity is the support of deserted children, and has been the means of doing much good. Handel was a patron of this institution. He presented the organ for the chapel, and performed on it his Messiah for the benefit of the charity.

The Magdalen Hospital is an excellent institution, and has saved the lives of thousands, and restored many who had been abandoned, to their friends again. The celebrated Dr. Dodd was one of the principal founders of this charity.

Greenwich Hospital is an honor to the country. It is an excellent retreat for aged or wounded seamen. It is a fine building. The terrace facing the Thames is eight hundred and sixty-five feet long. The edifice is built of Portland stone; it is about five miles from London bridge. This institution has been patronized by all the monarchs of England since it was established in 1695. The several buildings are ornamented by statuary and paintings. The pensioners are numerous. They resemble the relics of a beaten army. The principal revenue is derived from the payment of six pence a month from every seaman.

Chelsea College is to the army, what Greenwich Hospital is to the navy; and is supported, in part, by deducting one day's pay a year from each officer and soldier, and from parliamentary grants.

One day I went to my barber's, to be dressed. As he was combing my hair, I began to launch out into praises on the country,—he knew me to be an American,—describing it as abounding in every thing that could gratify the wants and wishes of man, but added, "I suppose you find it hard work to live, from the oppressive weight of your taxes and poor-rates." He jumped several feet, on hear-

ing this remark, came directly before me, and exclaimed, "Great God, Sir! do not pity us. We are the greatest nation in the world; and if the taxes were ten times as large as they are, able to pay them. Let those who don't think so go to your country; we shall be glad to get rid of all grumblers. And when they are in your country, they find fault with every thing; they are bad citizens every where. You ought to look after them sharply, if they come among you." This was a full-blooded Englishman; and with the exception of a few radicals, who are called by the common people king-killers, this is the most loyal people in the world. They act upon the motto, *Deo, Regi, Populo;* only some of them change the arrangement. This love of country has carried the nation through a thousand storms of state, and the envy of all Europe. They have shed their blood in every land, and carried their thunders on every wave, from their love of country.

Whilst living at Leicester-square, in fine weather I took my daily walk to see whatever came in my way; and this great metropolis abounds in matters of curiosity to a stranger. In one of my strolls, I got into a street which I thought was Rag Fair. On inquiry, I was told that it was Rosemary-lane; and my informant added, "and one that can turn out as many pennies as any street of its size in London." The street, or lane, exhibited a curious spectacle. Old clothes, furniture,

trunks, and all sorts of trumpery, were hanging from the upper story of every house, down to the ground, and the streets so crowded with this baggage, that the passengers were in danger of breaking their shins at every step. This lane was ten or twelve hundred feet in length.

Party spirit was then running high; and my friend from New-York, Mr. Seaman, was a high democrat, and at all places expressed himself too freely. While we were at a hotel, which I believe they called the Anti-Gallican, Seaman pronounced a flaming eulogy on Bonaparte, who was then in the zenith of his glory. In an instant a dozen canes were raised to chastise him; but on my stating that he had been dining out, and ought to be forgiven, in an instant they were all still, and let him go; but he came near having his head broken for his political sentiments, where the rule is to say what you are a mind to say,—rather a dangerous doctrine in the freest country, if you are not with an overwhelming majority.

Next door to my lodging, lived Sir Benjamin Tibbs, who owned the house my landlady rented. Sir Benjamin had a daughter then about twenty-one years of age. She often visited my landlady. I was introduced to her, and as she was of a lively disposition, I sought her company; often walked with her to the Park. On Easter night, I saw her at the Lord Mayor's ball. She took my arm, and as we walked through the rooms, she explained

to me all the ceremonies. I danced with her several times. Her height, her manners, her face, and complexion, were all to my taste, and she was intellectual enough for the wife of a statesman. I was quite enamoured with her, but I called to mind my parents, and dared not to express my feelings.

I visited a cousin of my father's, Mr. John Rapelje, who lived in Kensington. His estates in Brooklyn had been confiscated during the revolutionary war. The British government had noticed him on his coming to England, and he was living comfortably. I dined with him, and had a pleasant time.

I found near my lodgings a pastry and confectioner by the name of Johnson, a very sensible man. Here I regaled myself very often. I liked many traits in this man's character. He had been a foundling, and had lived in matrimony several years without children, when he adopted two foundlings, and was bringing them up well.

By virtue of my letters, I became acquainted with several respectable families, to whom I was much indebted for their kindness and attention to me. The Plomer family were occupying a neat cottage a few miles out of town, ornamented with a fine library, to which I had free access, during my visits to them, which were frequent, as they lived so much to my mind. I also received many civilities from Lady Affleck; dined with her and

accompanied her sons to a ball. They were polished gentlemen.

I became acquainted with Colonel John Church, being introduced to him and family by General Alexander Hamilton. These gentlemen had married sisters, the daughters of General Schuyler of Albany. Mr. Church had a fine family of children, two of the daughters being married in New-York, one to a Mr. Burner, a lawyer, and the other to Peter Cruger, Esq. an opulent merchant. He lived in London, like a nobleman. He had a service of plate, and servants in livery. I shall ever feel grateful for the kindness they showed me. Several other families were attentive to me, as a stranger from New-York. Mr. White, who resided then in London, was not behind my other friends in his civilities. His daughter had married Sir John Macnamara Hays, a surgeon and physician of high standing. He had a fine family, and I often visited him. At his table, I found the best of old port wine, as also at many others. It is of so good a quality in London, that I am not surprised at the preference the Londoners give it over all other wines. We do not have as good in this country. Good judges say that coming so far by sea injures port wine, while the same cause ripens Madeira.

One evening, at a place of public amusement, I met my old friend, Captain John Keaquick, and he obtained a promise from me to take pas-

sage to the United States with him. He had a fine ship. We sailed from London in July. The ship was an excellent sailer. She passed pilot-boats, frigates, and every thing that floated. The captain was part owner of her, and I offered to purchase her; but as he did not choose to sell her, I advised him to have her coppered and put her into the India trade. He did, and soon made his fortune. He lived at Bristol, and gave me a polite invitation to spend a season with him.

When I returned to New-York, I found my father had moved to Pelham, Westchester county, and also his brother-in-law, John Hardenbrook, Esq. He had a noble farm there of three hundred acres. The water of the Sound and Eastchester Bay laved the shores of his farm, and furnished most excellent fishing, which we enjoyed; often bringing home fine black-fish and sheep-heads, the latter not unfrequently weighing from ten to fifteen pounds.

I now began to think that it was time for me to leave the state of celibacy, and get me a wife. At the assemblies, I became acquainted with Eliza Provoost, daughter of the Episcopalian Bishop of New-York, and married her. The Bishop was educated at Cambridge, and had married an Irish lady by the name of Bousfield; her brother was a fellow student at Cambridge, with the Bishop. The Bishop was a whig during the revolutionary war. When peace was restored, he

took charge of the rectorship of Trinity Church, and went out with Bishop White to England, to be ordained and consecrated Bishop. He was a ripe scholar, and took great delight in reading to the last of his life. He read with rapidity, and would talk upon current subjects as a man of the world. He read an Italian book on the evening of his death, which was caused by an apoplectic fit. Mrs. Provoost died several years before him. She was a fine woman, of excellent disposition, and superior talents. She managed her household affairs with hospitality and economy, and educated her daughters to follow in her paths.

I built a house and resided on the banks of the Hudson, about two miles from the city of New-York, for six years. After this, I resided at Pelham until my father's death, when I sold my farm and came to live in the city of New-York.

* * * * *

On the 18th of March, 1821, I left New-York for Liverpool, at ten o'clock in the morning, and was taken on board the ship Albion, Captain J. Williams, by the steam-boat Fulton, and had a passage of twenty-one days; during which, we experienced many heavy gales of wind. The ship was a first-rate sailer; of about four hundred tons burden, and every thing on board for the utmost convenience of passengers; a state-room

for every two passengers. Forty guineas was the passage money for one, and every thing found; three courses at dinner of the best the markets could supply, and abundance of every luxury; all kinds and plenty of wine, porter, cider, &c. &c. We arrived at Liverpool on Saturday morning, the 31st, at nine o'clock. We experienced some delay at the custom-house, where the baggage was all searched, and every package opened. The passengers on board were Dr. Honeiur, and Dr. Francis, of Philadelphia; Mr. Fenshan, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, three children, and servant-maid, all of Boston; Mr. Tallaman and Mr. Shasseaur, both Frenchmen; Mr. Kennedy, of New-York; Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Green, of Liverpool; Lord Chamberg Kerr, a Scotchman; Capt. Williams, of the English navy; Messrs. Trimby and Hawthorn, (the last four from Canada;) Judge Easton, of Bermuda; Capt. or Lieut. Floyd of the American marines; Mr. Haight and myself, of New-York. Many of the passengers were very sick during the passage, but I stood it out very well, and was but little indisposed. I put up at the Waterloo Hotel, an excellent tavern, neat and clean; and the proprietor remarkably civil and attentive. On Sunday morning, the 1st of April, I walked to Tiverton, a village a mile and a half from Liverpool; returned to breakfast, and started at ten o'clock, in a steam-packet for Dublin, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles. The

river is called the Mersey, at Liverpool. We then crossed the channel; the weather rainy, and wind blew hard ahead; most of the passengers were sick; I was not. This steam-boat, the best there at that time, was really, very, very inferior to ours in every respect, with a very small cabin; the price, a guinea and a half, and dinner, tea, and steward, came to half a guinea more. We had a passage of twenty-three hours, and got to Dublin the next morning at nine o'clock. The river Liffey runs through the city; it is not very wide; there are several bridges over it; one of cast iron. Fine salmon are caught in this river. The surrounding country is beautiful and fertile. I put up at Morrison's Hotel, where there were excellent accommodations. I saw there, Sir Frederick Flood. Mr. Morrison took me in his car, drawn by a beautiful horse, to see several places; first to the Foundling Hospital, where were six or seven hundred of various ages, and under the patronage of some of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen; then to the King's park of some miles in extent; the residence, in summer, of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The grounds have been highly improved; flocks of deer, of six, eight, and twelve in a herd, are to be seen all through it, to the amount of several hundred. In the evening, I went to the theatre, and saw Mr. Brunson from London. Mrs. Humby, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Farren performed very well. It was a new theatre, fitted

up with much chaste taste, but badly attended. I suppose there were not three hundred and fifty persons in the house. The next morning I saw a show of flowers by the Horticultural Society in the Rotunda, where there was a great assemblage of beautiful ladies; a fine military band played during the time. In this city there are some spacious and beautiful squares, viz. Merion and Stephen's Green. On Wednesday, April 14th, I set off in the mail coach for Cork, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles; the fare, one pound and ten shillings, and ten shillings for baggage. The country is well cultivated; there are but few trees; here and there a superb country seat, and a great number of towns and villages. The poorer order are in a miserably wretched condition; their houses being but perfect hovels, without floors, and the inhabitants literally half naked; most of them, especially the children, without shoes or stockings, and all in rags, distressing to a feeling mind to behold. Whenever the coach stopped, they surrounded it, begging for money; and it may truly be said, that the Irish are either rolling in gold or in mud. I stayed so short a time in Dublin, that I did not think it worth while to deliver any introductory letters I had by me. All the persons I did see, were civil and obliging. I got into Cork on Thursday, the 5th of April, at nine o'clock in the morning, but the Courts, there called Assizes, were sitting, which

bring numbers of people from all parts of the country. I could not get a bed at any of the hotels. I was recommended to the Commercial, as the best; so I had to take private lodgings at Miss Fennon's. I had to pay for a neat parlor and bed-room on the first floor, a guinea and a half a week. I found them very civil; and, having travelled all night, I retired to rest at an early hour.

Mr. Mark, the American Consul, called on me, and showed me great civility. He lived in Rutland-street, in a hospitable manner; he had a wife and five children; and I went with him in a steamboat down the river Lea to the Cove of Cork, a distance of about seven miles. The country and seats on each side of the river are beautiful. I saw Lakelands and Black Rock, the seat of my wife's late uncle, Benjamin Bousfield, at that time occupied by Mr. Crawford. It consisted of about ninety-one acres; an elegant country place. While at the Cove, I went with Mr. Mark to pay a visit to Mrs. Connor, a relation of Mr. Bousfield. She resided at a small place, highly improved, with perfect neatness, and a great deal of taste; it was situated exactly opposite to the entrance of the harbor, of which it had a fine view. We returned to Cork in a hack jingle, or jaunting car, with one horse, having a boy to drive; and I dined and drank tea with Mr. Mark.

My boarding and lodging cost me a guinea a

week. There is a delightful walk, called the Dyke, a mile long, being an interval level on the west skirts of the city—the river Lea on each side, where fine salmon are caught in wears set from the stream. On Saturday, I saw a large man, called the American Giant, seven feet nine inches high, and large in proportion, who exhibited himself for a show: but most people, as well as myself, thought he was from the north of Ireland. On Sunday, the 15th, I went to St. Paul's with Mr. Knapp and his son. On Monday, the 16th, I walked on the Dyke, and saw a boy catch some very fine trout. I bought them, and had them for dinner at the boarding-house. On Tuesday, the 17th, I met at Mr. Beecher's. The Bishop of Cork also called and left his card.

On Wednesday, I went with Mr. Mark to St. Bury's Cathedral to hear service, it being Lent, and afterwards returned the Bishop of Cork's visit, whose family name was St. Lawrence. He had a beautiful place a short distance from the church.

On Thursday, the 19th, I went at eight o'clock in the morning, in a diligence, to Inishonan, thirteen miles from Cork, and from thence to Shippoole, about a mile and a half to Mr. William Henry Herrick's, Mrs. Rapelje's cousin, he having written me a polite invitation to come and spend the remainder of the time I had to spare with him. I staid only one day with him. It was a beautiful situation on the small river

Bandon, highly improved and cultivated, consisting of about three hundred acres, and every thing in fine order, and the house well furnished. His wife was a Miss Delacour; I saw a Miss Beamish there. The family is ancient. Herrick Castle, built about six hundred years ago, is still standing near the river Bandon. I found that several fields were never ploughed, but mowed, and not afterwards fed. I took leave in the evening, in order to get the early morning coach, and walked to Inneshannon, which I left the next morning in a one-horse stage, called a jingle, which held four passengers, set face to face, and disagreeable enough it was to be sure. However, I got back to Cork about ten o'clock, and went to St. Bury's church with Mr. Mark, it being Good Friday, where a Mr. Quarry preached an extempore sermon. The next day I went at eleven, to take a French lesson of Mr. Beecot, and wrote a letter in answer to Mrs. Bousfield's invitation, and sent it by post, saying I would spend one day on the following Tuesday.

On Tuesday, the 22d, I went in the morning to St. Peter's church, where I heard Archdeacon Thompson preach, and was much delighted with a boy's excellent singing. I dined and drank tea with Mr. Jacob Mark, who was remarkably kind and attentive; after dinner we hired a gig, and drove round Lakelands, the Bousfield estate, altogether supposed to be two thousand acres.

Monday, I saw a fine parade of about six hundred soldiers, the Scotch Highlanders, with kelts and no small clothes, their bare legs and knees exposed; and dined at six o'clock with the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Cork, with his wife and her sister, and two unmarried daughters, (the younger a very fine, charming girl,) his two sons, a son in-law, Mr. Beaufort, and two Misses Stewarts. The next day I rode on horseback with Miss Beamish, Miss Ross, Mrs. Rickson, and Mrs. Kampice, down ridge road to Waterstown and Buttontown, about four miles. The views of Black Rock and Lakelands were beautiful.

On Wednesday, the 25th, I went to see Mrs. Bousfield, who resided at her sister's, Mrs. Creagh, whose place is called Laurentinium, and is about a mile and a half from the town of Doneraile, the whole of which is the property of Lord Doneraile, who has a most elegant mansion and highly improved domain adjoining it. Mr. Creagh's son came in a chariot for me to the place where the coach stopped, and conveyed me to his father's, whom I found a pleasant, mild gentleman, complaining somewhat of the gout, and his wife, a charming, fine old lady, and so was Mrs. Bousfield. The sisters were much alike, both in manners and appearance, amiable, and perfectly genteel and elegant in dress as well as conversation, though somewhere about seventy years of age. They received me with respect, urbanity, and

affection. Mr. Creagh lived extremely well, although there were only his own family; a clergyman, John, his son, living near at Mallow, a large grown man—he called him "*his big son*," I believe about forty-five years of age; his other single son, Arthur, a married daughter, Mrs. Stodder, whose husband was not there, a Captain and Mrs. Davis, who was step-sister to Mr. William Henry Herrick, but who came in for no part of the Bousfield estate, as her mother was not a Bousfield; she was the daughter of Herricks by a second wife. Capt. Davis I found to be quite pleasant and agreeable, as indeed they all were; and they, as well as all the society I had been in, appeared to be pleased with my humble efforts to afford them what little information I could about the United States, and allowed me every indulgence. Mr. Creagh lived quite in the style of a nobleman, and at the inn where I stopped, the landlord said he understood quite equal, and entertained more than Lord Donoraile, whose income, they said, was *ten* thousand guineas *per annum*, and Mr. Creagh's about *four* thousand. In this family they dressed for dinner, as for a party, having five servants at their family dinner in livery. I got there at twelve o'clock; at two had a lunch; and dinner at six, which was neat and well served; a fore quarter of mutton, chickens, salmon, calf's head, mock turtle made of hares; a very fine dish of forced meats; stewed ham, and young cucumbers, brocala, &c. &c.,

with port, sherry, and other kinds of wines, with their old Irish fashion of the boiling silver tea-kettle of hot water for whiskey punch, or rather toddy, after dinner. Mr. Creagh's place is very handsome, and laid out in fine taste, as almost all the Irish places are; his stables and carriage houses occupied about two hundred feet, directly in the rear of his dwelling, behind which was a very large garden; a beautiful rivulet of water, in the front of his house, which they called a river, —it might be a dozen or fifteen feet wide. Mrs. Bousfield and her sister were not very tall, but of middle size, and rather corpulent; with fine complexions, having quite a bloom upon their cheeks, and quite as good looking as any ladies of their age I ever saw, and must have been quite handsome when young. It was said that the three sisters were called the Three Graces of Cork.

I intended to stay only one day, therefore returned to Doneraile, and took the coach for Cork, paid for my passage inside ten and six pence sterling, for a distance of twenty-five miles. When I reached Mallow, I got on the outside, to see the country, which was beautiful about Doneraile and Mallow, and for a few miles farther, after which it is a light, poor soil. The country is somewhat hilly, but not abruptly so, gently declining and rising; but these they call mountains. A fine road is made to Cork, over valleys, where are runs of water underneath; and they have raised walls and

arches to make bridges over them, of great height, some nearly a hundred feet,—and also on a side-hill, have, for miles, built a wall of twenty feet high, so as to form a good road, nearly level; so much so, that the horses kept on a constant trot the whole way, with five passengers inside and five out. But nothing material occurred. There was a slight drizzly rain. On the 28th I took a ride on horseback, to visit Mr. Beecher, on the Black-rock road; and returning, went over Parliament bridge, up a very high hill, to see the Barracks, from which there is a fine view of the city.

On Sunday, the 29th, I went to church at the Foundling Hospital, with young Mr. Knapp, one of our boarders, where a band of music accompanied the children's singing, of whom there are many hundreds. The buildings, for they are extensive, form a large square in the centre. Afterwards I took a view of the Catholic church, which I found very plain and quite common within, as they told me they all were. I then paid the Bishop's family a visit.

On Monday, the 30th, I went to see the Fire-Lady, who, to appearance, pours melted lead into her mouth, stamps on red-hot iron, and draws it over her head, hair, and feet. How the deception was managed I know not.

On Tuesday, the 1st of May, I went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Mark, to Mr. Pike's, the banker, who lived between North main-street and Ham-

mond's Marsh. He was very opulent. I saw his daughter, and son, (quite a boy); he had another daughter, but she was from home. We had some very fine salmon, with which this place abounds all the year round. They are taken, as I said before, in the river Lea, which runs through the city in two branches, just above and below, by wears and nets. The mutton was particularly fine; and I partook of some that had been reared on part of Lakelands, a part of my wife's estate, of which Mr. Pike occupies about sixty acres, as his country residence. The next morning I breakfasted with him, by his own invitation. He was a widower and a Quaker, and lived very comfortable and well, but without show or parade. He took me through the market, where there were several kinds of flat fish, like our flounders. One is called plaice, with small, light-red colored spots all over their backs and tails; they make excellent pan fish; and three or four other kinds, of exactly the same shape of flounders, but of different sizes, white under their bellies, and brown on their backs.

On Thursday, the 3d, I bought Mrs. Rapelje two tabinot dresses, and a gauze dress; also a piece of the finest linen I could get in Cork, with a dozen pair of gloves, six of real Limerick, and six others, colored; and sent them by a Mr. Thomas Powers, going to Dublin, and from thence in Capt. Duplex's ship, which was to sail for New-

York on Sunday. I visited the Ursuline Convent, which is kept in very neat order, in Cork, where the children are taught different branches of education.

On Friday, the 4th, I went to see Mr. Knapp, a fellow-boarder, who held the office of tide-waiter at the custom-house, the whole of which he showed me. All goods imported must first be brought here, and lodged in the stores, and the duties paid as they are taken away. There are extensive stores, rooms, and vaults. I took an early dinner with Mr. Pike, the banker, and with his two daughters accompanied him in his curricle, which he himself drove, to his place at Black-rock, on Lakelands. It was a very pretty place, adjoining the water, which was by him highly improved, although the house was not very good.

The Saturday, being rainy most of the day, I could only take a short walk with Mr. Knapp, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Power, and her sister, to see Mrs. Knapp's brother, on the Passage road, about a mile from the city. Mrs. Knapp I found very pleasant and agreeable, and so was Mrs. O'Neil's sister.

On Sunday, May 6th, I went with Mr. Knapp and his son, at ten o'clock in the morning, in a steam-boat to the Cove, and from thence paid a visit to Mrs. Connor, a niece to Mrs. Bousfield; to visit whom she went with us about four miles. Mrs. Bousfield had moved for the summer to a place called East Grove, the property of her

nephew, the Hon. C. Bagwell, then a member of Parliament. It is a beautiful cottage, near the river that flows past it. There is a round tower he built at one side of the cottage, which is thirty feet in diameter; making a handsome drawing-room, and a good bed-room above it; and which, it was said, was built to shelter the cottage, which is very neat, and prettily furnished, and the grounds well and tastefully laid out, and kept in order. Mr. Arthur Creagh was staying with Mrs. Bousfield. I remained there that night, and slept in the bed-room in the circular tower; a neat, square room, with a dressing-room, both overlooking the river. All genteel person's houses have bed-rooms well furnished, and dressing-rooms also. A servant comes every morning, taking your clothes to brush, and your boots to clean, without the trouble of ordering them; brings you hot water to shave, and inquires *if he can do any thing for you?* All which shows civility and urbanity of disposition. When going out, he takes your great coat or surtout, holding it for you to put on; and many such little services and attentions. After dinner, just having finished a piece of plumb pudding, I had a severe dead pain at the pit of my stomach, and felt very deadly sick and faint, and was obliged to leave the table. Mr. Knapp and Mr. A. Creagh led me out into the cool air; I sat down on a bench, and entirely fainted away. It was as if death had taken possession of me. Every thing appeared

green and blue before me; and I felt truly as if the sleep of the grave was coming on me, and I suppose in reality, like those who die, my thoughts were concentrated on my dear wife, while I could think. I had fainted for about a minute, when I was relieved. I took with my dinner very moderately of wine, not above a glass and a half; I ate some asparagus after the meat, as they served up that and also artichokes, as a desert; the latter of which I did not taste. I had taken a great deal of exercise in the morning, and had taken no lunch as I usually did, when they dined so late. I sat also with my back to the fire; but cannot tell what it was; I drank only Madeira, besides a glass of beer. I began with soup, just tasted fish, and ate a slice of roast beef with potatoes and cauliflower. However, I soon got over it, and went again to the table, and felt no more of it.

The next day, Monday the 7th, it rained all the day, with wind. I read and conversed at this East Grove cottage, which is really in that style, with the exception of the tower; it had a thick thatched roof, the floor even with the ground, low ceilings, not more than nine feet high; the rooms small and neat, with roses, myrtle, &c. &c., twining on the wall and on rough lattices about it; the windows in the French style, opening on hinges down to the ground; a small shed over, quite low, called *virandas*, and small twigs or branches wove along the eaves of the shed. The gravel

walks were good, as well as all the others, and were quite close to the house. The grass lawns were kept cut constantly once a week, and swept by women, and rolled with a stone roller; the edges along the ground walks are gone over by hand, and the projecting and straggling roots plucked out; in short, nothing could exceed the neatness in these grounds; then all along many of the walks, were borders of tulips, hyacinths, blue water lilies of America, and numberless other flowers and shrubs, which they take much pains to plant, keep clean, and propagate to the greatest perfection; and the domain is inclosed by gardens and very high stone walls. The rain prevented my going out the whole day.

On Tuesday, May 8th, after breakfast I went to the Cove in a jingle of Mrs. Bousfield's. At the Cove I got another jingle, came on to Passage, crossed over, took another, and got into Cork about half past four o'clock, and found we had a new lodger, called Miss Gloster, from Limerick. She was about thirty-five years of age.

On Wednesday, the 9th, I rode on horseback to Blarney, and visited the old Castle. It is very high, having one hundred steps to the top. It is the largest I had seen, and square, say, forty by thirty. It is in a small level valley, with a beautiful meandering stream, called Blarney river. The town is quite small, about four miles and a half from Cork. I went in company

with Miss Ross, who kept our boarding-house, and Mrs. Richson, who both rode very well, and at a great rate when they were so inclined. The place belongs to a Mr. Jefferies; but it was going to decay, and the grounds out of order. An evergreen, called ivy, runs over part of the Castle, especially the belfry and another building; and indeed over most of the old buildings through the country. The next day, Thursday, I paid a morning visit to Mr. Lionel Beecher; and on Friday, the 11th, went to the Botanic Garden, about a mile and a half. It was kept in excellent order, and had a great collection of rare, new, and curious trees, plants, flowers, vines, &c. I afterwards took tea at Mr. Jacob Mark's, who had five fine children. His oldest daughter, Agnes, about twelve; Ann, ten; John, about nine; and twins, nineteen months.

On Saturday, the 12th, after breakfasting with Mr. Pike, I read the newspapers at the Commercial Hotel.

On Sunday, the 13th, I dined and drank tea with Mr. Mark. It rained the whole forenoon; but I paid Miss Beecher a visit, and took leave.

Monday, the 14th, I took leave of Mr. Lionel Beecher and family; of Mr. Mark and the Bishop of Cork in the evening, who had paid me a visit in the forenoon, as I intended to take passage the next day for Bristol.

On Tuesday, the 15th, I took leave of my fellow boarders, who declared that they were very sorry to part with me, and I with them; for the five weeks I had been at Miss Ross's, I had found them all very pleasant and agreeable. At four o'clock, I set off in the Bousford packet vessel for Bristol, Capt. Cobblestone, and had a fine fair wind, with four cabin passengers; the ladies were, a Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Gilmore, two others, and a number of poor Irish, steerage passengers. Wednesday was a fine clear day. We had run in the night at the rate of six knots an hour, and about that all the day. The vessel, though small, had good accommodations for her size; twelve berths in the cabin, and four athwart ship, against the foreward bulk-head. The poor Irish steerage passengers were very filthy, both men and women; the common passengers were so numerous that I could not walk a step on deck.

On Thursday, the 17th, we got up the river Avon, which is very narrow, to a place called *Pill*, about four miles and a half below Bristol. I went on shore and got a hackney carriage, or kind of stage. The owner, after telling me that I could have it to take myself and another passenger up for half a guinea, wanted to fill it, and charge the others only two shillings and six pence a-piece. This was the first gross imposition I met with. I stopped at Reeves's Hotel, just out of College

Green. I immediately wrote a letter to my wife, and sent it by a ship going to New-York, and belonging to the Messrs. Howlands.

On Friday, the 18th, I took tea at Mrs. Barton's, at Clifton Royal Crescent, a cousin of Mrs. Rapeljes, whose mother was a Bousfield. She had one daughter with her; and had other children, but they were away. I saw there a Miss Van Devoust, sister of Mrs. Van Devoust of Charleston; there was no one else. Miss Van Devoust was a very large fat lady, about forty; very sensible, pleasant, and agreeable. I found Mrs. Barton a fine sensible woman, say, forty-four or fifty; her daughter, a mild, amiable girl, about twenty-five; but appeared very delicate. Clifton is very delightfully situated; has a fine view of the Avon river and valley about it; though I should not like to live there. The roads and streets to Bristol are so steep, as makes it painful to go up or down. I liked Bristol as little as I did before; the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and low along the Avon. The cathedral, formerly a monastery or nunnery, now called College Cathedral, was built in 1140, about seven hundred years ago, and is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, with painted windows, the colors of which are quite perfect to this day. It is very large, and has some fine tablets and monuments around on the walls; the ceiling is Gothic, in compartments, and carved out of solid stone. The church throughout

is remarkable for being better lighted than any in the kingdom.

I must here relate a curious circumstance of my being near to have been taken in. While the person, who was an officer, above a sexton, was showing me the church, two decently dressed women came in, one quite handsome, in black silk, the other in a brown cloth habit; both really appeared quite modest and as ladies who attended this church; for one observed to the gentleman describing the church, that "this was the place she sat in every Sunday," and said, "the sexton had not placed the rug for her feet in the pew," &c. I concluded they must be religious ladies of decent families in Bristol. With the gentleman who showed the church, they got into conversation, they and he alternately describing the different things there; and, in going out, upon my first inquiring of them what curiosities there were to be seen in Bristol, they asked me if I had seen the Armory? They having described several curious colors, &c. to be seen there, I requested them to accompany me. As it was a distance of two miles, I took a coach, and away we went. But nothing was there to be seen but a large armory without guns, and a fine garden. By this time I found who they were, but was not completely gulled, for I got home from Mrs. Barton's early in the evening in safety.

On Saturday, the 19th, I walked to see Bristol

Hot Wells, situate on the river Avon, near Clifton. Clifton is on a high hill, and these wells are in a valley. The river Avon is very narrow, and the tide rises so high, and falls so low, that at low water mark, there is no water in the river, and ships cannot come or go; and when the tide is in, they are obliged to be towed in and out by boats. I went to see Capt. John Keaquick, with whom I stayed and dined, and took tea. He lives at Upper Easton, about a mile and a half from Bristol; he was very affectionate, and wanted me to come and bring my baggage, and stay with him. He had a very amiable wife and three daughters; his oldest, Ann, about seventeen, a tall, handsome girl, indeed beautiful, of a delicate person, and sweet face and complexion. This was a daughter by a former wife, sister to the present one; two younger ones, eleven and nine, both fine, sensible girls; and his wife, a handsome, fine figure, and well informed. A Mr. Flaxman of the custom-house, and Mr. Benniman, dined with him. On Sunday, I rode with Capt. Keaquick and his family to Enbury, and went to church; afterwards walked through Lord de Clifford's park, and ascended a hill that overlooks the country, which was beautiful and magnificent; we also saw the river Avon where it empties itself; we now returned to dinner.

On Monday, the 21st, I went to see the patent oil-cloth manufactory, and saw the way it was laid on with colors and with blocks; and after-

wards dined with Capt. Keaquick, with whom I took a walk, to see the canal and locks; I then made him take a lunch with me at my lodgings; and he returned home. I then paid a visit to Mrs. Barter, at the Royal Crescent, and then returned and dined with the captain, with whom I also took tea. I returned in the evening at half past nine, and went to the theatre for an hour; a handsome house, but quite deserted, not above a dozen or two in the boxes.

On Tuesday, the 22d, I wrote a letter to my mother, and gave it to Capt. Keaquick, to forward by the first ship. I then set off in a coach at half past nine, for Bath, a distance of about twelve miles, and got there by twelve. The country by the road is delightful, surrounded by a number of country seats. The road was covered with coaches, full of passengers, to and from Bristol and Bath; they start every hour in the day. I was at first put down at the Golden Lion, a common tavern; but although reckoned in that country common, the parlors were neatly furnished with Brussels carpets, and bed-rooms (as they all are in England, in decent public houses,) well furnished, with good beds, and always with curtains. However, in the evening, I went to Mr. Strata's boarding house, on the south parade, but a short distance from the bath and pump room. The price of boarding was two guineas and a half a week. There was another house, and said

to be better, at three guineas, called the Queen-square,—but that was full. I met here a Mrs. Osborne and niece, Miss McShane, Capt. Lely, Mr. Castle, Mr. Gallon, and Capt. Stiles.

On Wednesday, the 23d, I went at seven o'clock, and took a bathing at the King's Bath. I had inquired the day before, if they would permit me to swim, which I was very fond of; and such a beautiful pond, and the water so delightful and tepid. They told me if I would come early in the morning, before any one came, I might have a swim; but must quit the moment any one came. I went accordingly, quite early, before any company was there, and had a delightful bath. The water is really pleasantly warm, near where you see it boil up; in the middle of the pond, if you happen to get your foot on one of the holes where the water comes through, it is uncomfortably warm. The water is delicious. Every thing is prepared in the greatest comfort; a small room with a fire; a man waiting to assist in putting on a bathing gown, which they have ready when you come out; your clothes are hung round the fire airing, as stockings, shirt, drawers, and flannels. The water is quite warm and delightful, and is an astringent; they take only a tumbler or two at a time. The season for company was over when I reached Bath, the fashionable people having left; for winter is the season.

On Thursday, the 24th, I walked up to Beechon

Cliff, on the other side of the river Avon, a high hill, overlooking the city of Bath, and a delightful view there is of it, and valley around. As for the city itself, a great, or very extensive prospect cannot be had; for Bath lies in a valley, surrounded by hills, of which this is one, and appears the highest; the prospect is indeed enchanting. I then came down and went along the Avon, and on the Bath side. At about half a mile, is the place where the gas is prepared for lighting the city, and which was brilliantly lighted with it; I also went through a turnpike gate, where there is a patent weighing machine. It is an iron platform, even or level with the road; and in the centre of the road, where carriages drive on, and by an arm like a steelyard, placed within a small building along side the road, and by some means conveyed to this moveable platform, which rises and lowers a few inches, and constantly keeping on a level, the weight is ascertained. I then took a long walk in front of and below the Royal Crescent, which indeed nothing could surpass; the form gives its name, where are about forty houses, all built of stone, ornamented in front by circular pilasters, and every house resembling each other. It is indeed superior to any thing I have yet seen as to grandeur and magnificence of situation, and structure, and imposing elegance. Bath is delightfully situated; the variety of aspects from walks and gardens in front of

the Crescent, and then to the circus, which is about seven hundred feet in diameter, built up with houses of an exact size, shape, &c. Four elegant streets are also built up, with handsome stone houses. If you go down Queen-square, next the gay streets of shops, you find a diversity from almost royal splendor, to city bustle; meeting all the gayety, show, and fashion of England, with variety from the chimney-sweeper to the most elevated rank; and decorated in all the style, fashion, and elegance imaginable; also the splendid equipages, &c., in constant motion at the fashionable houses from one to four; then to the pump-room, which is very large and handsome, where there is music from half past one, till three every day. When the place is full of visitors, there is always a full band; but when I was there, there were only three violins accompanied by a harp, which is sweet and soft. Here the waters are drank, which are quite warm and soft. Common spring or pump water, of the same heat, would instantly cause sickness, which was my fear at first swallowing. And here the ladies and gentlemen promenade, sit, or take a glass of these Lethean waters, to wash away care. All here are genteel in manners, but free and easy. There the company promenade through some of the small courts, or rather narrow passages, which are all flagged across, and which lead to Great Pultney-

street, which is very wide, and built up with elegant houses. At its extremity, and facing it, are Sidney Gardens, of about sixteen acres, beautifully laid out, with cascades of water, rivulets, &c. &c., covered with shrubs, trees, flowers, &c.; and a sweet, soft, elegant band of music, playing from two till half past four; while ladies and gentlemen in their gay and elegant dresses promenade to and fro, in this enchanting Elysium; nurses, also, well dressed, with children, to take the pure air. Here are Merlin's swings, labyrinths, &c. I also went to see a new church, of beautiful Gothic architecture, which seemed to be the prevailing style in all the buildings recently put up, from the hut to the palace. This is called Bathwick new church, and is the most chaste, beautiful building I have seen.

On Friday, the 25th, I walked out to a clergyman's place, in the cottage style, a Rev. Mr. Warner's, to see bees raised in a new kind of straw hive, called the *Huish* hive. I found Mrs. Warner an amiable, pleasing, and agreeable lady, about twenty-five years of age, with a sweet angelic face. The house appears a cabinet of literature, and museum of fossils, shells, &c. I saw the bees in the new straw hive, but did not admire the plan; the combs are intended to be separated by cross-bars from the top of the hive, and the bees can as well build across as lengthwise

of the strips, which, I was told, was the case; the situation is beautiful, called Hanging Lands, and has a fine view of the city of Bath.

On Saturday, the 26th, I walked before breakfast to another elevation, called Beacon-hill, and had a fine view of Bath; then to the Upper Crescent, and through St. James's-square, where all were handsome and elegant houses. I drank the waters, as I did every day before breakfast and dinner, two or three tumblers, and found they corrected my stomach, gave a great appetite, and mellowed down the system. In the evening, I went to the theatre, which was very beautiful.

I went on Sunday, the 27th, to the Abbey church, which is near the bath; the ceiling is very high and arched; one window towards the grove is very large, say forty feet high, and twenty wide, and has about twelve thousand panes of small glass, put in lead, the old fashioned way, and stained of different colors; it is, say, twenty feet from the floor to the sill of the window. After church, the people walk in crowds, (or lots of them, as the English say,) from two o'clock till five, and in the evening from seven till ten o'clock. At this season of the year, there is very little night; it is not dark till half past nine, and light again at half past two in the morning.

On Monday, the 28th, I took a warm bath in the public bath. The water was one hundred and sixteen degrees of heat, which was quite pleas-

ant; and the waters, although warm, are bracing. I had a swim; the depth of the water was four feet; and a very extensive pond it is, surrounded by lofty houses, and the whole pond smokes like boiling water.

On Tuesday, the 29th, I took an outside seat next the driver, to go to Cheltenham, fifty-two miles from Bath. We went by Crosshands village, twelve miles, Petty France, four miles, and Dunkirk. I saw the Duke of Beaufort's park, called Badminston; it is very large, being fourteen miles round. I also passed through Roxbury village, which is four miles from Bath, and in Somersetshire. We then came into Gloucestershire, where the country is highly improved. We changed horses, which were very fine, once in sixteen miles; the harnesses of bright fine brass, and kept in the best order. We went through Stronductor, Horsley, and Nailsworth, all in Rodboro bottom, a fine interval for twenty miles, where were a number of cloth factories; passed Lane's cross, Haneswick, Shroud, and Horsepool; saw the Severn; and, from the hills, before descending the valley of Gloucester, saw Monmouthshire and part of Brecknockshire; passed through Gloucester, nine miles from Cheltenham, where we arrived about four in the afternoon, and I put up at Mr. Fisher's boarding house.

On Wednesday, the 30th, I walked to several places, and found Cheltenham a fine, lively, im-

proving place; the waters are exactly like a dose of salts. There was music every morning from eight till ten at the springs, where numbers of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen walk in the gardens that surround them. They come to this place for health and pleasure, from all parts; and it was supposed there were many thousand there of first fashion, show, and fortune. Fisher's was reckoned the best boarding-house; he had also an hotel, the families residing in which, had their separate apartments and tables. At our table, sat down about thirty; I was stationed next to a Mr. Clark, from the neighborhood of London, a very pleasant, conversible, plain man; also Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs, Mr. Prior, a young gentleman, and Mr. Stubbins, of Queen's County, Ireland; all of whom were very pleasant and agreeable; the rest appeared stiff and formal. Just opposite to me, sat Sir Grenville Temple; but as I knew him only by hearsay, and was never introduced to him in America, I thought, in his own country, he might address me first; so I said nothing to him, as I took it for granted he must have known me, as there was a book in which each one entered his name, and which is always looked over by all the boarders.

Thursday, the 31st.—Being anxious to get on to France, I took my passage for the next day by coach to London. I delivered Mrs. Mark's letter to her sister, Mrs. Frankland; she was at Mrs.

Sheldon's, at Swondon, two miles and a half from Cheltenham, where I went in a jingle. I was called on by Mr. Cole, Mr. Knapp's friend, who gave me a letter to him; also by Mr. Marshall, master of the ceremonies; I returned the visits, and took leave.

Friday, June 1st.—I left Cheltenham at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived in London about the same hour in the evening. I went to several hotels and lodging houses, but could not get a bed; they were all full on account of Parliament setting, but at last got a bed at the Mount Coffee House, in Grosvenor-street, a few doors from Bond-street. The country from Cheltenham to London is very pleasant, and in high cultivation; came through several towns, and the city of Oxford.

Saturday, June 2d.—I found London very much improved in buildings, new streets, squares, &c. I went down the Thames in a small boat, and saw the new bridges, the Waterloo, of stone, and the Southwark of cast-iron, the centre arch of which is two hundred feet span. I then went to the post-office, where I met Mr. Alexander Buchanan, the British consul's brother at New-York, and walked with him; then went to see an exhibition of the Royal Society's paintings, where there were a great number of ladies. The paintings were numerous, and no doubt good; but being no judge, I could not decide; some I thought

excellent. In the evening I went alone to the Opera House, which was crowded with a show of ladies in the boxes, pit, and gallery. The house was splendid and magnificent, and for a public exhibition beyond any thing I had ever seen,—six rows of boxes all trimmed with red silk or damask curtains,—the ladies and gentlemen all in full dress, no boots. The house is about two hundred and thirty feet in diameter; and it was impossible to distinguish the features of those who were on the other side. The stage is large, with splendid scenery; the women beautiful, singing fine, and all in Italian; very few of the frequenters understood it. I inquired of several the names of the dancers and singers, but they knew them not.

On Sunday, June 3d, I went to the King's Chapel, St. James's, where I paid first a shilling to the man at the door to let me in, and another shilling to a man to be put in a place in the aisle, tosit on a kind of hassock as high as a chair, which he brought and put down. The chapel is quite small. The royal family worship there; but I saw only the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Augusta. In the afternoon at four o'clock, took a barouche, and got Mr. A. Buchanan to accompany me to Hyde Park; then walked in Kensington Gardens. They were, as I always thought them, superb beyond description; the show of elegantly dressed ladies, and the great numbers pro-

menading to and fro on the beautiful walks of hard sand, and grass like a turkey down carpet; the walks so wide, so spacious, so perfect, so lengthy, so straight, so crooked, so every thing, interspersed with elegant shrubbery, trees, water, &c., as makes the whole enchanting. We then drove, and got among the carriages; the immense number of which it was impossible to describe, passing each other in close succession, and filled with elegantly dressed ladies; the horses, carriages, harness, coachmen, and footmen, all so superbly dressed, from imperial white and red to black. The ride from Hyde Park corner to Oxford-street, (say a mile,) was a perfect close double line of carriages, one going and the other coming; almost every instant there was a stoppage, so that it took nearly an hour to go one mile. The ladies appeared to like it; as they stop, and as they pass on, they view each other, which makes it a most enchanting sight.

Monday, June 4th.—The splendor of London seems to raise instead of depressing the wealth. Every thing this globe affords seems to be centred in it in a magnificent manner. The shops are abundantly supplied with the luxuries and necessaries of life, from the immense savory rounds and rumps, and sirloins of roast beef, meats of all kinds, down to vulgar wheelbarrows full of liver for dogs; and from splendid diamonds to humble London

mud; all is noise and uproar. I went in the evening to Covent Garden Theatre, which was splendid and well attended.

Tuesday, June 5.—London exceeds every place. In the gay part of the day, which is from three to half past five, there are, at least, ten square miles, where vehicles of every description are constantly moving, from the splendid coach and six to the dirty dust cart; and in such numbers, so crowded as often for miles to stop up the way. In the evening I went to Drury-lane Theatre, in company with Mr. A. Buchanan, and thought it surpassed the other; it was very splendid and well attended. I employed nearly the whole of Wednesday in seeing about my passports in the city, and spent the evening at home at No. 4 Manchester-street, Manchester-square, at Mr. Todd's boarding-house, where I had come on Tuesday, at three guineas a week.

On Thursday, the 7th, by favor of Mr. Vaughan, to whom Mr. Robert Stewart gave me a letter, inclosing two tickets of admission to the anniversary of all the free school children of the different Episcopal parishes, or wards in London, assembled at St. Paul's Cathedral, amounting to about six thousand girls and boys; they were all neatly and cleanly dressed, and sitting round the church in rows, one row above another, about twenty rows high; making about forty-five feet in height; the whole number singing at one time

hymns and psalms, adapted to the occasion. What a sublime and magnificent scene! It filled the mind, heart, and soul with awful worship, which is indescribable; the grandeur of it was beyond imagination. I was subdued into tears, unmanned and unnerved; and if the soul, thought I, was ever transported to heaven, it seems it must be in such a moment; to see and hear six thousand children, the females all in white caps and aprons, in an instant, by a signal given, all, as if by a touch of inspiration, open their cherub lips together, and shout praises to the Great Jehovah, and Saviour of the world! O, England! if thy sons and daughters had no other cause to rejoice, this scene would be sufficient; such a sight would melt the savage soul to sympathy. To think on the prosperous state of the country, the beauties of heaven so abundantly showered on the nation, and to see so many of the rising generation receiving the gift superior to all others, that of the knowledge of virtue, is enough to make you thankful for all you possess. I was accompanied by Mr. Todd, a gentleman at whose house I resided, and had found an excellent place, under the dome, by the aid of a worthy young gentleman, named Reed, who was staying at the same house. I saw the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Friday, the 8th.—I went to Meux's Brewery, a very large establishment; the whole machinery moved by a steam engine; the vats are immense,

one thirty-five feet in diameter, and twenty-five feet high; a reservoir of water on the top of the building; a cooling tub on the fourth story or attic; agitated by horizontal fans. The beer is here about three feet deep; the bason is over the whole of one side of the building, about one hundred feet long, and thirty feet wide; and in fact every thing is on a large scale. I believe, since the bursting of a large vat, they have reduced them in size; but they had an immense number. They were emptying twelve hundred bushels of malt, that had been in one brewing. In the evening, I went to the Coburg Theatre, over the new Coburg bridge, in Southwark; it is a handsome theatre, but the performances were very indifferent.

On Saturday, the 9th, I saw all of West's fine pictures, exhibited for one shilling each person. The rooms have constantly a number of visitors. The "Rejection," and "Death on the Pale Horse," were the best, and very large, about thirty by eighteen. In the evening, I visited the Adelphi Theatre, where were exhibited feats of bodily strength, slight of hand, and rope-dancing, and one walking with his feet to the ceiling and head downwards, by his shoes being fastened to the ceiling. In the morning, I had walked to the Regent's Park, which had just been laid out and planted.

Sunday, June 10th.—I went to the new Mary-

lebone Chapel, where I heard an appropriate sermon, it being Whitsunday; afterwards paid Lady Affleck a visit, in Clarges-street; then walked to Hyde Park. The day was interspersed with showers, and I went to Tattersall's, where are always a number of horses and carriages for sale; there were about two hundred gentlemen viewing them, with catalogues, as there is a sale every Monday by auction. I remained at home in the evening, and heard some fine music by some young ladies. Miss Williams, who was a boarder at Mr. Todd's, and Mrs. Todd's two young daughters, and Mr. Todd's sister-in-law, Mrs. Darcy Todd, who, with another lady, sang and played in the French and Italian style most delightfully.

On Monday, June 11th, I went to see a collection of pictures, in Pall-mall, belonging to members of the Society of Arts, for young artists, as is said, to improve themselves. Several were the property of the King, and all by the first masters, as Reubens, Vandyke, Raphael, &c. In the evening, I went to Astley's, where there were feats of horsemanship, and play-acting, in a common manner.

On Tuesday, June 12th, by invitation, I breakfasted with Lady Affleck, Lord Holland's wife's mother, at twelve o'clock. I afterwards walked into the city, and put a letter in the post-office to Mrs. Rapelje, and dined and remained at home.

On Wednesday, June 13th, I went with Parson

Reed to visit St. Luke's Hospital of female lunatics, where I saw a great many. I believe the men are in a separate place; then to the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Moor Fields, where there is a fine painting of the Crucifixion of our Saviour on the Cross between two thieves; and an immense group in the foreground; the ceiling is also painted; also visited two libraries in the neighborhood; and received this day a box and package of letters from Mrs. Rapelje, with her picture, which was not much like her. In the evening the lady I lived with, had a small musical party. Miss Patton sung remarkably well.

On Thursday, June 14th, I went with Mr. Todd, to Temple Bar, to see and hear the herald, &c. &c., proclaim that the King's coronation would take place on the 19th of July; the Lord Mayor in his state-coach, with the sheriffs in their carriages; the ceremony of opening Temple Bar gate, the herald's rich dresses, the sound of trumpets, and beat of drums, were all very imposing. The crowd was great, and loud shouts of "The Queen, the Queen," &c. &c. I then visited the custom house, which is a fine building, and quite elegant; went in a boat, or wherry. I also saw the West India docks, a very great convenience, and erected on a great scale. We then rowed down to Greenwich Hospital, and walked in the park to the top of the hill, where the Observatory is; sat at the end of Greenwich Park, near Black-

heath Park. The chapel at the hospital is very elegant; the interior, the whole door-frame, and columns very large, of marble, and an elegant stucco ceiling. We dined on white bait, a very small fish. In the evening, I went to a masquerade at the Opera House; a curious scene, to be sure, as is often described. This was but a poor one; and many characters badly supported.

On Friday, June 15th, I went out very little, I was so fatigued on account of the masquerade the night before, to which I went at half past ten, and stayed till five in the morning, broad day-light, and left an immense company there dancing, &c. &c. It was a curious and novel show to me. I went in a plain domino and mask, and walked about, and conversed with one and another, as you are privileged to speak to any one you see when you are masked; any ladies will dance with you. There were three bands of music, and two were constantly playing, and no cessation to dancing. Women of all kinds, descriptions, and classes, as well as men, from perhaps the princess, to the sewing-girls. It is quite a pleasant scene; every one seems pleased and agreeable; many men in women's clothes, and *vice versa*. I made many believe I knew them and their wives, and wives their husbands.

On Saturday, June 16th, I went to the city, and sent a letter to my wife, that is, left it at the New-England Coffee House, to go by the first ship.

In the evening, I stayed at home, and heard the ladies play and sing; Miss Hicks, an old maid, performed charmingly in English, and Mrs. Todd in French and Italian.

On Sunday, June 17th, I went to the Chapel in Regent's-street, beautiful and new.

On Monday, June 18th, I took a ride on horseback through the Park, and afterwards went into the city; and in the evening went to a masquerade at the Drury-lane Theatre, which was handsome, and well attended, with a fine supper of meats, jellies, tarts, fruits, &c. &c.

At the masquerade at old Drury, I found myself among a group, as I leaned against one of the pillars, with my arms folded. I was, indeed, in a strange place. My domino was new and beautiful; my mask small and black. One, as he passed, would say, "Well, Sir, I know who you are; we shall take care of you; you are one of the king's officers, to see peace and order." As I stood still, the group near me were joking with each other, and I overheard all that was said, and found from their conversation, that they were reputable people from the Strand, or Cheapside; mostly shop-keepers, or merchants. The men were diminutive cockneys, but the women were of respectable size. I thought I would have some sport with them. I asked the marshal on duty, who they were. I knew him by his truncheon. He told me that they were people of good condition

in the city, and that the men had changed dresses with their wives. I took one of the ladies under my arm, and intimated to her that I knew her. She was surprised, and in turn inquired who I was. This I avoided. I told her that she had changed dresses with her husband; I know you all. She was astounded; and as she left me, requested me to join her again, and permit her to introduce me to her party. I could not find her after I had separated from her. I was determined to stay to supper, and took a seat, by the advice of Mr. Elliston, the manager, who was a very genteel man, opposite the great door, where I could see the company come in. Near me sat a gentleman who had brought in two ladies; the one, as I thought, his wife, the other his sister. Availing myself of the privilege of the place, the *lex loci* of a masquerade, I entered into conversation with the young lady. The supper was magnificent; all kinds of fruits from the green-house were abundant; strawberries, grapes, pines, melons, peaches and plumbs, were in profusion, and were more delicious than any I ever ate. Nature forced in some instances, is sweeter than in her original form. The sun, through glasses, in the humid atmosphere of England, ripens some classes of fruit better than natural heat could.

While seated at the table, I saw two gentlemen from New-York, who had taken off their masks. I told the lady with whom I was conver-

sing, who these gentlemen were. The one, as she would see, was a handsome man, a gentleman of fortune, who had grown rich as an auctioneer; the other in another business. I then intimated to my fair one, that she might have some innocent amusement; giving her some further particulars in regard to them, their modes of living, their families, and many other minute matters. The gentleman and myself drank wine together; the lady rose and pursued the New-York gentlemen. She told them who they were, and from whence they came, although they had not been two days in London. I watched them while the lady was talking to them; they were in a blue maze. I kept out of the way, for fear of being discovered.

I now thought of changing my dress, and taking that of a North American savage. The dress-master was ready for me. He gave me a pair of flesh-colored pantaloons, real Indian moccasins, a large belt and wampum, with a noble head-dress of feathers, with a large bow and a full quiver of arrows. As a great favor I was allowed to take the bow into the room, as all weapons were forbidden. Thus equipped, like King Philip, I bounded into the room, and leaped with aboriginal elasticity from the boxes to the floor of the pit. Seeing that the statue of the king was over the stage, I gave a war-whoop, and drew my arrow to the head, and kneeling on one knee, directed the arrow to the image of the king, when the cry of Hold!

hold! hold! rung from every part of the house. So loyal are the people of England. I played a thousand fantastic freaks with the ladies, keeping always within the bounds of delicacy. I enjoyed the sport to the utmost; and no one ever discovered me in either dress. There are a thousand ways to kill dull care.

On Tuesday, June 19th, I left London for Brighton, in the Dart coach, from Grace church-street, at three o'clock, and arrived at Brighton at eight. We went through Croyden and Ryegate; travelled at the rate of ten miles an hour, with elegant and excellent horses, and a delightfully fine road. Before I left London, I saw Mr. James Cuthbert, who had been in America. He had an office in the Beaufort buildings, and was willing to do any thing for me. I put up in Brighton at Mr. Brot's, on the marine parade, a boarding-house, for two guineas and a half a week.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Brighton contains about thirty thousand inhabitants; is beautifully situated on the ocean, with a fine gravel and sand beach. The King had a fine pavilion, but I could not get to see the interior; the outside is really ridiculous; a number of large and small turrets, like large pots and kettles, and a trifling, insignificant kind of architecture, fit for a baby-house. There were no amusements, and but little company.

On Thursday, June 21st, I took my passage for Dieppe, in France, but the vessel did not go;

therefore I took a seat on the outside of a coach, to Chichester, and was gratified with a fine view of the noble country around. On my return, I saw the King's stables, which are elegant beyond any thing I ever saw. A dome lets in the light to a circular interior; the outside is covered by a continuation of the dome, I suppose more than two hundred feet diameter altogether; the stables are all around the circle; the stalls very large to all the stables. Above is a gallery all round, and the servant's bed-rooms. Brighton is a pleasant place, and is much resorted to for sea-bathing, and the King frequently resides there. The interior of the palace, called the Pavilion, is, they say, remarkably fine and elegant.

On Friday, June 22d, I set off in a stage, at eight o'clock, for Portsmouth, and went through Shoreham, (six miles,) Hastings, (three miles,) and Worthing, all fine towns, and in sight of the ocean. Most of the distance, the water recedes a great way. This last is a place of bathing. I went on to Arundel, ten miles, on the river Avon. I went to see the Duke of Norfolk's castle, built more than a thousand years ago, and traced back to Alfred, the old castle; a part is new modelled. The interior is splendid, with fine painted windows of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and others, in a group, in the music, or dining-hall; the stair-case banisters of brass, quite in a modern style; the steps of marble, hand-rail of mahogany; bedsteads of ma-

hogany, some double-posted, elegantly carved, with broad cornices, and top, or tester, of mahogany, all carved exquisitely fine. The library room is very long, with elegant sculpture, all of mahogany, taking artists years to execute; and the bed-curtains of elegant figured velvet, of variegated colors, which have been hanging for centuries, all in the most superb style; the chimney-pieces are fine marble. The ceiling in the banqueting room is finely carved, and the hall is adorned with family paintings. In the old round tower there are owls that have been there thirty years. This is the castle which surrendered to Cromwell with a thousand prisoners. Proud as this castle is, the Duke prefers another residence. I saw a fine Cathedral at Chichester, where I dined, and went then to Portsmouth, eighteen miles from Chichester. I put up at the Fountain Inn, much tired. Portsmouth is fifty miles from Brighton. There is a great dock-yard, and fine harbor, and well fortified; surrounded by a wall and ditch, that can be filled with water all round the town. I felt much fatigued, and went to bed almost immediately on my arrival.

On Saturday, June 23d, I rose early, took a boat and went to see the harbor, which is very spacious; the shipping being an immense number of English ships of war, (say one hundred of different sizes.) I went on board the Nelson, of one hundred and thirty guns, very large and fine, and

saw numbers of others, in appearance, quite as large, being three-deckers. I then went on board the King's royal yacht; she was most superbly fitted up, with a quantity of gilding all around her outside, and the interior beyond any thing I had an idea of; the elegant furniture, beds, sofas, mirrors, glass candle-shades, suspended, four together on a ball or socket; and every thing in a style of royal magnificence, yet simply elegant. I returned to the dock-yard, which, by some, is said to be something superior; but on account of my being an American, I could not be admitted, and was soured enough with the English character; finding them stiff, pleased in refusal to gratify, and glorying in their own misery, as they say, rather than speak to any one they do not know, or are introduced to, except it will ennoble them. I began here, and in my observations of them in travelling at inns and boarding-houses, to have a sovereign contempt and hatred to some of their manners. I then went in a ferry-boat over to Rhyde in the Isle of Wight; but must first observe that Portsmouth is very strong, and has fortifications all around it, mounted with cannon, and a ditch that is very wide and large, and can be overflowed in case of attack by an enemy. It is quite a large town. Rhyde is but small. I got on the top of a coach and rode ten miles to Newport, a pleasant town; then on eight miles to Cowes, a place much resorted to for pure air and sea-bath-

ing; things are cheap and rents low. I had heard much of the beauty of the women in the Isle of Wight. They are in these towns very handsome, and have a suavity of innocent expression, with a mild cheerfulness, that makes them appear amiable and lovely; and they dress very well. The island, as I rode over it, is very luxuriant; and beautiful seats, cottages, and farms, interspersed; it is said to be the garden of England, and is really delightful; the roads are good, and diversified with hills and dales. I crossed over to Southampton, nine miles, in a small steam-boat, and found it a fine delightful town, on the river. I put up at the Dolphin Inn, and found it an excellent one.

Sunday, June 24th.—There are some good churches, as Holyrood, St. Michael's, and All Saint's, to the last of which I went to hear service.

On Monday, June 25th, after having visited the Botanic Garden, which is small, but in good condition, and well stored with plants and flowers of all kinds, I took passage in a vessel of about fifty tons, for Havre de Grasse, in France, the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, and sailed at seven in the evening, with a fair wind, and got into Havre the next morning at ten.

Tuesday, June 26th.—Havre is a large city, and has an old appearance; most of the streets narrow. The people seemed to wish to be civil;

they were very particular at the custom-house, about looking at your person and baggage, which last, however, consisted only of my trunk; I gave my key to a girl named Divera, who was a kind of Corinne, and could speak English as well as French, and was very useful in getting baggage through the custom-house, and passports fixed, and any thing arranged, as well as show one any where, and perfectly modest, virtuous and honest.

On Wednesday, June 27th, I had to give up my passport, which they said would be sent after me to Paris, where I should get it again; they made me out a new one, and described me particularly; my face, and every feature in it; the color of my hair, eyebrows, height, complexion, forehead, nose, chin, and mouth. What they could fear, the Lord only knows. I bought a Leghorn bonnet, and had it trimmed for twenty-six dollars, and fourteen pair of silk stockings, some black, some white, and put them in a box, with my two likenesses, for Mrs. Rapelje, and had them put on board a Hamburgh vessel, the Elbe, Capt. Lyme, for New-York. This was on Thursday, June 28th. I saw here, Capt. Greig and lady, owner of a ship belonging to Batavia, going to New-Orleans; they stayed at the same house with me, which was Earl's New-York Hotel. The river Seine runs along Havre, which is a fine port for ships; there are excellent docks; the water falls off a great way; and it is only at particular times

that ships can come in and out. The hotel is a tolerable one; good breakfasts and dinners, all in the French style; fine tea and coffee, with good boiled milk, eggs, ham, beef-steaks, chickens, &c. At dinner, meats, soups, and poultry; all, however, cooked too much, to very rags, with made dishes and vegetables; then puddings and fruit, fine large strawberries, cherries, prunes, and fresh currants, and fine French wines, a *bonne bouch* of either champaigne or muscatel. I took passage for Rouen on the road to Paris; women keep the stage-office books, and do most of the writing in the retail shops. I met here Baron Von Clonkerstrom, a Swede, whom I had seen at New-York; who was going in a frigate to Sweden.

I started on Friday, June 29th, from Havre, at five in the morning, for Rouen in a curious vehicle, called *boshowhore*, or stage-coach, which was immensely heavy. The man rides on the near wheel horse, and drives the other four, there being three abreast of the leaders; and the harness of all their carriages of this description, are thick, clumsy leather, patched together with bits of rope spliced and fixed to bits of chain for traces; the same for bridle and reins; and the whole together, an unwieldy machine, and quite outre; a place in front like a chaise, with a leather cover to put up and down; also, a heavy, thick leather apron covers this outside front seat,

nearly as high as your breast; then there is a basket behind, and seats at the top of the coach, and it really appeared like three coaches put together. We went through several towns, and breakfasted at Balbec, thirty-one miles from Havre; then passed through several other towns and villages, and over a delightful country, being Normandy; well cultivated, with corn and grass in a luxuriant state. The soil appeared good, with great numbers of fruit and forest trees; and all along, on each side of the road, is planted with apple trees, in a thriving and flourishing condition; the road, for the most part quite straight. It was very hot and dusty travelling on this day. We passed in sight of a number of manufactories of linen and cotton, and other cloths, in sight of the Seine river. There were no fences, hedges, or ditches, to separate the fields or domains of one proprietor from another; and how they manage I know not, but so it is. The flax and grass were quite green; the one they were pulling, which appeared to be tied up in quite small bundles; the other mowing for hay. On going into Rouen, we passed a double row of trees on each side of the road, of three miles in length, in a straight line. Rouen is a large city, containing one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and lies on the river Seine, sixty-six miles from Havre, which we were nine hours and a half travelling, and is ninety miles from Paris. A number of

vessels lie there, of about two hundred tons, the water being about twelve feet. There is a splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral, with a magnificent front adorned with sculpture; built about twelve hundred years ago. I rode on the front outside seat, but was almost suffocated with dust. After I had dined, I went to see three cathedral churches, Notre Dame, St. Nicholas, and one other; all very large, and of noble Gothic architecture of by-gone centuries. There is a very ancient market-house, with parts of wood, and perhaps built about two centuries since, and to appearance in a decayed state. I put up at the Vattel Hotel in rue des Carmes, No. 70 Rouen. English was spoken by the lady of the house, and the waiter. I saw the bridge over the Seine, which is paved with stones, and on floating boats, which are anchored. I went to the theatre in the evening, where there were a number of the handsomest and best dressed female performers I have ever seen. The house was very handsome and well attended, it being the anniversary of the birth of Peter Corneille, one of their most celebrated poets. One of his descendants, they say, Bonaparte has educated, and is at this time a professor in Rouen. The theatre being very warm, and as I did not understand French, I soon left it.

On Saturday, June 30, I found some pleasant walks all around Rouen; one that goes entirely round the city, having a road and double rows of

trees, and a great one on the south side of the Seine, and one on the north. The marriages are public; I saw several that came to have the ceremony performed in the City Hall, or Municipality. I then took a seat on the top of a coach with a Mr. Roquet, who came with me from Havre, and with whom I was room-mate. He spoke a little English, and I found him a very civil, clever man.

On Sunday, July 1, I left Rouen for Paris, at five o'clock, by a large heavy coach, which held six inside and twelve outside passengers. These machines were very heavy and unwieldy, and went very slow. We were till near nine in the evening getting to Paris, a distance of thirty-two leagues. We went through several towns and villages by the south side of the Seine. There is a most delightful valley all along the river. The road all the way has rows of trees on each side. We saw a number of orchards of different kinds of fruit, and forests of great extent. The country is very rich and highly cultivated; producing corn and wheat, and other kinds of grain. In many places there were whole patches of roses. The grape-vine is much cultivated, and there were numbers of vineyards near the road. The vines appeared quite small, about a foot asunder, and each one tied to a stick, about three feet long, and stuck in the ground. The river and its margin are beautiful; and St. Germain and its extensive forest, about fifteen or twenty miles from Paris, is

extremely so. The entrance of the Champ d' Elyscees by this way is grand and imposing; the road being straight, between rows of trees, and very wide. On my arrival I put up at the Hotel Normandie, rue de Clary, for the night. As I could not speak French, I was very fearful I should be in rather an unpleasant situation. Mr. Felix Cadiot had lodgings next door, at the Hotel de Ambassadeurs; and on the following Monday I called on him, and walked with him to the Palais Royal. It is a square colonnade, with a small garden in the centre, filled with a very large border of flowers. There were shops of every description in the basement of the buildings. It is quite low ground; some streets around it being much higher, and I had to come down several steps to it. This was all formerly the palace of the Duc d' Orleans, and where he at the present time resided. At one end, and forming one of the narrow sides of the oblong square, I saw the largest and best theatre, which is on the same side with the Boulevards, which I had seen from the stage, as we passed the day before. It is a wide road, or street, walks on each side; joining the houses are double rows of trees on each side. The Boulevards go all round Paris. Mr. Cadiot went with me to look for lodgings, where I could live and have my meals in the same house. I got lodgings this morning at Mrs. David's, in rue March-peti Montmorency Hotel, at four francs a

day, being a neat bed-room and sitting-room on the ground floor, without mounting so high as most accommodations in Paris. This day, I dined with the lady of the house and her daughter, and in the evening went to the theatre with them, on the Boulevards, where a small girl, said to be but nine years old, performed wonderfully.

On Tuesday, July 3d, I went to Gagliani's library, in Rue Viviente, and subscribed to the reading room for a fortnight; and dined at the Restaurateur, in the Palais Royal, said to be the best in Paris, as also the dearest, where I had a good dinner, which cost me ten francs.

On Wednesday, July 4th, I dined with the Americans at Grenan's Hotel, it being their anniversary of Independence; where were Mr. Gallatin, the American ambassador, and the Marquis La Fayette, Washington Irving, the American Consul, in all thirty-six, sat down to an elegant dinner. The wine, and liquors of all kinds, were as bad as the dinner was good. Among other toasts they published, was one I gave on the occasion, "Great Britain, France, and America,—may peace, harmony, and love, unite them for ever."

On Friday, July 6th, I breakfasted a ta Cafee in the Boulevards, near the alley called Panorama, and hired a horse and gig and drove to the Bolanicor garden of plants, which was very fine, superior to any thing I could have imagined; where were all kinds of flowers, plants, &c.; with birds

and animals of the best kind, and in the highest state of preservation; here are also vast hot-houses, with their conservatories. I then went to St. Sulpice church, and the Pantheon; the vaults are superb. I saw Voltaire's and Rousseau's tombs; both under ground, and under the building; erected in a solid, neat, elegant manner. The view brought to my mind what I had heard of dungeons, as our guide had a lantern. I then visited the Louvre, the gates of which are immensely large and magnificent, ornamented with bronze; the sculpture of the pediments is very fine, and the gallery of paintings, about sixteen hundred in number, is beyond description. The gallery is nearly fourteen hundred feet long, and, shameful to relate, only forty-two feet wide. On the ground floor are the statues, about one thousand of them, of superior style. I dined with Mr. Cadiot, at the Hotel Royale, near Palais Royale.

On Saturday, July 7th, I rose early, and walked to see the Luxembourg Gardens, which are very fine; the flowers were beautiful and abundant. I wished in my heart that my wife had been present, who I knew would have enjoyed this most delightful garden of flowers. The palace is nothing extraordinary. I then mounted to the top of the Observatory, at the end of the gardens, and on my return got a fine breakfast in the gardens, at a coffee-house. I then returned, and went to see the National Royal Library, in the city, where are

upwards of three hundred thousand volumes, with some natural and other curiosities, and a few paintings, &c. Mr. Hotongor returned a visit I had paid him; and Drs. Francis and Stevenson also called on me, but I was out. The French are a most astonishing people. They go to the most frequented public walks; and many ladies and gentlemen take their meals at a restaurateur or a coffee-house, and set in the streets by thousands, on hired chairs; a sous is paid for a chair. In these frequented walks the chairs are piled up, when put away, as high as your head, between the trees. The Boulevards are much frequented.

I walked through the Hospital of Invalids, on the other side of the river, where there were, I think, five thousand disabled soldiers. The building is good; and the chapel, with its paintings on the dome and ceiling, is grand, and inlaid with marble. There is a fine library in this establishment. There is an immense quantity of gilding on the outside of the dome, as well as in the interior; it is very large, and is known at a distance as the Invalid's, by its large dome and its gilding. I passed a short distance further, and saw the Champ de Mars, a large field, with rows of trees on each side. It is a piece of ground kept bare, I suppose, by the constant exercise of soldiers and horses. It is four hundred feet wide, and about two thousand long. The building that fronts it, is large and extensive. I then got a lacquey de place, and

gig, or dennet, and went to see the market of flowers, on the other side of the river, where the flowers are displayed in pots and bunches, in and out of season, on each side of the street, but through which carriages are not driven, I suppose two hundred and fifty feet in length. It appears exactly like two borders of flowers on each side of a walk, but indeed much richer and thicker. I then went to the Gobelin manufactory, where the specimens were most elegant, and equalled any paintings I had ever seen. There was one African, or Indian piece, with fruits and trees, and bulls yoked, a Spanish bull-bait; and in one of the pieces representing one of the wars on Paris, a soldier with his battle-ax raised to split the head of another, who had betrayed the army of Henry, partly sitting on the ground, with his head and eyes lifted up, and with open mouth, horror struck, as in the moment of receiving the blow; his mouth appeared better than all the paintings I have seen; just as if it was open, and you would deem it was. I also saw the Church of Notre Dame, with two large steeples. The interior is magnificent; having two very large painted windows, circular; on each side of the nave fine paintings and monuments, &c. &c. I also saw the Court of Justice; it is one very large room, but spoiled with a row of square columns in the centre, thick and heavy, running through lengthways, and spoils the beauty of the fine room by pacing. It appeared two hun-

dred and fifty feet long, and ninety feet wide. In the evening I went to the Italian Opera, in rue Richelieu. Othello was performed; the singing and dancing by some young girls, who were all very handsome, were excellent, the orchestra fine, and the house well attended.

On Sunday, July 8th, I went at nine o'clock in the morning, by stage, to see the palace and gardens of Versailles, which were too magnificent for me to describe. Every thing that art or nature can produce, in gardening or building, is there to be found. The immense number of urns, and statues of marble and alabaster, bronze, vertical and recumbent; the immense stone steps leading to the terrace, steps seventy feet long, and one hundred of them; the hand-rail of stone, in pieces of twelve feet long, and six inches thick, and eighteen wide, with banisters and all besides in proportion; the gardens of flowers, shrubs, and orangery, containing about five hundred orange trees in large boxes, which must be housed in winter. The palace, with its chapel and theatre, is most splendid, with vaulted and painted ceilings. The different apartments, banqueting and audience, and other state and dressing, and lodging rooms, and libraries, and bed-chambers, are ornamented in all the magnificence and splendor the art of man can invent; several of which are of marble, and of which all the floors and walls are composed; others with gilding of one mass; and some rooms with immense

mirrors, &c. &c. The marble railing around the gallery of the chapel is very long, sixteen feet in one piece. Versailles is twelve miles from Paris; and is said to be the most superb palace in Europe. It has not been inhabited since the time of Louis XVI. I saw two other palaces, the Treanons, the large, and the small one, a temple of low and circular platform and roof, supported by columns all round at equal distances. The Treanons are very beautiful palaces; the Queen of Louis XVI. inhabited one of them. It is impossible for me to describe every thing I saw, as I was taken through the rooms very rapidly; the conductor was dressed in the King's livery, and run on like a parrot, describing what was in the different rooms; and unless you got in the room as soon as the first of the visitors, of whom there are a great number, he has finished, and into another. There are a number of fine paintings, of which I thought the "Snow Storm" the best. The front of the palace is about two thousand four hundred feet long; there are a ground floor, a first floor, and an attic.

On Monday, July 9th, I went to see our American ambassador, and paid him twenty-five francs for a power of attorney, having sold on Friday last, one thousand dollars' worth of bank stock to Capt. Burke, who stayed at the same house, and was going to America, for which I got one thousand and forty dollars. I afterwards visited Mrs. Ludlow, who had fine children. She was formerly

Eliza Elders. I then went with my lacquey de place, to see the deposits of all mechanical inventions, patents, and indeed every thing made by man, woman, or child; then drove to the large looking-glass manufactory; the largest I saw, was ten feet long, and six feet two inches wide; they polish and plate them here, which process I saw; then drove to one of the cemeteries on a hill, where I saw the tomb, as they told me, of Abelard and Eloise, which I doubt to be the fact. I was at the Exchange; dined with Mrs. David, at the hotel where I lived, and in the evening went to see an automaton exhibition, the one we have heard so much of in America; the figure, or chess player, who beats every body; likewise an automaton rope-dancer, both uncommonly ingenious.

On Thursday, July 10th, I saw the Cabinet of Natural History. Every thing was in a fine state of preservation, from the minutest animal, to the elephant; all the feathered creation, and also reptiles and insects, that crawl in the dust, or fly in the air, were arranged with taste. After seeing this collection, it would be quite useless to look at any other, as I suspect it is impossible for man to make them more complete.

On Wednesday, July 11th, I drove, with Mr. Haight of New-York, to see the manufacture of save or porcelain china at the village of Save, two leagues from Paris; the articles are splendid, and very dear; the most costly was an urn, I sup-

pose, six or seven feet high, about three feet and a half in diameter, in the largest part enamelled, blue and gold; the price, they said, twenty-five thousand francs, or five thousand dollars, fit only for kings or opulent noblemen. Opposite the road, is St. Cloud, the country palace, or place the king takes a drive to, and stays a few days at a time; he was there as we passed, but I did not see him. There is a fine park, and laid out with much cost; there are also several fountains, cascades, and jet d'eau; but I did not see them play. The grounds about, are very fine, groves and walks, and on a high hill in front there is a column erected, from the top of which there is a good view of Paris and the neighboring country. We returned by the way of Bologna, where the Duke of Berri had a country residence, but did not see it. In the evening, I went to Tivoli Gardens, which are very handsome and ornamented with a number of plants; it contains forty acres; on some nights there are fire-works, and at other times, a display of dancing, and other feats of agility.

On Thursday, July 12th, I saw a panoramic view of Naples, which was well executed, and appeared as natural as reality. In the evening, I went to the Garden Beaujon, where there is a curious entertainment; an immense hill is made of stone work, arched altogether underneath, called a mountain, where a car with two persons descends at an incredible velocity, and in appear-

ance is very dangerous; accidents have happened, but did not at this time; as it is altered so as to avoid them. I was fearful myself to go down. The car that descends, is drawn up by a chain, fixed to machinery along the inclined plane underneath, and moved by horses; it is a second Tivoli, fire-works, rope-dancing, phantasmagoria, fortune-telling, farcical plays, and slight-of-hand tricks, and all for two francs. I went with a Mr. Barton, and another English gentleman, whom I met at a Mrs. Le Grand's, who keeps a boarding-house; I went there to see the manner and style, but it was not exactly to my taste. In the evening, I went to visit a gaming-house in rue Richelieu, where I saw both ladies and gentlemen; there were two rooms and each crowded, about thirty or forty, or perhaps more. I did not play, but walked about and viewed them for about a quarter of an hour, and retired.

On Friday, July 13th, Mr. Cadiot sent me a ticket to visit the Chamber of Deputies; it is over the Pont Louvre. The interior, or deputies' room, is semicircular, lighted from the roof; the members sit on benches raised gradually, which is the form adopted in the Chamber of Peers, and is the most convenient. I counted above two hundred and fifty members, but they did not appear more than one hundred; I suppose the room will contain four hundred when seated. I suppose it is one hundred feet in diameter; the spectators are

in small narrow galleries, and a miserable stairway to get up to them. There is a great deal of confusion and disorder among the deputies. One old man got up to speak, and they made such a noise by talking, &c., that he was obliged to stop till the speaker rang a bell, and beat on the table to get them to keep silence; and when one gets up to speak, he gets into a box, (they call it a *rostrum,*) but it is more like a criminal's box, right before the speaker, and addresses the deputies; they are generally respectable looking men, and do honor to the nation in appearance, but disgrace it by their confusion. If one of them wants to speak, they cry out like children, "it is my turn," and "it is my turn," and they cannot be kept to order. Instead of delivering their speeches like the British or American legislators, they generally read them off from a bit of paper; the subject was that of laying duties on wines, &c. &c.

On Saturday, July 14th, I saw nothing, but was engaged in purchasing some articles to send to my wife in New-York. I bought a shawl of French manufacture for a Cashmere, but it was not; it was very rich, and figured, of a new pattern, and gained the prize of two hundred and fifty francs; two caps; two pocket-handkerchiefs, embroidered, for one hundred and ninety-five francs; and a dark claret colored silk for a dress, ten dollars; with some prints of the fashions. I dined at the Brussels Hotel, at the ordinary table; and

on Sunday, I went to St. Germain to visit Mrs. Ludlow, who resided there, and returned in the evening, in the rain.

On Monday, July 16th, I purchased to send to my wife, two hats, two caps, two pocket-handkerchiefs, worked, two patterns of silk for dresses, one large shawl, four coral or bead sacks, or indispensables, eight pair of shoes, some prints of the modes, &c., a book of the "Views of Paris," and was engaged in getting them ready, and in writing a long letter, to be sent by Capt. Burke; and the next day was engaged in getting them through the custom-house, which is a tedious business. I sent them to Havre, to go by Capt. Burke of the Stephania.

On Wednesday, the 18th, I visited the Anatomical Cabinet, in the Garden of Plants, containing the bones of many animals, and also complete skeletons, as well as other preparations of animals, fish, &c., in spirits, and in the highest state of preservation. There was the skeleton of the elephant, several of oxen, and those of every grade of animals down to the minutest insects, and indeed several of each kind. There was also a display of the viscera of human beings and animals in wax, like nature itself; a hen, as if laid open, and her egg, large size, in full display; and an immense number of *lusi naturæ*, preserved. A full description I cannot give, but there were books that described every particular.

On Thursday, July 19th, I went to see Talma, the great tragedian; but, like all the rest of those the world calls great actors, he overstrained nature. All was overdone; such things in real life are never seen. It is like tuning a silver cord till it breaks, and all the sweetness of music is lost. A very large lady, Madame Paradol, was the most majestic actress I ever saw. Her face was beautiful; but her form was too large.

On Friday, July 20th, I met with nothing material, but walked in the Garden of the Tuilleries, which was full of company at seven, P. M. The weather was extremely warm, and the streets dusty.

On Sunday, July 22d, I went to see the water-works play at Versailles, as was advertised in the newspapers; but it began to rain with violence, and in consequence there was no display of water-works. The people here do many kinds of work in the streets, such as making wafers, roasting coffee, sewing, knitting, and spinning. It is a curious place; it is cleanly, and it is dirty. The people generally keep themselves remarkably nice and tidy, and dress is their prevailing passion. I cannot say they study it; it seems to be natural to them, and the women do really put on their clothes with much taste. The streets are filthy; and at the same time, they are always cleaning and washing them, mostly the gutters, which are in the middle of the streets; and water is constantly

running through most of them, which on warm and dry days, is thrown up out of the gutters with shovels on the other parts of the streets to lay the dust.

On Monday, July 23d, I saw a small garden they call Vauxhall, where there was music and dancing by the promiscuous company; the conduct and dress of the visitors were as chaste as in the most polite assembly. There is a large oblong square, surrounded with trees and double rows of benches; and any gentleman choosing a lady, hands her out in the dance of quadrilles or waltzes; and twenty, thirty, or forty couple are seen waltzing at one time.

Tuesday, July 24th.—On the Boulevards are a number of prints of all descriptions on stalls, and cords stretched from tree to tree to hang them on, and also a piece of cloth, or sheets, or canvass, placed on the ground along the houses, or a vacant lot, and hardware and dry goods laid out for sale. I dined at Maurice hotel, at a table d'ote; the company were all English, both ladies and gentlemen.

Wednesday, July 25th, I walked in the Garden of the Tuilleries. The number of statues and pieces of sculpture is great; a hog, or a wild boar in white marble, on a pedestal, is very well executed. On the next day I went to St. Cloud, dined, and came back by Rassy. I saw and drank of its mineral waters. There is a small garden, with terraces, &c. &c.

On Friday, July 27th, I went to St. Genevieve, and dined there; walked on the terrace, which is very much elevated above the Seine, and where there is a delightful view over a beautiful valley, the river winding through it. On Saturday it rained the whole day.

On Sunday, July 29th, I rode to Change Elisee, and to the Garden of the Tuilleries; in the evening I went to Tivoli.

Tuesday, July 31st, I rode to Montmarte, a high hill, on which is a telegraph, which was in operation, and by which communication is made between Calais and Paris in five or six minutes; it is about a mile and a half from Paris. I also visited the slaughter-house, called Montmarte, which is the largest, and near to the hill. There are several others about the environs of Paris, or the outer Boulevards; and indeed this is an excellent establishment. All the neat cattle, bullocks, cows, calves, sheep, &c., are here kept in the most comfortable manner, lodged and fed, as preparatory for slaughter. This is a very large inclosure of buildings, surrounded by a high wall, forming an oblong square, with several rows of solid stone buildings, two stories high, with spacious cellars, all paved or flagged with large stones, and especially adapted for killing and dressing the animals, with water sufficient to overflow a few inches deep all the floors, and wash every thing clean. The buildings are several in a row, separated from

each other by wide avenues. Those for slaughtering, have large doors on each side; a beast can be drawn in at either. The animal, an ox, is then killed, and I saw one; as soon as he was bled, a couple of bellows, quite large, were applied to holes made through the skin of the animal, and it was literally blowed up, and made to swell to an enormous size; which the butchers told me was done with an intention of making it skin easily, and the operation of skinning appeared to be done with much less trouble, and quicker, than with us. The meat after being hung up, seems all bloated like a bladder. There is also every convenience for trying out the fat, and boiling the feet, &c. A woman went round with me, wife to the porter; for, by the bye, every house in Paris, of any consequence, especially the hotels, and all public lodging-houses, have a porter at a small room adjoining an immense gate; and as she was going around with me, her face had all the softness and amiable appearance, as if she had been going to a fete in the *Delta Fardine*, which is just by, and with no sort of horror at the several spectacles of beasts of different kinds; some just dressed, others driven on and beaten by huge sticks, to make them go forward; others just with their throats cut; some they were just skinning; in other instances the operation had been performed, and their entrails also about to be laid open; and in another place, where the fat was trying out, men with only a

white canvass petticoat and bib on, the rest of their bodies naked, throwing the fat in the cauldron with a shovel; and a young woman in the same room, well dressed, with a pair of new, handsome, yellow morocco slippers, with clean white stockings, and neat frock, well put on, putting the tallow in the scales, perfectly unconcerned, as if the death of an animal was nothing. They take things free and easy; and, it seems, do not mind trifles.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I saw nothing particular, but lounged to different parts of the Boulevards; breakfasted one day at the corner of Fradeau and Vivien, at the Cafee Sortone, and dined at a restaurateur in the Palais Royale, for forty-two sous, from four different dishes. The Boulevards Italiennes, are crowded with company genteelly dressed, and going in to take ice-cream at the caffee till twelve o'clock at night. Ladies and gentlemen sit in lots at each side of the footwalk, and numbers of carriages come to the different caffees.

Saturday, August 4th.—In the evening I went to the Italian Opera, opposite Lully, near the rue de Richelieu, where I heard some fine music and singing by Pellegreen, and some excellent female performers.

Sunday, August 5th, I went to the Luxembourg palace. The paintings are very fine; it is one long narrow gallery; and I saw the Chamber of Peers,

a handsome semicircular room; and other rooms of the palace are very handsome, with fine painted ceilings, and a few other paintings, and some few statues.

On Monday, August 6th, I moved my lodgings to the Hotel de Mars, rue de Meil. Mrs. David, at the lodgings I had been, was of late rather different in her manner towards me; instead of being received with a pleasant smile, as I saw her coming in, there was a coldness and reserve at which I felt uncomfortable. What was the cause I could not tell, but I thought I had better move my quarters.

Tuesday, August 7th, I went to the other side of Ponte Royal and Neuf, on which bridge are a number of odd occupations of people, with small benches, stools, and tables, hawkers of books; and among other itinerants, was a sausage seller, and a clipper of cats and dogs, that is, a hair cutter of cats and dogs.

Wednesday, August 8th, I went to the Theatre dele Port St. Martin; where most of the women were very ugly; but there was a woman and a man who danced exceedingly well, the best I have seen in this dancing country. The theatre is on the Boulevards, beyond the *temple*.

On Thursday, August 9th, I rode to Change Elisee and Bous de Boulogne, with the lady of the hotel, in a gig I hired for fifteen francs a day, and found it difficult to get a good one. The French

are always in the streets and theatres; they would much rather lose a meal than their theatre; they care little for the morrow; they are pleasant and agreeable when kept in a good humor, but ready to tear you to pieces if you offend them. The streets are always in a humid state; water is always running in all the gutters, which comes from some reservoir, and pumped up from the Seine; but they are generally very filthy. I dined at the Maurice Hotel at a table d'ote, where I saw a Mr. and Mrs. Jacques, from Charleston. It is reckoned to be the best hotel in Paris. The English go there, generally, and find things conducted in the English style.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August, I went in company with an Englishman, Mr. Van Benson, to take a drive in a gig I hired, to Mount Valerian, about three miles and a half from Paris. It was very high, and formerly called Mount Calvary, they suppose, to represent the place where our Saviour was crucified. There is a chapel and three crucifixes, raised very high, and figures of men on each, to represent our Saviour between the two thieves. In the front, is the tomb, made of stone; in the back part a stone coffin, and the figure of Christ, as supposed he laid entombed; all very affecting. The hill being so very high, the prospect and views are far superior to any thing about Paris. Montmarte, where the telegraph is, can by no means be compared to

it, although the view is fine there also. The country all round is fertile, beautiful, and well cultivated; a great deal of wheat is raised about this hill, and grapes. The wheat through the country was at this time ripe, and they were harvesting it, and it is all what we call bald-wheat, without beards on the heads, which are very long and large, and as fine as any wheat I ever saw.

On Monday, August 13th, I was with Mrs. Ludlow, of New-York, took her to the Palais Royal, and made several visits with her.

Tuesday, August 14th.—It rained all day. I breakfasted with a Mr. Robertson, in rue Grammont, an accidental visit. I was engaged most of this day in getting my passports fixed, and had to pay ten francs at one office, intending to go the next day to Holland; a franc is about one and six pence, New-York money.

Wednesday, the 15th, I received letters from Mrs. Rapelje, Mr. Colden, and Mr. Stewart, dated 10th of June, from the post-office, favored by Miss Garnets, as my address was not known. I remained at home, and wrote a long answer to Mrs. Rapelje.

On Thursday, the 16th, there was nothing particular, although in Paris. I was persuaded to stay till Monday, in order on Sunday to go to Versailles, and see the grand display of waterworks. I had visited a day or two ago the Mrs. and Miss Garnets, who had just arrived from

America, and to whose kindness I had been indebted for my letters.

On Friday, the 17th, I went to the new Opera House, which was just finished, near the Italian Boulevards; it was elegantly decorated, with a fine saloon in front, for singing and dancing; the interior highly ornamented with gilding, but all very heavy, and as in the other theatres, lighted by only one chandelier in the centre, which does not give the house so brilliant an appearance, as lights around the boxes, as in the English and American theatres. As yet, I have seen no theatre so brilliant as Drury-lane, and the Opera House in London.

On Sunday, the 19th, I went to Versailles; the fountains all played, and the water-works were amusing; the great number in the different parts of the park were magnificent. I have often seen prints and representations of these displays, but all fell short of the reality. It is four leagues from Paris, and the road was lined with carriages of all descriptions, from the common pot de chambre, a carriage on two wheels, covered and drawn by one horse, a public one, the fare of which is cheap, and to which the Parisians have given this playful, but vulgar name, to the elegant coach and six.

I left Paris at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, August the 22d, in a diligence for Brussels; passed through a number of fine towns, and finely

cultivated country. They were harvesting their wheat, which is uncommonly good, and all other grain, as rye, barley, oats, flax, hemp, clover, &c. &c. They are inferior to England, or the United States, in all mechanical branches of husbandry, and in their implements of labor. We went through Valenciennes, Cambray, and Mons, and many other intermediate towns. The three mentioned are all inland. The gate-way is arched, through which the stage passed at Valenciennes; appeared to be a hundred feet thick, with a very wide and deep ditch on the outside, which can be filled with water, yet the English made out to make a breach, and took it. I saw many places in the wall on each side of the gate, where cannon balls had made perforations on the outside, and severe marks they were. The whole of the first night, we rode, and part of the 23d, till one o'clock, when we got to Brussels, situate on the river Scheldt; the weather was extremely hot. The travelling diligences are miserable, slow, heavy machines, and the post-riders are all in favor of driving on the paved part of the road, which is paved with square stones for about twelve feet wide in the centre, although each side is very good, and most part of it level; yet the drivers jolt their passengers and themselves and carriages, and ruin the horses, over the stones. O, what prejudice! The roads are made mostly straight, with a row of trees on each side, but do not form

a shade in the middle of the day for carriages. I put up at Brussels, at Terrleman's Hotel, and found it decent, and both clean and quiet; but the Wellington, or Flanders, or Bellevue Hotels, are the best, and in better situations, but are said to be dearer.

On Friday, the 24th, I was present at a grand Te Deum in the cathedral; all the military, and the archbishop, and other clergy, and different ministers, as well as other distinguished characters, were in the church, in their court dresses, and rich lace on the white dresses of the priests. The whole was very grand and imposing from the presence of the military band of the Belgian troops. I counted twelve clarionets, with the other instruments, in the cathedral; then the singing, all male voices, accompanied by the organ, was quite exquisite. The cathedral is very large and handsome; the neatest, and kept finer than any I have entered. I found nothing particularly interesting in Brussels. It is the seat of government of Belgium, or the Netherlands, and capital of that kingdom. This being the King's birth-day, who resided there, a grand fete was given, and fireworks in the evening; a grand dinner and ball at the royal residence, but I did not go to see either. There is a pretty, though small park, at the upper end of the town, being a square of about forty acres, surrounded by a wall, and houses on the outside.

On Saturday, August 25th, I went at seven o'clock in the morning by the diligence, to Antwerp, and passed through several pretty towns. I saw the King of Netherland's palace, a few miles from Brussels, near the road on a hill. The country is very fertile, and well cultivated, mostly low intervals or valleys, interspersed with canals and small rivers. We rode a considerable distance along the Brussels canal, and saw numbers of vessels and boats towed along by men, that is, the smaller ones; the larger by horses. The country is beautiful, with trees most of the way along the roads; no rocks or stones in any of the country from Paris. Antwerp is about thirty miles from Brussels, and I may say two hundred and forty from Paris. I visited the large Cathedral of Notre Dame, in which were Reubens' master-pieces of paintings, the "Descent," and "Ascension." This was his native place. Those, with another over the altar, the "Resurrection," are of immense value; it is said, no price would buy them. The steeple of six hundred and twenty-four steps to the top, is of elegant architecture, composed of stone and iron, and highly carved and ornamented; the whole church is of a plain neat style, in the interior, and was nearly a hundred years in building, and has been erected four hundred and fifty years. Antwerp is a very dull city, and very few ladies are to be seen in the streets, and scarcely a carriage. The river Scheldt runs along by it, and

there are fine docks, made by Bonaparte, that can hold an immense number of ships. It is a very strong walled city, with deep wide ditches, and filled with water. I visited several other churches, as St. Andrew's, and St. Augustine, in which is a fine picture by Van Brace, of the "High Priest pouring oil or baptizing," and the church, called the Jesuits.' St. Andrew's is very large. I went to the church of England on Sunday, August 26th, and heard service and a sermon in English. On Saturday, I had been to see the pictures at the museum, which were very fine; many, I suppose, by Reuben, Vandyke, and others. This was the native place of Van Dyke, as well as Reubens; many of those pictures, especially the famous ones of Reubens, were taken to Paris, in the time of the revolution. The light in the Notre Dame is admitted from such a height, that I think the beauty of them is partly lost; and I must say, that in the "Ascension," the dog is the only figure natural, that I could see; and in the "Descent," the face, and the light colored auburn hair of the female, supporting the leg and pierced foot of our Saviour, and the face of the female directly behind her; but the faces are as different as day from night, but both uncommonly sweet and fine; and the face of the girl in the corner, having a basket on her head, are beautiful; all the other figures, and their beauties, are lost to me; but there are some who judge and form their judgment from

what others say, and what they read in books, who have a different opinion. I form my opinion from the natural appearance of what I saw. In Paris, and all the towns I went through, the beggars were very annoying, and whenever the stage stopped, numbers surrounded, nor did they quit it till its departure; and along the roads, the boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, followed the stage, especially when it went up a hill, begging for half a mile or more. It is a disgrace to the country; the police, so rigid in other respects, ought to put a stop to this practice also. The lacques de place, or conductors, swarm at all the hotels, and are very annoying, wanting your money, and intruding themselves to show you to every place; they have a little smattering of English, but are hardly intelligible; and it is with the utmost difficulty they can be made to understand any thing you say. Whenever you go out, or come in, you are beset with them, and it is with great difficulty you can get rid of them, for they follow you a long distance even when you have told them you do not want them. I could not divest myself of the idea of their being spies on me. In the evening, I went to the theatre, and saw Madamoiselle Mars perform; she is a very beautiful woman, and an elegant actress; the French are so sweet, so soft, in their expressions and actions; and the theatre was neat, small, and well filled. In going home to the Hotel d'Angletene, where I

stayed, I saw ten or more Dutch girls, who came around me, and asked for *caramus* money, as they called it, to dance with. I was never so surrounded by females before; I imagined they were common prostitutes; and, as I could never say a cross word to strange females, it was a little time before I could get away. I was literally surrounded; one took hold of my hat, others my coat-skirts, &c. &c., but all in good humor, for I am sure they did not mean to hurt me; it was just eleven o'clock, when they saw another gentlemanly dressed man, when they left me and went to him. However, I gave them no money. I had never, in Paris or London, been surrounded in that way before.

On Monday, the 27th, I went to St. James's Church, where I saw Mount Calvary, and underneath it Purgatory, and in the centre, our Saviour composedly lying in the tomb; they, the people, kneeling, and praying their departed friends out of this place of departed spirits. Also hell, in another view, with carved images of old and young, with the representation of burning, and fire and flames all around them, carved out of wood; an affecting illustration of the torments of hell. Mount Calvary was above, with the image of our Saviour on the cross, his side pierced, and a stream of blood, say of an inch or more diameter, spouting from the wound in a curved line of five or six yards in length, and appeared like blood running

from his side, and falling down on the lower part of the Mount. All around are images of different saints and figures commemorative, and indeed very affecting to my mind, and to those other strangers who went with me. I also saw the tomb of Reubens, in St. Jacques Egleise, and a painting over it of himself in armor, and his father, wife, and family, assimilated to some piece from sacred history. I then saw a small private collection of a private person, near St. Jacques. A lady, I believe, about twenty-five years of age, owned them, who painted portraits, and taught painting; I saw a great many of the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian schools. I went in search of the picture painted by Mast, the journeyman blacksmith, who was enamored of the great painter Flori's daughter. Flori had declared he would consent that no one should have his daughter, except he could paint better or equal to himself. The smith set about learning the art day and night; and, one day, when Flori was away, he painted a fly on the leg of a picture Flori had just finished, which was so naturally done, that when Flori came again to touch his picture, he went to drive away the fly. He was vanquished; the blacksmith had become a great painter, and obtained the object of his affections. This was the place of their residence, where I saw a piece of well executed, fancy, open wrought blacksmith's work, of metario, over a well. At two o'clock in the afternoon, I set off for

Breda, thirty miles from Antwerp, and rode over a flat country, where there was some very fine lands, and arrived at Breda at half past eight, and put up at Dr. Orr Leon, and took passage the next morning for Rotterdam, which was thirty-six miles.

On Tuesday, August 28th, I went at five o'clock in the morning, in a diligence, for Rotterdam, and passed several fine villages. Crossed the Mause, or Meuse, and two other ferries, and crossed over two islands; the stage drove in the batteau in the two last ferries, I believe the Role and the Meuse; the first about a mile wide, passable in an open sail-boat. The road, all the way from Antwerp, leads through orchards, corn-fields, gardens, and meadows, with trees planted, for the most part, on each side; and I could constantly see the water, either canals, rivers, ditches, or ponds, interspersed through the country, which presents an uninterrupted level, like an immense marsh, or salt meadow, drained by these waters. They travelled very slow; but in some places where it is not paved, (for indeed the roads all through France, and mostly in the Netherlands, are paved, for about twelve feet in the centre) there is very heavy sand, and for several miles the horses did not go off a walk. We got into Rotterdam at ten o'clock. It is a fine city, all life and bustle, quite different from the stupid dullness of Antwerp. I put up at the Bath Hotel, on the great street Bompoys, a

river in front of the house, and a canal directly at the back, under my bed-room; it washes the foundation, and is more than a hundred feet wide. The street is at the other side; and all the borders of the canals and rivers along the town, are planted with rows of trees. There are about fifty-five thousand inhabitants. I went to see the large Protestant church, where was the monuments of their famous admirals, Van de Ruyter and Van Tromp. The brass door and railing, and marble entrance to the altar, are fine pieces of mechanical workmanship. It is a large interior, plainly built, but not ornamented with such fine workmanship in altars, paintings, &c., as the Roman Catholic churches. I went to bed early, in order to take the treck schute on the morrow at half past four for the Hague.

Wednesday, 29th of August, I set off in the treck schute, a boat about thirty feet long and about eight feet wide, on the canal. All along there were beautiful country places, with their summer, or pleasure houses, of an octagon form, and looking-glasses projecting, to reflect the numbers of boats passing, which are drawn by a horse by a long cord fastened to the mast, and a man at the helm to steer. The country is cut up with canals; the land a perfect dead level, interspersed with trees, and large flocks of fine cattle, pasturing. The soil is very rich; the country places beautifully laid out, and very regular, in

the Dutch style. We passed Delft, and got to the Hague, a large town, with thirty thousand inhabitants; all the streets of the city intersected by canals, with rows of trees on each side. I saw the public walk, which was very beautiful and romantic, on the outskirts of the city. I also saw the palace, and royal cabinet of pictures; one of oxen and sheep, with the shepherd, or owner, was by Paulus Potter, a Dutchman, and was the most natural picture I have ever seen. Several others struck me, as "Cain and Abel," and "Adam and Eve;" all very chaste and modest, considering the situation, bringing to mind the fallen state of man. All the streets and houses are neat and clean. I stayed and breakfasted at the Marshal Turenne Hotel; and at half past twelve started in the treck chute, and passed through the canal by a number of beautiful country places, just even with the water. The city of Leyden is three hours' sail, or nine English miles, from the Hague. It is delightful going in these boats; there was a constant succession of boats and horses. I got to Leyden at half past three, and went to see the Botanical Garden, which has been in existence for several centuries, in a high state of cultivation and preservation. All the plants are from every part of the world. Here I saw the pepper trees, the tanka, and vanilla ban trees, the spice, cinnamon, or mace; also two trees planted by the famous Boerhave, who was professor here, one an ash, the

other a honeysuckle; also a palm tree, which, they told me, was three hundred years old, but which I could not believe. The town is as the other Holland towns; most of the streets are filled in the centre by a canal, with trees; the houses, however, have not the appearance of being filled with moss, as one would suppose, and no appearance of the effect of dampness that would arise from so much water; the people seemed in high health. The college is a small building, adjoining the garden. I stayed till half past four, and set off for Haerlem, in a kind of cabriole, or curricle, with two wheels, and two horses; the cross-bar of the curricle, is under the bellies of the horses. I went on through a pleasant country, all low, interspersed with fine seats and canals; rode along one for three miles, and passed the Haerlem boat, called the treck schute. The road is a perfect level, shaded with trees, and most of the way paved with bricks edgeways. I went in company with a gentleman of Haerlem; we joined in the expense; there were six tolls, and the cabriole and man were quite expensive, double that of a public stage, or the boat. Haerlem is about fifteen miles English from Leyden, and we got in at nine o'clock. I put up at a house to which the driver took me, near the barrier, or gate, that leads to Amsterdam. At Leyden I saw the portraits of all the presidents of the university, in a room at the college.

On Thursday, the 30th of August, I went to

see the Protestant Church, which was very large and plain; it is four hundred feet long. I went up to the steeple, and had a fine view of the city. I saw another church, whose steeple was formerly a light-house, when the neighboring country was covered with the ocean. This great church is more than four hundred years old. I also saw the King's palace, which is not so large or magnificent as those of France or England, but is perfectly chaste and beautiful. There are three rooms that form a suite of apartments, and which were in my taste, the neatest and best proportioned, as well as furnished, I have ever seen; they are in a line connected and communicated by very large openings in the centre, and from each there is a fine view of the park, which is indeed beautiful, being regularly laid out, with walks and roads, and ornamented with immense trees. In the palace, is a beautiful staircase, the steps and hand-rails of white Italian marble; also, some elegant marble chimney-pieces, one from the ruins of Herculaneum; the floors of the suite of rooms are all inlaid of oak wood, which is of two colors, and each room has in the centre a beautiful chandelier. The centre is the ball-room, in which there is a narrow gallery for the musicians all round. The rooms are all of an oblong square; the glass of the windows lightly tinged with a red and bluish cast. I went to hear the great organ in the great church, at twelve, but did not think it excelled others that I

had before heard. I then went on in a return chaise to Amsterdam, a distance of about five miles, and put up at the Arms of Amsterdam, kept by Mr. Porter, at the corner of Rutland-street. The country all the way is cut up with canals, and boats go every hour to and from Amsterdam, called treck schute. I often thought of my wife, as she loves ease, comfort, and pleasant travelling; here it was in perfection, the roads so level, the waters so smooth; the ladies in the boats are constantly sewing or knitting. The Dutch are proverbially neat and clean, and indeed it is so in reality. I dressed and dined at a table d'ote, and had an excellent dinner of large joints of roast and boiled, and fine Westphalia ham, and indeed two courses of meat, the second of birds and wild fowls, and poultry, with a good desert of fruit. About thirty sat down, among whom were many travellers from Antwerp. After dinner, I delivered a letter from Messrs. Le Roy and Bayard, to Messrs. Stafhorsts, whom I found very civil; one of them accompanied me to the opera, and paid for my ticket. I laid my money down twice, but he insisted. I would not repel his kindness, because I should have been fretted if I had wished to present a friend with a ticket, and it was refused acceptance. This gentleman had been in New-York. The music was good; a fine orchestra, and a good male singer.

The theatre was small; they have a larger one of the Dutch.

Friday, August 31st.—I visited the palace, formerly the Stadthouse, in which there are a number of handsome rooms; the largest, in the centre, is one hundred and forty-five feet long, and sixty wide, the handsomest room I ever saw, and the best proportioned in Europe; the ceiling is a hundred feet in height, I think, arched; the interior rooms, have all marble pillars and pilasters, as have all the side walls in the interior rooms, and are very handsomely furnished; there are a few fine paintings. From the top of the cupola there is a fine view of Amsterdam. I went to see the public picture gallery, as almost every city or town in Europe has something of that kind. I found this an indifferent one. There are a great many pictures of the best artists, if you believe your guides, and these guides declare in every place, that they have the originals of Vandyke, Reubens, Potter, Rembrandt, &c. There were none that I admired. The one at the Hague, however, of oxen and sheep by Potter, was to my mind unexceptionably the best I have seen. I then went to their music room. In the same building is a philosophical apparatus, and a few paintings. Their museum, as they call it, as well as their picture gallery, I thought, did not compensate for the trouble of walking to see them. They

show you the skeletons of some highwaymen, as old Jack and his dog, and another, of a very old man, who was executed. I went to the church, where I saw the tomb of their famous admiral Van de Ruyter; there were some elegant carved works in the church, and a pulpit of curious structure, with fine carving in wood, with a brass railing, all of very excellent workmanship. I went to the Exchange, and saw a great concourse of people. Exchange lasts only an hour. This city is also cut up in the streets by canals. At eight in the evening, I went to the Jews' Synagogue, where there was the finest singing I ever heard in my life; two female voices, as I thought, which led me to obtrude near the altar to see the face of the female, but found both singers were men. I then went to their public walk, or park, or promenade near the canals; indeed there is no moving without seeing water, and yet it is remarkable that iron does not rust, or brass tarnish, any more there, than where there is not so much water. In the evening I went to their smoking houses; they were enough to suffocate me. The windows are all shut down, and the curtains are drawn; they have half a dozen metal or crockery vessels, with large coals of fire to light their pipes and cigars by. I was obliged to smoke in my own defence. This smoking is at all places, and at all times, without respect to the habits of others. I thought there was a dullness or stupidity among

the Hollanders; I believe they visit very little; but the ladies, especially, shut themselves up, and, as I was told, were seldom seen out, except on a Sunday.

Saturday, September 1st.—I called on Mr. Stafhorst, who gave me a letter of introduction, and set off at one o'clock in a treck schute for Utrecht, a distance of about thirty American miles, and passed several small villages, and got to Anvers, at nine; this is on the river Anistell.

On Sunday, September 2d, I started from Utrecht at half past seven in the morning for Neimiguen, in a diligence. I had forgot to mention, that in the boat, the day before, there was a lady on board with gold plates on each side of her head, and large square ear-rings, the fashion of the Frieslanders or North-Hollanders, which give their heads a very curious appearance. We rode through several very neat small towns, and arrived at Neimiguen, a distance of thirty-six miles. I walked on the promenade, which has a fine view of the river Wall, that takes a turn at this place, and there is a fine ferry you cross over in a large boat, or rather two boats put together, planked over, and a space in the centre underneath; this is driven over the river by the tide; a very long chain is fastened in the centre of the river, and is floated by eight or ten boats at distances from each other, and then to a standard in the ferry-boat, like a gallows, over which it runs to one

side or the other, as the boat ferries. I stayed at the hotel, Palace Royal; the ground is quite high where it stands, and it appeared to be getting rid of that dead level which was all about me. I went on nine miles to a place called Clevor, a small town. Neimiguen is a walled town, and there are soldiers stationed there; the Holland language is altogether spoken, but most of them understand and can speak French. I seldom met with any one who could speak English.

On Monday, September 3d, I left Clevor, where I had slept, and went on in the morning to Dasseldorf, on the Rhine, which is passed in a long boat drifted over by the tide, in the same manner as the one before described. I passed through several towns, as Xantar, Rheinberg, Hoghstrut, Wedengan, and had to sleep at the ferry-house, where I was almost eaten up with bugs. In the morning, Tuesday, September 4th, I crossed over, and put up at Bullenback. The country from Neimiguen to Dasseldorf is mostly flat, some part of which is fine land, and well cultivated. The farmers were getting in their oats. The roads were sandy and the travelling miserable. I took a post-chaise most of the way, the diligence not going this day, the distance about fifty miles; the river here is a third of a mile wide. I left the King of Holland's dominions, and was now in Prussia. At Dasseldorf there is a fine park, and a neat botanic garden, all kept in good order. I started at two

o'clock for Cologne, about twenty miles English, where I arrived at six; I put up at the Imperial Hotel. This place is on the Rhine. The country I passed through, was very fine, all level, and mostly good land; there were fruit trees all along the road, of plumbs and apples, and grapes grew on the side walls of the houses. There are no fences all along the road, or between the different fields, and few farm-houses. The farmers, I imagine, must reside in the towns and villages, which are seen every few miles. I now found myself quite at a loss, as no one could speak English; but I had made out very well as far as I had come. Cologne appeared to be a bustling place; containing many large churches and about fifty-four thousand inhabitants. The streets were narrow and crooked.

Wednesday, September 5th, I left Cologne at eight, and went through Bon, Rhonmaker, Senicies, Andregnach, to Coblentz, about forty-five miles from Cologne. It was most all the way on the Rhone, and many of them very old towns, and have Roman Catholic churches. I saw several hills; and in one place they looked to me very much like some part of the highlands near New-York. On some of the hills, were the remains of old castles; the views all along the river were beautiful, and the whole a fine fruitful country. The diligence stopped at Rhonmaker for us to dine; and we got into Coblentz at six, P. M., where

there is a fine stone bridge over the Rhone; but it was undergoing some repairs, so we crossed with the diligence in a drift-boat, as before described. It is a strong fortified place, with several forts, castles, and bastions, to defend all approaches. It has the most formidable and imposing appearance. The forts, three or four, are on very high hills, near the river. Coblentz is situated just where the river takes a turn; and there is a fine large building, which appeared like a palace, all out of repair, near a small park of trees. The country over which I passed was level, and very fruitful. When about ten or twelve miles from Cologne, the vineyards became very numerous on the sides of the hills, on each side of the river; but it was a bad year, the grapes were nearly cut off. The women in Prussia work very hard, carrying heavy loads on their heads; they altogether attend market, carrying heavy baskets filled with fruit and vegetables, a great way. The females appeared to be very industrious; what the men were about I don't know; in the fields I mostly saw women. I put up at the hotel opposite the bridge of boats. The charges for living are high.

Thursday, September 6th, I left Coblentz late for Mayence, and rode all night in the diligence, along the Rhine; could see by the moonlight something of the country. The distance is about fifty-five English miles. In many places, just after leaving Coblentz, the hills rise from the margin of the

river, and leave only a carriage road. We passed through many towns in a dilapidated state, close to the river, the hills seeming to hang on them; and I saw many on the other side also, and at many of them, on a high rock, stood the ruins of a castle, temple, or cathedral, and at the foot of some a large cave, or cavern, also in ruins. Several parts of the river are beautiful, with a number of towns all along, the names of which I do not remember; in many places there were fine flat intervals on each side. The fields appeared well tilled, and most sides of the hills were covered with vineyards. Near to Mayence there were many hills very long, but the roads good over them. All along those were immense numbers of fruit trees, crowded with fruit of all kinds; the peaches are not good, but the plums are excellent.

I arrived at Mayence at twelve o'clock on Friday, September 7th, and dined at the Three Crowns. About forty sat down to the table; and I went off at two in a return chaise for Frankfort, and left the Rhine, after passing over it at Mayence on a bridge of boats, which is very ingeniously constructed. The plank covering is easily taken up to let boats pass, by a windlass readily replaced, but not so well as the common draw-bridges. I went on through a small town called Hocheim, where I stopped at an inn, and had some thin Hocheim wine, which was very good, and got into Frankfort at eight o'clock. I

put up at the Hotel de Angleterre. I was detained at this place the remainder of this and the following day, as I could not get a conveyance. Those who have carriages, promise to come at such an hour, but they disappoint a traveller, and I thought those at the hotel were concerned with them to detain the passengers; as they inform you of them, and make believe they have engaged them. The more I saw of the Dutch, Prussian, and Russian people, the more I disliked them; they are uncouth and unaccommodating, and get in a carriage with their great pipes, and smoke you to death; and care not whether it is unpleasant or not.

On Sunday, the 9th June, twenty-four English miles to Darmstadt, in the Duke of Darmstadt's dominions, where I saw the regiment reviewed, the soldiers performed the evolutions with the officers and men, and were equal to any I ever saw. It is a fine, improving town, and there are many excellent new houses, as well as at Frankfort, with gardens and parks; I then dined, and went on in a return carriage, with a lady from Boston, and her son to Vanheim, where we slept. This place is twelve more English miles, a fine country, with hills and valleys; but the road goes through a fine level country. The hills are to be seen all the way on the left.

On Monday, September 10th, I went from Vanheim to Heidelberg, twelve English miles, where I

visited the castle and garden, and saw the great Heidelborough Tun, and entered the Duke of Baden's dominions; there is not wine enough in all his dominions to fill this Tun. The river Neckar runs along by Heidelberg. I rode along this river a considerable distance, on my way to Pensheim; the road runs between numerous hills; the land is very good, covered with fruit trees all along. I went on to Sensheim, a small town where I dined eighteen miles from Heidelberg, then went to Heilbron, eighteen English miles, to sleep. I saw many towns all the way from Frankfort, and a beautiful country, but no houses along the roads, although the land is cultivated like a garden. The farmers all live in towns, and go miles to work; the women do the most labor, carrying loads of fruit and vegetables on their heads, in large baskets, and are treated like beasts of burden. Vineyards are cultivated on most of the hills, but the wine is not said to be good; however, I drank half a bottle every day, with my dinner, and thought it light and pleasant. This year, the grapes were all cut off. I set out from Sensheim, and went on through several pretty towns to Heilbron, twelve English miles, and put up for the night at the Senne Hotel. It is a considerable town, the river Neckar running along it, which I passed over on a wooden bridge. The roads all through the country are very fair, with trees at each side, all of different fruits, immense numbers

of plumbs, pears and apples; but I have not met with any better than those I have tasted in America. All along the road there are stones prepared and preparing to mend these roads; the horses go very slow, that is the worst of all, to those accustomed to quick travelling; seldom get more than from three to three miles and a half an hour. The country was considerably hilly between Heidelberg and this place. Heilbron is in the King of Wurtemburgh's dominions.

On Tuesday, September 11th, I started at eleven o'clock in the morning, drove over a hilly country, passed several towns, and got to Besigheim, where I breakfasted, twelve English miles from Heilbron, and passed the Neckar, over a bridge; between the latter named place and Besigheim. At this place I also passed a bridge over the river Ens, a small stream, and passed a fine country to Ludovick, a fine town, with an elegant royal palace, in front of which there is a fine garden, park and public walks. Ludovick is nine English miles from the last town, and where there were two thousand men, a standing army; the country became quite hilly; after having dined, I went through several towns, amid hills and valleys, the road all the way lined with apple, pear, and plumb trees, crowded with fruit, and the hills from bottom to top covered with vineyards, but there were no grapes this year. I came to Stutgard, nine miles English, a delightful town, the resi-

dence of the King of Wurtemburgh; the palace is very handsome; the garden and park extremely beautiful, with the river Ens running through it. I put up at the *King of England* Hotel, as it is called. A couple of miles along the river is a handsome public garden, also a mineral spring, a mild chalybeate. I stopped at Stutgard.

On Wednesday, September 12th, I set out in an extra post-chaise alone to Swenwarding, about four leagues, where I breakfasted, changing horses and carriage; then went to Illingham, four leagues, then to Pfortsheim, where I dined, and Welfordengen, Tallock, and several other small towns, through a handsome country, with gentle hills, highly cultivated. There are trees along the road, and on to Carlsruth, a beautiful town or city, there is a handsome palace or chateau. It is genteelly furnished, and a very large park with a garden, and the finest and thickest wood for several miles in extent, surrounds the city. The rocks are of uncommon size. There were a great number of soldiers, fine looking men, whom I saw performing their evolutions in the woods, like savages in the forests of North-America, or the United States. The town is very handsome, flagged sidewalks with flat stones, and the city is well laid out.

Carlruth is twenty leagues from Stutgard. All around this place is a thick forest of beautiful wood, and perfectly level. The women in the

country, as I passed along, were gathering in the oats and flax; no houses through the land, with one or two exceptions; the women are very hard-featured and coarse, and very much embrowned by the sun. They never wear hats, but seem to labor like beasts of burden. Poor creatures! I pitied them. They all live in towns; and the country is well cultivated, like a garden; but to see so large a space of hill and valley without a house, had the appearance of a dreary waste to me, unaccustomed to such a sight. The towns and cities are filthy. The cattle lodge under the same roof with the owners, only separated by a wall. There are no fences to the fields; the cattle must always be kept inclosed. I took passage in a diligence for Strasburg, a distance of twenty-one leagues. The Hotel de Lespres, where I put up, was very good, where I remained till ten o'clock at night, and travelled all night in a diligence, passing through Radstadt, Stockholm, Birthgheim, Trechl, to Strasburg. I passed over a level country all the way, but the diligences in this Dutch Germany travel very slow, and I did not arrive till four o'clock. Friday, 14th, we were delayed at the barrier over the Rhone, which divides France from Germany, near to Strasburg, and nearer Trechl, where we dined; we were detained to examine our baggage. I put up at the Lespres Hotel, which is on the river Rhine. It is a large place, and there is a beautiful Catholic church, of

the best ancient architecture I have seen in Europe. The decorations about the steeple and front were very beautiful, and would have been quite modern, if the color had been white, instead of a dingy look, almost black. It is the same with all the old buildings here. The organ in the church was, I think, far superior to that I heard in the Protestant church at Leyden or Haerlem. When I went there, they were at high mass, so I heard it, accompanied by two bassoons, which had a fine effect. There is a beautiful walk around the ramparts of Strasburg, on the river. I set off at half past twelve o'clock, in the diligence, for Basle, which is twenty-eight leagues, and rode over a fine country. Passed through Celestadt, and many other towns and villages. I rode all night; the road was very level. Being once more in France, the diligence went faster.

On Saturday, the 15th of September, I arrived at Basle, at eight o'clock in the morning, which is in Switzerland; having left France just before we entered the town, between it and France. This is a fine town on the banks of the Rhine; the people are industrious, ingenious, and more neat than the French. There are many handsome, small country seats about it, with gardens, tastefully laid out. I delivered a letter from Messrs. Van Stafhorsts of Amsterdam, to Mr. Isling, (a former partner of Messrs. Le Roy and Bayard, at New-York,) who resides here. He was very civil, but as I did not

intend to stay at Basle, he gave me a letter to Mr. Talluchio, of Milan, and Mr. Falconet, of Naples. I stayed at the Cologne Hotel at Basle, which was very good. I left at two o'clock, in a diligence, for Berne, in Switzerland; the road very good, but over a very great number of hills and valleys, looking, in some places, as if the sand, mountain, and rocks, were going to fall over us. Between the hills it was well cultivated, especially towards Berne. The farms were good, with houses on the land, affording a most beautiful picturesque scenery; an immensity of forests and woods, with great quantities of firs of all kinds. We arrived at Berne at eight o'clock, on Sunday, the 16th of September, after riding in the diligences two whole nights. I put up at the Crown Hotel, and had my passport signed by the Sardinian and Austrian ministers; and, by inquiring of the Austrian minister, found that Baron Leider's sister, who had given me letters to his family, was there, the wife of the Spanish minister, Chevalier de Viergol, a fine looking pleasant lady. I did not see his daughter, who staid with her. Berne is very pleasantly situated, on an angle formed by the river Acor, which runs very rapidly. It is surrounded by hills and valleys; and there are some beautiful walks, with views of the river. A stream of water runs through the gutters of the streets, rapid enough to turn a mill; the sidewalks are all under cover. The whole city looks like a perfect

cloister; the houses all projecting over. The women, called the Bernards, dress very curiously indeed. They wear black caps, with large black gauze wings, and monstrous huge hips and petticoats, and in coarse chemise sleeves; their features very coarse and rough. I saw two large bears, the largest I have ever seen, confined in a large yard; they had been taken in the neighborhood some years before, and were of a brown color. The woods being so extensive, there must formerly have been great plenty of them, as this place, Bearn, or Berne, takes its name from bear.

Monday, September 17th, I left Berne at four o'clock A. M.; passed a hilly country, for five leagues, and got in sight of Lake Morat, and breakfasted at a town of the same name. The lake is about two leagues and a half long, and half a league wide, with several beautiful towns and villas around it. The land is well cultivated; there is a fine valley all along the lake. The Swiss appeared to be excellent farmers. I passed through Avasonck, an old Roman town, about two leagues, and Pacon, two leagues further. This was half way from Berne to Lausanne, nine leagues. The people look more decent, especially the females, who do not dress so outre, and have better features and forms. The diligence went very slow, and was delayed a long time. The roads are tolerably good over the hills. The forests of timber are numerous, but mostly pine. I dined at a

town half way between Berne and Lausanne, where I arrived at nine o'clock; it is nineteen leagues from Berne. The roads are good over the hills, which were numerous; but the country is well cultivated, and I began to see many houses built on the farms, the houses and barns all under one roof. The horses went very slow, as may be seen by our going only nineteen leagues from four in the morning till nine at night; but their diligences, or stage-coaches, were very heavy. They weighed here, as well as all over the continent, when under weigh on the road, about four or five thousand pounds; for, besides passengers, they carried all kinds of packages, like a great wagon. I put up at the Golden Lion Hotel; none of the hotels are very good. The house afforded good eating and drinking, but otherwise was but indifferent. Lausanne is situated on the Lake of Geneva, or Lake Leman, as it is there called, beautiful by surrounding hills and a diversity of scenery. At different times of the day, the lake, and mountains opposite, put on different appearances. Many English families reside here; but I could not like the place. The town is built on two or three hills, very steep; you ascend or descend; the streets are narrow and crooked, and horses with carriages go up and down them with difficulty. I believe that living is cheap here; but it is a great distance over land to come to it. The climate and

scenery in the environs of Lausanne are beautiful; composed of mountains and valleys, with a small part of fine champaign country, the whole covered with vineyards, fruit trees, gardens, and fine farms, and all well watered. You see across the lake the clouds settling between the vertical projections of the mountains, making a singular appearance.

On Wednesday, September 19th, I left Lausanne at ten o'clock, in a small carryall, I hardly know what to call it; there are four low wheels, and the body where you set is low in front; the front wheels are far from the after ones, and the machine is placed on two poles, resting on the hinder axle and front bolster; and you step out and into the carriage sideways. We went through several towns on the lake; the country and views were charming; the road fine, and the hills not very steep. The water of the lake towards evening, and the clouds on the mountains on the opposite side, produce shades of different colors, varying from black to white, and show something like a rainbow in beauty. Indeed, the whole scenery of the lake and finely cultivated country and opposite hills are truly sublime. We passed a chateau where Joseph Bonaparte formerly lived. We arrived at Geneva at eight o'clock; it is an old looking town, eleven leagues from Lausanne; many of the streets are very steep to ascend, and all very irregularly built, as most

of the towns on the continent. I had a fine sight of Mont Blanc, with its top covered with perpetual snow.

Thursday, September 20th.—I was obliged to remain at Geneva; the Rhone runs very rapidly through the city; and divides it in two parts. The city is connected by two bridges. There are several fine walks, and a botanic garden near the city.

Friday, September 21st.—I could not get a conveyance to Milan. I would advise strangers to travel by post, or have their own horses, it is so troublesome to find public conveyances.

Saturday, September 22d.—I set out at six in the morning, on the south side of the lake of Geneva, or Lake Leman, by a return carriage towards Milan; and passed through Theman, Evran, Millieme, and put up for the night at St. Gingoulph, about eight leagues from Geneva. The road was excellent all the way along the lake, through those small towns. It is a beautifully cultivated country, with fruit trees of all kinds and vines; the hills are also covered with trees. The gardens abound with vegetables. There is a specimen of a great work in one place, the rock being cut down two hundred feet to make the road along the shore of the cape; the horses only went on a walk; and I was almost tired with such slow travelling. After I had gone to my bed-room, and locked the door, entrance was demanded by the driver of the carriage, for I had told the other

three passengers, I would not go with him, he drove so slow. I offered him a gold Napoleon and a half for the twenty-four English miles I had rode with him, which did not satisfy him; he wanted more; on my refusal to give more, and declaring I would abide by the law if he chose to see what that would allow him; though a stranger, I would not be imposed upon. After coming to my chamber, he had the villany to break in an under pannel, through which he put his head and demanded his pay for the whole hundred and eighty miles, when I had not travelled the sixth part of the way. The landlord came in a few minutes.

Sunday, September 23d.—After paying the postilion or conductor a Napoleon and a half for walking his horses twenty-one miles, with me behind them in a carriage all day, I set off from St. Gingoulph at five o'clock, A. M. Now the tops of the Alps began to appear, but none of them in sight so high as to be covered with snow. The lake was perfectly beautiful; the water, the bluest of the blue, and a purer and more transparent color I never saw; all the small towns appeared miserable, and the houses were in a state of decay. How this could be, and the country so fertile, appeared a paradox to me. The post I went in, was a small one horse waggon. I passed on to Vionar, St. Maurice, Martigne, Riddes, Sion, Siene, to Tourtemange, where I put up for the night; this was all

through the Valois along the Rhone river between the mountains of the Alps, along the road, cut and made, as they said, by Bonaparte, and beautiful it was; mostly level, being two leagues and a half from one part of the town to another, and in all, sixty-three English miles. This charming valley, through which I rode, is called the Canton of Valois, on each side are the high hills of the Alps in all their diversity, now and then their summits clad in white, which the French called glacies, the French for ice, others adjoining appeared with all the luxuriance of spring with green verdure; and up the sides of those stupendous mountains, vineyards and gardens, hamlets, cottages, and towns, with terraces, were made wherever practicable; and in many places my astonishment was raised in thinking it was possible for man to inhabit in places so lofty, perilous, and difficult of access. Yesterday I saw an immense number of large chestnut trees crowded to excess; this day all kinds of fruit trees, and an immense number of vineyards; but the wine is of a light kind and sour, that you meet with at the inns. The charge of the post for seven and a half English miles, including the driver, was eleven francs, and that in a miserable wagon.

Monday, September 24th.—Along the valley to Simplon, I saw many persons, to appearance, idiots, and could not tell the cause; both men, women, and children, also having a great swelling

under the throat, called *goitre*, of all sizes. I thought it proceeded from their drinking goat's milk, from seeing the goats feed on elder leaves, and other poisonous plants by the road-side. This day I travelled with Count Lesop, an Italian, from Rome, who went, it appeared, with the queen to England; there was a boy, and also a woman, a domestic; they rode in their own carriage. I paid my proportion with the cost to-day. We passed through Viego, then on to Brigg, where we breakfasted, which is at the end of the valley on the Rhone, and is a neat white looking village from a distance; it is just the beginning of the great road over the Simplon mountains. At one, we set off again, having been delayed for post-horses four hours. I took to my feet, and began to ascend by the stupendous road Bonaparte made; it runs up the mountain, and is truly magnificent. How it was cut and made, it is impossible to say. I saw mountains below and above me. As I ascended, the view of the Rhone and town of Brigg, through the valley, was beautiful. I walked up about nine miles; the torrents, precipices, above and below, rocks, trees, earth, clouds, in many places, hung nearly vertical over my head, and appeared tedious and tremendous; small hamlets and cottages, here and there, all along quite to the summit; the peasants employed about their goats, of which they keep great numbers; I counted one flock of eighty; the milk and butter made of it is

very fine. It was unluckily dark when I arrived at the top, which is ten miles and a half from Brigg; we went through two galleries or ways, one cut out of solid rock, the other of solid ice, and where it is very cold, with constant and violent gusts of wind. Near the extreme summit it was tremendous, water rushing torrent like, through the fissures of the rocks. The scene was awfully terrific; we were, as it were, aghast, expecting every moment to be crushed to pieces with rocks, and trees, and earth, and glaciers, and avalanches, tumbling from overhanging summits; and the great noise of the waters, dashing by with impetuosity, makes the scene awful, with the noise of cataracts below our feet,—The prospect is indeed sublime and terrific. At last, we began to descend; and the postillion did descend with as much rapidity as he ascended with slowness. This road is a stupendous work, smoothly worn, and well made. At nine in the evening I got to Semblon, nearly half way down the mountains. Semblon is thirty-four leagues from Geneva. I had forgotten to say, that the heavy rains for a day or two had swelled the Rhone so much, that in the valley it overflowed its banks, and we had to ride knee deep in water.

Tuesday, September 25th.—I left Simplon at seven o'clock, went all the way down hill, passing several torrents of water, pouring into the rapid river Doura, which passed over innumerable rocks

in its course. I saw several huts and some houses, and passed through many passages cut out of the solid rock, called galleries; one six hundred feet wide, and high enough to admit two loaded wagons, as I should judge; the river roaring, and the sound of the horses' feet, and crack of the postillion's whip resounded through this vault. We travelled down hill to Domo Dossello, passed the barrier or line which separates Switzerland from Italy, a house with officers stationed to stop the carriage, and request passports, called isellas. I forgot to remind myself this was the case on the entrance of any town or city of consequence, and especially between one kingdom and another. At Domo Dossello was a fine bridge of two arches, very high, thrown over the river Crevola, another name for the river Doveria. Coming to Domo Dossello, from the severity of the cold on the Semblons, I was disagreeably affected with great heat; and now a fine plain appeared, and Italy opened before us. This is, however, in the King of Sardinia's dominions. After dining at Domo Dossello, I went on in a creeping voiture to Bavino, on Lake Maggiora, and put up at the post-house; passed several small villages through the valley, of only two or three houses each.

Wednesday, September 26th.—Crossed Lake Maggiora in the morning from Bavino to Laerno, passing the Boromean Islands, which are called beautiful. From the lake the Alps arise on every

side, and the finest view of the tops of the Semblons, where they appeared to more advantage, than from the lowlands or valley. I breakfasted at Laerno, and then went with some Milanese in a boat, and visited the two Boromean Islands, inhabited or occupied, and belonging to a family of that name. The house is a concatenation of superb magnificence and deplorable wretchedness; in the interior many rooms are splendid, mostly floored and walled with mosaic; a number of elegant paintings, and marble and alabaster statues, equal to any I have seen; the fine gardens are filled with orange and lemon trees, with a number of terraces, and the whole decorated with statues, flower-pots with plants, and every thing that can enchant the eye or the imagination. All this reminded me of the Island of Telemachus, but without the number of beautiful females, or nymphs, to decorate it. One island is nearer the shore, where the family now reside; but we were allowed to visit every part of it. Here are all the apartments one could find in a palace, and indeed it is a palace of a private nobleman, with its gardens filled with all kinds of exotic fruit trees and plants; the whole has an enchanting appearance. The island contains but a few acres, and is terminated by many rocks, which are adorned by a variety of broad-leaved plants, which I have not been accustomed to see. Exotics of all kinds flourish here; and, in

winter, the extensive orangeries are some way heated, and covered with timber, and the garden can be promenaded as in summer. It must have been done at a vast expense, as the islands appear to be almost all made soil; and a wall rises on many sides vertically from the beautiful lake, and the foundations of two or three of the sides are in the water. I saw on one, all kinds of East India birds, and poultry; the Chinese pheasant, a beautiful bird, and several others; a white pea-hen, and white turtle-doves. The island is inhabited by a number of poor creatures, that appeared like so many beggars. One part of the centre building is raised, but there is no roof; the bare walls, with its windows, have a ruinous look. I came back highly delighted; ate some very fine pears, purchased of the fruit girls on the island. The islands are called Isola Madre, and Isola Bella. From the lake a number of towns, villages, chapels, monuments, and remarkable buildings, are seen; the boats on the lake are flat-bottomed, with a painted stem and stern, and the rowers stand up, with their faces to the bow, rowing with two oars, and every pull taking two or three short steps forwards and backwards. The company sit in the fore part of the boat. An awning is made by bent poles, two twisted for an arch, and white strong linen put over them. There is commonly a table in the middle of the boat, on which are

refreshments. I stayed at Laerno, on the lake, a small town; I could not get a conveyance to Cosmo.

Thursday, September 27th, I proceeded in a return carabanca, with one horse, as the road is good to Cosmo, on the lake of that name; and put up at the Crown Hotel. I went on the lake to view the palace formerly occupied by the Queen of England, the wife of George the Fourth. The lake is surrounded by high hills or mountains, and on them are immense numbers of very large houses, and also villages, rising above one another nearly to the summit of these eminences. I could not imagine how persons, especially families, could admire to reside on the side of these steep hills, without the comfort of a carriage. The lake is beautiful, but it is like stagnant water; neither this or Lake Maggiora is, in my opinion, equal to Lake Leman, or that of Geneva. The river Rhone, as they say, running through the Genevan lake, gives the waters a lively appearance, and the views are finer and bolder. I now began to find the Italians demand exhorbitantly for every thing at their hotels, and for travelling. At Varells, where I breakfasted, on the way to Cosmo, I saw very fine fruit, among which were the largest peaches I ever saw; also grapes, and fine vergalean pears; the grapes in great abundance. On each side of the road, and even in the streets, are many vines, and the fields contain some fine vineyards; the grapes hang

in large clusters, and in abundance. I went on to Milan, a distance of twenty-five miles from Cosmo; we had a level road near the whole way. After leaving Cosmo, I passed through Barlessino to breakfast, but could not get a dish of coffee; but at the inn there was a person who spoke English, and hearing I was an American, invited me to go to his house opposite, and he with pleasure would give me some. I thought it was civil and kind, and as I am always hurt when my kindness is repelled, I accepted his invitation, and went with him. I was highly gratified in seeing his elegant country place, and had a delightful dish of coffee, with some sweet, fresh butter. He was a Mr. Porri, of the house of Porri and Rinaldi, who were some years ago merchants in Broadway, New-York, in the looking-glass and print line. He was a native of Cosmo, and had a town-house in Milan, and purchased here, at Barlassino, twelve miles from Milan, about two thousand acres of land, with an elegant house and gardens, for five thousand dollars, now worth fifty thousand. I then proceeded on to Milan, over an elegant road, and got in at one o'clock. I put up at the Royal Hotel, but it was so full I could scarcely get a chamber, and it is the custom in Italy to serve you in your own apartments with dinner; there being no table d'otes, as in France, Switzerland, &c. &c. I had a nice dinner in the French style of entremons, consisting of soup, vermacelli, three mutton

cutlets, and pullet and potatoes; then another course, of pigeons, green peas, stewed peaches; then Parmasan cheese, white and black, with fine grapes, cakes, and superior peaches, &c. I then viewed the great Cathedral church. I had seen many cathedrals in England, France, Switzerland and Prussia, but this superb mountain of marble, called Duomo, is the most magnificent in the world, except St. Peter's. After seeing this, it is not worth while to look at any other, only as you may wish to compare any thing far inferior. There are, within and without, an immense number of marble statues, great and small, from the great colossal figures of the four Evangelists, to the most minute entablature of a few inches. To describe them would require a long time, even if one were well versed in sculpture; also the painted windows, on which are exhibited all the Scripture pieces, from the creation downwards. There are also chapels underneath. The building is adorned with a great number of pointed spires or turrets, with large statues on the tops of each, and on different angles, and points mounting to the clouds, finished, they say, by order of Bonaparte. The architecture is light and elegant, exhibiting much excellent workmanship in pure white marble. On the exterior and interior there are immense columns of granite, surmounted with figures of bronze. The streets are most of them very narrow and crooked. I visited several churches, built of por-

phyry, marble, or granite, with white marble columns, adorned with statues of bronze and brass in almost every shape, figure, and device. The mosaic of the concave part of the choir and dome, as also the front of the altar of St. Ambrose, are said to be among the most singular works of the ninth century. The statues of Adam and Eve, in the front of one of the churches, one on each side of the centre door, are the most perfect models, according to my taste, I have ever seen. There are, in these edifices, paintings, statues, and carving in wood, almost without end. Sixteen fluted columns, being all that remain of the portico to St. Lorenzo, are monuments of great antiquity; they are much injured by time, and are held together by several iron bands put round each. The walks and rides about the environs are fine, with a spacious amphitheatre, not covered in, but seats cut out and sodded, and said to have been done by order of Bonaparte. I found very few persons who could speak English, but my conductor spoke it very well; he was a Milanese. I went on the top roof of the cathedral, which was composed of large slabs of marble, instead of tin, brass, or slate; and from the steeple had a view of a fine, fertile, level country, that surrounds Milan. The steeple, as well as the roof, was all marble. I saw a small church, the interior walls of which, quite to the ceiling, were studded with human skulls, and all other bones of the human body, not

a few, but thousands, taken from near the spot where the church is built, and were the bones of those who, in ancient times, fell in the conflict with the Cretans. This Golgotha was the strangest of all the sights I had yet seen. In the evening I went to the opera; the house was the largest I had yet been in, with six tiers of boxes, and an immense pit; the stage, scenery, and performances, were superior to whatever I had before seen of theatrical performances. The house was tolerably well attended; the boxes were all private, and there were no lights around about the boxes. I had a letter to Mr. Talluchio of Milan.

Sunday, September 30th.—I visited the Gallery of Paintings; many of them were by the first Italian painters; some of them were very ancient. Raphael's Virgin Mary and Joseph were among them; but I thought these were not any equal to what I had before seen. The building is a fine, plain, strong piece of architecture, with colonnades around the court-yard on the first ascent of steps.

On Monday, October 1st, I set off at six in the morning, by a diligence, for Venice, and travelled through several towns, on a fine level road. It was seldom that we were out of sight of a stream of water; canals, and rivers, and brooks, are numerous upon this route. The country is a perfect garden of fruit trees, interspersed with grapes, which they were then gathering for the wine-press. I saw the people going with carts and

wagon loads, all day, from the vineyards. The grapes were very fine, as also the pears and peaches. This day I travelled fifty miles, and slept at Brescia, a large city, containing fifty thousand inhabitants. In the evening I went to the theatre, which is very large and splendid.

Tuesday, October 2d.—At five in the morning, I left Brescia, in the diligence, for Verona, and for some distance passed the Lake de Garda, or Benacus, which is thirty-five miles long, and twelve broad. I went through several villages, mostly inhabited by the farmers, peasants, &c. This being the time of their vintage, the girls, women, boys, and men, were all employed gathering the grapes, and the road was crowded with ox carts or wagons, with large vats, or pipes, of an immense size, and all filled with grapes to be expressed; the presses belong in the villages. The road was quite level, and the fields looked like gardens. They were filled with mulberry trees for the silk-worms, with grape vines running over them, stretched from one to another. I arrived at Verona at three o'clock. This town is situated on the Adige, a swiftly running river, that turns large wheels to raise water, and there are also mills for grinding. Verona is a large city, containing forty thousand inhabitants, and boasts of its great antiquity, and they show some Roman relics. The large amphitheatre, or arena, in reality was the only thing of the kind I had seen. It is said it will

hold twenty-two thousand people. It is made of marble, and is about thirteen hundred feet in circumference on the outside; the inside, or arena, is about six or seven hundred feet in circumference. It is not covered. There are forty-five ranges of seats of marble, but not smoothed or polished. There are some other Roman curiosities, such as a gateway, or porch, of stone, having formerly made an entrance into the city. There are here some fine churches; are ornamented with pictures by Guido, &c. In the evening, with the other passengers, I visited a fine large theatre; in it there are no lights around the boxes, the stage only is illuminated.

On Wednesday, October 3d, I left Verona at five o'clock in the morning in the diligence. The mornings began to be very chilly. We passed, as usual, through several villages, and breakfasted at Vicenza, a large city, containing many ancient models of architecture of different orders, public and private, by Palladio. I saw the house where he had resided. We only breakfasted, but could not stay to visit many other curiosities. The Olympic theatre, designed and built by him, and the building in which he died, and the town hall, are good old edifices, in a dilapidated state. We proceeded on to Padua, where we arrived at evening, a little before dark, so that I did not see much of it. The celebrity and antiquity of its architecture is equal to any in Italy, both in Vico-

naza and Padua, especially in Verona. The fronts of many of the houses displayed all the variety of the different orders. I visited several churches. In each place there are many fine statues, pictures, and pieces of sculpture. I went on towards Venice, along the river Brenta, a narrow stream, but the houses and gardens on each side make it quite enchanting. All along the country from Milan, and especially here, the grapes in immense numbers line the roads, the vines running over long rows of mulberry trees, planted all among the Indian corn or maize, which grows here finely. It was now the vintage time for gathering the corn. They do not manage as we do in America. They bring the corn home, the rest of the grains they thrash on a floor made in the field. The making of the wine is simple; they fill large tight ox wagons, drawn by two pair of oxen, in the field, then cart it to their houses, and put the vehicle under the shed, or in a barn, sometimes in an open place, and then go and trample on the bunches of grapes with their feet, and in that way tread and trample the juice out, which runs through a hole in the bottom of the tail-board of the wagon into tubs. The wine is then put into large long narrow pipes, and then is taken to the cellar. This mode of pressing would half cure a wine-bibber of his love of it.

We had to quit the diligence five miles from Venice, and got into a boat, called a gondola, ac-

companied by a soldier, who took our passports. We arrived at Venice at two o'clock in the morning, Thursday, October 4th. Their gondolas are long boats, rowed by four men, sometimes only three, with their faces to the bow, standing up. As Venice is built on several islands, and the streets so narrow, no carriages are used; the whole city, like Amsterdam, is dissected or cut up by canals, and these boats are used instead of carriages. I put up at the Grand Britannic Hotel, on the grand canal, not far from the Rialto. This is a bridge over the great canal that forms a sort of bend, and divides the city nearly in two parts. I went to see St. Mark's Cathedral; on the front are the four bronze horses, taken by Bonaparte, and again sent back to their old place, when the allies had taken Paris. There are five domes to this church; in the interior, the concaves are all decorated with mosaic, on gold grounds, and are very magnificent. The front presents an unique appearance of many different statues, figures, and carvings, and indeed, there is such a jumble of arches, carvings, windows, &c., that you hardly know what order of architecture it is of; and indeed, a great part of the construction of the convenient or comfortable part of the building is lost in the execution and show of the ancient and modern styles of architecture in Europe. There is a small promenade, a garden or park, at the west part of the city, handsomely situated on the river, which

commands a fine view of the several islands, on which the city is erected. The elegant churches, convents, palaces, and other large buildings, give the whole view an imposing and beautiful appearance. Venice is situated on the Adriatic Sea, called the Gulf of Venice. St. Mark's square is all flagged over; there are orchards on each side, and many caffees, and it is the great promenade. The Britannia is a hotel I would not recommend; I could get nothing without waiting a great while for it; the one next is preferable, and well attended. Venice is, indeed, fallen from the greatest to the most forlorn and sunken state. I saw few or no inhabitants in these great palaces. I went in a boat or gondola to see several churches; they were filled with statues, paintings, and sculpture of all kinds, and are of many kinds of architecture, exhibiting the skill of many architects; Palladio's designs seemed to be the most liked. In the church, called St. John's and St. Paul's, one church, but having these two names, I found the most exquisite sculpture, in a dozen basso-relievos, or large tablets; the figures were not so large as life, but, I suppose, from a foot or two, or two and a half feet in length, each figure, and all in groups and tablets of different sizes, all in fine white marble, done by Bonnazza and Tagliapetro; these are in a small chapel of the church, called the rosary.

The whole history of Venice, and its present

appearance, is full of deep interest, but no one can give a better description of it than the English Lord Byron. He saw the decay of ages at every glance, and his soul reflected all such images with the power of a kaleidoscope. Who does not feel the beauty of the following lines ?

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers:
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die:
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay

With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us re-peopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

On Saturday, October 6th, I set off at eight o'clock in the evening, in a large boat, with miserable accommodations; the cabin was stowed full of goods, and we had a very uncomfortable passage to Bologna, a hundred and twenty miles from Venice; there were several passengers, a Mr. Galvani, nephew to Galvani, who discovered galvanism, a scientific, genteel man, and an Englishman, who, of all the English I have yet seen, was the most disagreeable. Although he could speak French, and also Italian, he was so disagreeably selfish, or haughty, that he would not open his lips at all to explain or assist me in asking for any thing I wanted; his name I will not mention. We went through the canal, and then got into the river Po, which was very fine, and the largest or one of the widest I had seen in Europe.

On Monday, October 8th, we disembarked and went by land to Ferrara, and then to Bologna. The country was all level, and filled with vine-

yards, with great abundance of grapes and other fruit; the soil was excellent. This is an immense plain or valley between the Appenines and the Alps; there were immense banks, or dykes, to keep out the water, as formerly it was covered with it, or overflowed as a marsh. In many places the marsh is still visible. We got into Bologna at seven o'clock.

On Tuesday, October 9th, I visited several churches. St. Petronius, in the square, built in the year 432, repaired in 1300, is of brick. In this square is the famous meridian of Cassini. There are many other churches, as St. Peter's and St. Paul's, and the Dominican's, with paintings and sculpture, as usual. I also visited the institution dedicated to science and the arts, where I saw anatomical preparations both natural and in wax, in all the variety of forms of nature, in health and disease. There is an immense library here, and also philosophical and astronomical apparatus, with a large collection of antiquities, and a fine collection of original paintings, by their first masters, such as Guido, Gratian, Guglielme, Dominc, and Albano, who were all born here. Gratian's paintings I thought the most of. This also was the birth-place of Galvana, the discoverer of galvanic electricity, of whom there was an excellent painting, and said to be a great likeness. You can walk through the city under arcades, as most of the houses are built over arches, which serve to

make a dry walk when it rains, and is an excellent plan, both in wet weather, and when the sun is hot.

Wednesday, October 10th.—The Italian coachmen, or *veterinis*, are very deceitful; they engaged to go this morning at five, then at nine, then at twelve, and finally did not go at all this day. I visited the Cemetria Campo Sancto, or burying-ground, which is handsomely laid out. The poor are interred in large open square places, planted around with ridges, and cypress, forming pyramids every twenty or thirty feet in the green hedge rows, which are kept in very good order. There is a church, and cloisters very lengthy; it was formerly a convent. In these cloisters the opulent are interred. There are sculptured marble monuments, some elegant, and of the purest and whitest material I have seen; as also many in plaster, elegantly designed and well executed. In one of the angular courts of this monastery are the skulls and bones of immense numbers of persons, transported hither, arranged on tablets, with the names of the former possessors inscribed; they, together with the tombs, and many sculptured ornaments, were brought from the Convent of Capuchins, a place which the ladies of beauty and rank choose as their long and last abode; in the church, and some of the cloisters, are paintings well executed by some of the first masters and their pupils of the Bologna school. In the evening I went to the

opera, where there was excellent music, and a good female voice in Signora Scula. I also visited the chapel, Notre Dame, Della Guerdia. The road is three miles long; being on a hill, you ascend all the way under an arch, or covered way of arches; one side is the wall of the adjoining grounds. The church is in form of a Greek cross.

Thursday, October 11th.—At six in the morning I set off in a reterino for Florence, a distance of seventy miles. At a few miles from Bologna, I reached the Apennines, and continued all day up and down hill through an unfertile country; all the houses of the peasants miserably dirty, and the inns on the road, bad. I put up for the night in one of these inns, where an Italian gentleman and lady, his wife, another, and myself were put to sleep in one room.

Friday, October 12th.—We continued passing over the Apennines, and every now and then had a fine view of a small winding stream or river below in the valley. When about five miles from Florence, I had a long, beautiful view of it. The country here was cultivated like a garden, and here, for the first time, I saw olive trees; within a few miles of Florence are orchards of olives with vines running over them; the grapes are very fine, especially two kinds, as at Bologna; they are called the *paradisa*, or oval, and the *angola*, which are round; both white, and very delicious, as is also their Tuscany wine. The figs at Florence

are excellent; I had before heard of them, but never ate a fig with any thing like a fine flavor before. The view of Florence, descending from the Apennine hills towards the city, in the valley of Arno, as it is called, surrounded by mountains, is beautiful, and appears a paradise, with the river Arno, which is seen with the delightful places about it; and the beautiful valley as far as the eye can extend, covered with houses, and gardens filled with olives, figs, grapes, pomegranates, &c. We arrived at six, passing a beautiful triumphal arch, adorned with statues at the entrance of one of the gates, St. Galo, and erected in honor of Francis I.

Saturday, October 13th, I saw many churches, among others, the cathedral. Its walls are very strong, the outside of which are of white and black marble, and the whole interior floor is paved with variegated marble, of different sizes, and beautifully disposed, (as it is said,) by Michael Angelo. Many marble statues ornament it; within and without there are works of the most eminent sculptors. Its dome is very fine and ancient, and of peculiar architecture, without support of pillars. Opposite the church, is what they call the baptistry, a small chapel of an octagon form. There are three very large double bronze, or rather brass doors, grown black by age; the basso and alto relievos are excellent. There are groups of small figures in every pannel; and these gates, so much

admired by Michael Angelo, used to be styled the Gates of Paradise. The interior is also decorated with fine marble sculpture; the belfry is a square detached column, very high, and, like the church, is carved with marble of different colors, and ornamented with small statues. It is a light airy column, and the upper part and cornice are beautiful. The church is a vast edifice, and the cupola equal to the church in magnificence. St. Lorenzo is also noted for its famous chapel of the Medicis, now erecting along side of it, of an octagonal shape, but at present is only half finished. The walls are nearly completed to the cornice, whence the dome or ceiling springs, all lined with the richest and most tasteful marble and precious stones, with their high polish, all admirably executed in their proper colors and brilliancy, consisting of porphyry, jasper, onyx, circumscribed with lapis lazuli, and pearls. Every compartment of the octagon has a sarcophagus of oriental granite, of vast size. This is the richest and most elegant piece of modern design and mechanical workmanship, of art and genius, I have ever seen. One of the variegated slabs was so highly polished, that I saw my face; and the interior of the other side, as if it was in the best mirror. In the church Annunciato are some good paintings by Andrea Del Tarto, whose monument is in one of the porches.

There are some handsome walks and rides in the environs. The best hotel is the York, kept by

an English lady. The streets all through are paved or flagged with large flat stones, put together without being squared; but, considering the stones are of all shapes, the surface is made very even. The gutters are in the middle of the streets, and many are very narrow. The houses are immense and uncomfortable looking palaces, with great projecting cornices.

Sunday, October 14th, I visited the church St. Croce, which is large, and contains many fine paintings and statues, or rather monuments; among which there is one to Michael Angelo, his bust, done by himself. On the monument are three beautiful female figures, elegantly sculptured, representing painting, sculpture, and architecture, deploring the loss they have sustained; as also a monument to the illustrious Galileo. The best paintings are by Gieto, Cimebul, and other masters. I then walked to the garden, or promenade, called Boboli, in the rear of the large palace called Pitti. This garden is adorned with numbers of elegant walks, fountains, and statues; one basin of granite, twenty feet diameter, in the centre of a large circular pond, filled with red and other colored fish, and surrounded with orange and lemon trees, which, when I saw them, were crowded with fruit. In the evening I went to the grand opera, where, as usual, all the performance was chanted or sung by fine male and female voices, accompanied by an orchestra, in which were about fifty perform-

ers. It is a large handsome interior, with five rows of boxes. There were not as many persons walking or riding as I expected to have seen.

Monday, October 15th.—I went to the cabinet gallery of paintings and sculpture, where was the famous Venus de Medicis, but this piece of sculpture was not equal to what I expected to have seen. The finest painting was in the octagon gallery, of a recumbent nudity by Titian; the coloring was fine. All the galleries were stored with paintings of every size by all the first masters; the different galleries were filled by the artists of different countries, of Holland, France, Germany, and Italy; there were also different rooms filled with antiques, precious stones, medals, and tables of the most beautiful and tasteful mosaic, inlaid with the largest and richest pearls; an urn of onyx about eight inches in height, a very valuable article. In another gallery there were a number of bronze statues, figures, &c., with antique vases of all kinds. I called on the American vice-consul, Seignor James Ambrose, who politely returned the visit, and left his card.

Tuesday, October 16th.—I visited the museum, which was filled with all kinds of anatomical preparations in wax, and more elegant than any I had seen; also, cabinets of natural history and of mineralogy, full of all kinds of specimens in the mineral and animal world, and in their highest state of preservation. I then visited the cabinet of paint-

ings, rather called the school of fine arts, where there were some very ancient productions. In the latter part of the day, I set off in the post-coach that carries the mail, for Rome, in which I rode all night and the next day, over a hilly country, as well as the following night, and arrived at Rome on Thursday, October 18th, at one o'clock. The distance from Florence is one hundred and ninety-three miles. The road, until within ten miles from Rome, was bad, and the country sterile, without houses, and appeared like a desert up to the very gates of the city. I remained this night at the Britannia Hotel. I went to the Castle St. Angelo, a very strong circular fortress, having a guard of soldiers, and situated on the Tiber, at the end of the Angel Bridge. It is a large, imposing fortification, having on the top a large collossal statue in bronze of Michael Angelo. The bridge has ten elegant collossal statues in marble, five on each side, equal to any I have seen. I then went to St. Peter's! yes, St. Peter's, at Rome!!! It is, indeed, a monument of human genius; it is beyond description from my pen; the vast length and breadth of the church does not appear so great as it is, on account of the beautiful proportion; every thing about it is elegant; all kinds of marble columns, statues, vases, and every kind of sculpture that can be desired. I will not attempt a particular description of this magnificent and sublime edifice, but only remark that, after visiting and seeing

it, it is really not worth while to look at any other edifice in the form of a church, for St. Peter's has all whatever others have, and a peculiarity of its own, that no others have; height, length, strength, beauty, and a harmonious proportion; and the immense quantity of all kind of color and size of granite, marble, porphyry, onyx, antique verdes, alabaster, lapis lazuli, &c. &c., beggars all description, as also the groups of mosaical figures of such vast size, that you take them as the most magnificent painting.

I then went to the capitol, or senate-house, where are busts, statues, antiques, paintings, and the government chambers, and busts and figures of all the ancient Romans who figured in the city and country for ages and ages. This capitol, or senate-house, is nothing extraordinary; it is situated on a high hill, surrounded by other buildings. I then went along by Trajan's Pillar, a beautiful Tuscan column, standing in a sunken kind of reservoir, containing the ruins of a number of large granite columns, all broken in the centre, and lying one half on the ground. This is called Piatza Trajana, being a small square, and indeed all the squares are called piatzes. I removed from the Britannia Hotel to No. 17 Strada-street, Bastionella, near the piatza, or square Del Espania, in a private house, where there were no females, kept by an old man; it was very quiet and plea-

sant, as well as very reasonable; at two padi a night for my bed-room.

Saturday, October 20th.—I saw the church Trinata Del Monte, which had an obelisk in front; I walked in the garden of Villa de Medicis, near the church, and just above where I lodged. The Piatza Navona, a large oblong square, the largest and dirtiest in Rome, where the fountains are elegant, arising from an immense rock, with four collossal figures spouting water, and crowned with an Egyptian obelisk, fifty-three feet high. I then went along the Strada de Corsa, and came to the ruins of ancient Rome; one of them is the arch of Septimus. Before I came there, I saw the palace of Venetia, a large uncouth building, and I also passed the column of Antonine, which was much like Trajan's. I went through the street Via Marfirio, to Arch Septimus and Campo Vaccino, formerly Foro Romano, as Gaglianeni says in his Stinera. Every inch is now classic ground; ruins appear in every direction; above, and under ground, columns here and there, and shafts of columns, half buried, &c., with walks half demolished, and where they have dug; fifteen or eighteen feet lower than the present surface, perhaps is the foundation of these ancient columns or arches. Then I went on, and the ruins of the once stupendous Roman Amphitheatre, or Collisseum, was before me; I was struck with silent and awful asto-

nishment. The beautiful arch of Titus and Constantine, and Faustina were all before me. I then went on to the church of St. John. The Lateran is a beautiful interior, with immense elegant collossal statues, and is considered among the grandest in Rome, next to St. Peter's. The interior is very noble, and not at all overloaded with ornament, which is the fault of most churches. In fact this is carried so far as perfectly to confuse one's sight and ideas. The statues are six in number, on each side of the nave, of fifteen feet in height, representing the twelve apostles, with their appropriate insignia.

Sunday, October 21st.—I rose at six, and walked up the Mount Trinity, and in the way, went into several churches. They all, as usual, were filled with people at prayer. I then proceeded on through several streets to the Pope's Palace, called the Quirinal, on Monte Cavello, where there is a large obelisk; close on one side of it is a fine fountain, and on the side of the obelisk are large equestrian collossal statues in bronze. The gigantic figures are in the attitudes of leading the collossal horses. The palace of the Pope is large and extensive, having a large oblong court, all kept remarkably clean. The air on this hill is said to be very salubrious, and to this place the Pope removes from the Vatican during the summer. It has all the splendor of a magnificent palace, with its stables and gardens; and here is a

beautiful flight of circular stairs without banisters, but all supported by large columns, two together, about a foot in diameter, and perhaps six or eight feet apart. I visited the pantheon church or rotunda, an elegant antique piece of architecture, perfectly circular, but was not originally intended for a church. I then went to St. Peter's; it is the wonder of the imagination for elegance, symmetry, and beauty, with all kinds of statues and paintings, with gilded, ornamented ceilings; then to the Vatican; an immense range of galleries, in an octagon form and circular. The apartments were of such beauteous forms and decorations, as astonished me quite as much as those in St. Peter's. I could not turn my eyes to the top, side, or floor, without beholding the most exquisite workmanship in all kinds of materials; sculpture in wood, bronze, mosaic, and the most beautiful marble floors, ceilings, walls, cornices, columns, of all colors, sizes, and figures, with all the ancient and perfect architectural orders; then the great number of statues, busts, and paintings of every kind, with gobelins and mosaic of every form, color, size, and age, and of every different period of the world, and of every nation, and more especially the great and small, cruel and good, as they once existed.

Monday, October 22d.—There had been a great deal of rain for the last fortnight. I walked along the Tiber by the bridge Siste, anciently Pons Janiculensis, which I crossed to Transtevere; passed

along the river; it divides that part called Transtevere from the city of Rome. The inhabitants appeared to be a different people, miserable, dirty, and filthy; I speak of the rabble. The houses, streets, and all seemed in a state of ruin and desolation. I then crossed the Ponte Cestio, or Bridge of St. Bartholomew, to the little island of Isola Tiberina, or Island of Tiber, and on this Bridge, I had a fine view of the river and the Pons Senatorius, now Ponte Rote; only two or three arches of which remain; it is very old. I then passed on to a little island, by the ancients dedicated to Esculapius, and crossed the Pons Fabricius into the city; near this, I saw the famous and beautiful circular Temple of Vesta, which is encircled with pillars, not very large; and at a small distance from this, the Arch of Janus, quite below the present surface, but around its base is cleared away. Opposite the church, St. Georgio stands, as antiquarians say, the house formerly of Sempronius; near it is the Cloaca Maxima, built by Tarquin the Proud, to carry off the impurities of the city into the Tiber. The large drain under a high wall is still to be seen. Near this, I saw the Palatine Hill with its ruins; went around it, and came to the Temple of Peace, a ruin of three immense arches, say a hundred feet wide, and as much in span and height; and as great a monument of their ancient buildings as any except the Amphithe-

atre or Collisseum; they are both in sight, and not far from each other.

Tuesday, October 23d.—I visited the Villa Borghesi, with its beautiful and extensive gardens or parks, elegantly laid out with statues, walks, shrubs, and all kinds of trees, delightfully situated, only a short distance from Porto Popalo; the interior is furnished and finished magnificently, and ornamented with paintings, mosaic work, and statues, all in a style of beauty, elegance, and grandeur, with all kinds of marble, inlaid tables, floors, &c.; the whole, as is said, equals any sovereign palace in Europe, and is on the brow of the Pinician hill. The owner of this villa, Prince Borghesi, married Bonaparte's sister, and, as it was said, was threatened with confiscation of his estates, in case of refusal. The palace appears to have been plundered of its finest statues and ornaments, where the walls are seen with the plaster and marble all torn off, and done, as the conductor told me, by Bonaparte, who sent them to Paris; but whether before or after the marriage of his sister, I could not learn.

Wednesday, October 24th.—I visited the Palace Doria, in Strada, del Corsa, which I found to be very extensive, and filled with paintings and elegant tables of verde, oriental marble. I went in company with Miss Mills, an English lady, whom I met with, a very intelligent old maid, and

had an excellent knowledge of the historical account of Rome, &c. &c.

Thursday, October 25th.—I went to see the Ferme of Titus, as it is called, some old ruins of ancient Rome, perhaps, formerly baths. They pretend to go with lights to show you the long arches, dark passages, for what, no one knows; here are vases, jars, and vessels of all sizes and descriptions, and the place from which they had recently been dug up, and by the walls supposed to have been the splendid baths of Titus; as others on the other side of the Collisseum had been the baths of Dioclesian; and I saw the entrance to some of the catacombs, but did not enter them. I also went to the place, formerly called the Tarpeian Rock; it was through a house in a small garden, where the conductors went to show me, which has a very high wall, over which I looked into a street below, and through which he wished to make me believe the Tiber formerly ran, or had its course, but now a few hundred feet distant. I met Mr. Haight of New-York, in the evening, and took my passage for Naples, for the following day. The drivers, as usual, disappointed me. I delivered a letter to St. Seignor Francisco Rosi Ciambellano de L. M. la duches a de Lala, a banker at Rome; I brought a letter to him from Baron Ledor's brother, but he being in the country, left it. I then went to see the Pope's beautiful gardens in Monte Cavello.

Saturday, October 27th.—I set off at eight in the morning for Naples, and passed many ancient vestiges of other days, and saw the ruins of several aqueducts. We travelled the Asia Via, but, in my opinion, is not a good road; indeed, all the way to Naples, the road is the worst in repair of any I have passed in my travels. I passed Albano, and went on to Villetry, where we slept, a large ancient town, about twenty-eight miles from Rome; the veterino travelled very slow, seldom faster than a walk; indeed, it was a miserable conveyance. We passed over several hills in the way to Albano and Castle Gondalso. This was the neighborhood of the country, which Horace described nearly two thousand years before; and here, from a small town at the top of a hill, we had a fine view of the Adriatic. The road winds over or between hills, rocks, and trees. I could not see Lake Albano as we went on to Villetry. The inns are but very indifferent.

Sunday, October 28th.—I rose at three o'clock in the morning, and drove over a level road, called the Pontine Marshes, earlier in the season, subject to the *malaria*, causing fevers, and got to Teracina, about forty-five miles, where we slept. This was anciently the town of the Volsci; it is near the sea, and the last town of the Roman territory, on the borders of the kingdom of Naples.

Monday, October 29th.—We went on to Milo de Gaeta; the inn where we dined was most de-

lightfully situated, close to a beautiful bay of the Adriatic. Between the inn and bay, is a small garden, filled with oranges, lemons, figs, and grapes.

Tuesday, October 30th.—We travelled over a road, winding through high hills; at a distance the land appeared to be excellent, with fields covered with clover, trees, vineyards, figs, and gardens of oranges, citron, and lemons; and reached Naples at six o'clock, and I put up for the night at the Hotel de France.

Wednesday, October 31st.—The road from Rome to Naples, especially about Terracina, is so infested with banditti robbers, that several carriages set out together from Rome, and travel together, often taking the gens d'armes or the dragoons, well mounted. The inhabitants are a cadaverous, miserable looking set of beings; and instead of any remains of the inhabitants of ancient times, they and their houses appear as if bears and wolves had taken possession of the country. They have the finest country on earth, but the fact cannot be denied, they are in the utmost filth and poverty. We were constantly assailed by a host of beggars, whenever we stopped, half naked, and filthy. They are constantly bellowing out the names of the articles they have to sell. Every kind of mechanical work is carried on in the streets, and the streets of Naples swarm with people.

Thursday, November 1st.—The Bay of Naples is beautiful, but really not equal to the views of the Bay from the promenade of the Battery at New-York, in America. I observed Mount Vesuvius opposite, smoking from its summit.

Friday, November 2d., and Saturday 3d.—I went out but little on these days, recovering myself from the fatigue of my journey. I walked to the garden at Casa, on one side of the city, along the bay, the most beautiful walk in the world. It is ornamented with several rows of trees, fountains, and statues; and opposite is the Britannia Hotel, the best and pleasantest in Naples.

Sunday, November 4th.—I dined at half past five with Falconet, the banker; in the evening he took me to the Grand Opera St. Carlos, with his wife, two daughters, and son. His wife was a Miss Hunter, of Rhode-Island. The Opera House is a magnificent building, all silvered and gilded in the interior, and very large, with excellent performances. Falconet and his family all spoke English.

Monday, November 5th.—At half past five I dined with General Baron Leddever, to whom I had a letter from his brother in America, who is the Austrian consul in New-York. His wife was a pleasant little woman; he has four fine boys; he speaks but very little English.

Tuesday, 6th; Wednesday, 7th; Thursday, 8th, November.—I had a cold, and favored myself by

taking only short walks; the weather continued fine, but chilly.

Friday, November 9th.—I went to Mount Vesuvius, and rode to Portici, and Recina, and went down into the Theatre of Herculaneum, and saw the museum containing the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, comprising paintings, vases, old iron, marble, and many other antiquarian matters. I then rode on an ass, upwards of three miles, to the Hermitage; rested, and took some refreshments; mounted again, and ascended over fields of lava, for about two and a half more miles, to the steep part of the cone; I then dismounted, and took hold of a strap; the guide gave me one end, the other part over his shoulder; and in that way I began to mount over steep places of cinders, lava, and ashes, for about a mile. Every few minutes I found it necessary to stop and rest, as it was very steep, and very fatiguing. After some time, with perseverance I arrived at the summit, or crater; it was now constantly smoking, and had a strong sulphuric smell, which would nearly have suffocated me, if I had not used a handkerchief before my face. I went all around the crater, the wind blowing hard, and it was excessively cold. I had a fine view of the bay, and of Naples. I saw in the crater different strata of ashes, and stone. It was expected, during the winter, an eruption would take place. I then returned to the Hermitage, where lives a

friar. The asses only go with a slow walk. My ass was very sure-footed; where there were cracks in the lava, or any difficult or precarious places to put his feet, he put his head instantly down, so that his eyes nearly touched the ground to pick out his way. At the Hermitage I met with four Russian countesses, and a Russian count. They politely invited me to partake dinner with them, which they had brought, as also a cook; they had two carriages and servants. One countess was a beautiful girl of fourteen years of age, with very amiable and agreeable manners, and spoke English remarkably well; so I passed a very pleasant day, and returned by the light of the moon, which was shining in all its brilliancy, being in its full, and got to Naples at half-past ten.

Saturday, November 10th.—I forgot to mention, that on one day this week, I assigned over to I. Islin, of Basle, in Switzerland, the last certificate of a thousand dollars, of the United States' stock, and gave a power of attorney, made by the American consul, Hammet, and left it with Mr. Falconet, the banker, the agent for Islin. I received of him one hundred dollars, eight hundred and eighty-three remaining due to me. I got for the same only nine hundred and eighty-three dollars, in America worth eleven hundred. On this day I had exchanged my lodgings from the Hotel de France to Madame Massinges, an English Lady, No. 7 Largo de Castello.

Sunday, November 11th.—I took a row out in the bay, a short distance; the day was fine, and the views beautiful.

Monday, November 12th.—I went, in company with a gentleman, Mr. O'Hara, who lodged in the same house, to Pezzuoli. We passed through a narrow, long grotto cavern, or gallery, cut through the mountain. Over the entrance is what is called, Virgil's tomb. Why they mounted him up so high, I cannot tell. The cavern is a stupendous road, cut a quarter of a mile through a very high solid rock, and, to appearance, sixty feet, or more, in height, where lamps are kept constantly burning, but not a sufficient number to make it very light. This cut shortens the distance about seven miles; and, I believe, there is no other way to Pezzuoli. We saw the bay of Baia, which is covered with ruins, especially that of a bridge built by Caligula. After crossing the bay, we saw the Temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana, and the Baths of Nero. The Elysian Fields surround the Mare Morte, or Dead Sea, a trifling lake. The residences of all the famous Romans were situated around the bay. We crossed the bay in a boat first, and then walked through vineyards to see those different small lakes of Lurcene, &c. I forgot to say, that the Mare Morte, surrounded by the Elysian Fields, is where, by the fable, Charon ferried over. We walked to see the Sybil's Grotto, on another part of the Bay Avernus. We also saw the hot

baths. There are walled, narrow passages to go to the hot water, which it is ridiculous to attempt; we had to undress, the steam coming up from them was so great, and so warm, as almost took away our breath. We had to descend with torches. A boy who went with a pail to get some of the boiling hot water, to show me, came out covered with perspiration; he cooked an egg in it, which I ate. Pezzuoli is a small town on the Bay Avernos. We saw the ruins of Cæsar's residence, on the point of a hill on the bay. Part of the country is volcanic.

Tuesday, November 13th.—I went to see the St. Studio, or Museum of paintings and statues, which were but indifferent, by no means equal to what I had seen at Florence, or Rome. In the same building there are several rooms filled with all kinds of vessels, implements, furniture, and a little of every thing used by the inhabitants of a city, that were dug from Pompeii and Herculaneum; the remains of a lady's toilet, with a number of teeth, brushes, and other implements for cleaning them; also, a toilet-glass, and a small pot of rouge. I then walked to the Botanic Garden, which is very pretty. In the evening, I went to the Theatre, where there were fine singers, and ballet dances.

Wednesday, November 14th.—I rode on a sediola, a horrid, jolting, one horse cabriola, to Caserla, fifteen miles, a town, where there is a royal

palace, very magnificent, but not nearly completed; in some of the chambers, or saloons, are walls of wood; and the wood is really so painted or varnished, as to resemble every kind of precious marble. In other rooms, the walls, columns, and pilasters, are made of stucco composition, that, had I not been told, I should have taken for the most precious stones, and marble, as lapis lazuli, verde antique, alabaster, &c. It was a racking ride, and I came home quite ill.

Thursday, 15th, Friday, 16th, and Saturday, 17th.—My cold continued; and, finding my head and stomach much out of order, confined myself mostly to the house.

Sunday, November 18th.—I went in company with Mr. Haight, of New-York, and a Mr. Searle, of Boston, to Pompeii, twelve miles, I saw the tragic and comic theatre, and the Temple of Iris. The finest and best preserved of all the buildings is the Amphitheatre. As I was very unwell, I did not proceed to see any thing more, but sat in the carriage upwards of an hour, while they visited the rest.

On Monday, November 19th, my illness increased, my throat was inflamed, and I called on Dr. Riley, who prescribed for me. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, my weakness and loss of strength continued.

Sunday, November 25th.—In the afternoon I moved my lodgings from Mrs. Messinges', Largo de

Castello, to Mr. and Mrs. Toose's, No. 92 Santa Lucia, in a fourth story room, more airy and more comfortable and quiet, than the one I had occupied, and paid for board and lodging with the family one dollar a day. I found them amiable, good people. I had the utmost difficulty to find any families who could speak English, and these did.

Monday, November 26th.—I began to find myself a little better, by the change of my lodging, but I still was indisposed. On Tuesday, I walked a little, and rode; Dr. Riley still continuing to attend me.

Wednesday, November 28th.—Yesterday I went in company with Mr. Toose, with whom I lodged, in a carriage, about four miles, to the Champ de Mars, to see a great Austrian review, sham-fights, &c. It is an elegant, extensive field; there were seven thousand troops of all kinds, horse, foot, and artillery; the best dressed, and finest looking military men I had ever seen; the uniforms of the musicians were various and splendid, and the performances very fine. The old King was on horseback the whole time. I had a fine view of him; he is quite old; I also saw the three young princes, his grandsons; the whole was very splendid, and immense numbers were out to see the parade.

Thursday, November 29th.—I took a family dinner with Lieut. General Baron Lederer; the

weather had been very fine for the last week, and I found I was getting a little strength.

Friday, November 30th.—I walked out, and rode along by Caia; but still found myself very weak.

Saturday, December 1st, and Sunday, 2d.—The weather continuing fine, I took a walk along Toledo, and heard the music of the bands of the guards at the palace.

Monday, December 3d.—I began to recruit, as Mrs. Toose supplied me with every thing so good, and in the English style, so that I acquired appetite and strength.

Tuesday, December 4th.—I walked to the post-office, and thought it extraordinary there were no letters for me; then took a walk along the Strada Toledo; paid the Consul, Mr. Hammet, a visit, also General Lederer; returned home at two o'clock, and partook of a nice dinner of excellent lamb, young pigeons, spinage, &c., delightfully cooked. I believe the changes in the dinners every day were so nice, and all so well dressed, that this materially advanced my restoration to health. Mrs. Toose kindly supplied me with a quantity of calf's foot jelly, which aided the tone of my stomach, and I discharged and paid my physician, Dr. Riley.

Thursday, December 6th.—I continued to gain strength, and walked to Malo, along the bay, and the Strada Toledo, it being a fine pleasant day.

Friday, December 7th.—I wrote a letter to my wife, and directed it to the care of Messrs. Earl & Co., Liverpool, and put it into the post-office; and desired her to direct to me to their care at Liverpool. The day was cloudy and dull.

Saturday, December 8th.—I went to the royal chapel in the palace, and had a great treat in hearing the eunuchs sing. There were twelve in chorus; the solos, and duets, &c., were accompanied by the organ with a fine band of violins, bass viols, violoncellos, flageolets, fifes, flutes, French horns, bassoons, clarionets, &c., &c. Their voices were most enchanting, of every grade from the sweetest, softest, and finest female note to the boldest and deepest base. I continued to gain strength, and took a long walk.

Sunday, December 9th.—I walked along the Strada Toledo, lounged into a Roman Chapel, called Monte de Vast, and heard a fine band of music, and the eunuchs singing most enchantingly; and just got home a little after it had begun to rain, which continued the whole day; the weather was quite raw and chilly, and I had had fire in my room for several days past.

Monday, December 10th.—I walked out; it was a fine day, but rather chilly. I went in the evening for a little while to the grand Opera, St. Carlo. I began to be quite hearty and strong, in this fine, clear, and pure air.

Tuesday, December 11th.—I went with Mr. Hammet, the American Consul, to the bay. He found me out a fine vessel, a Neapolitan brig; and I engaged my passage to go to Messina, in the Island of Sicily, the last of the week. He went on board with me to see the accommodations.

Wednesday, December 12th.—Mr. Hammet accompanied me to the police to have my passports in readiness; I also got a letter of credit for nine hundred ducats from Seignor Falcomb, (in whose hands my money was that I had of him for my United States' certificate of stock) to Messrs. Mendham, Cailler, & Co., at Messina.

On Thursday, December 13th, I walked to several places, and went on board the Themistocles, Capt. Amadeo, to learn when she was to sail, which was to be on Saturday, they said; and then bought some few articles, as silk neck handkerchiefs, woolen socks, flannels, night-caps, &c., &c.

Friday, December 14th.—I hired a carriage, and rode twelve miles, near to Pompeii, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Toose, and Mrs. Berridge, an acquaintance of theirs, to see the coral manufactory, but was much disappointed, as they said it had been removed to Naples; however, we dined there, and saw the large manufactory of macaroni and vermicelli. I took leave of Baron Lederer and family.

Saturday, December 15th.—I lounged to several places; the vessel was to have sailed, but did

not; so, in the evening, I went, for the last time, to the grand Opera St. Carlo. It has six tiers of boxes, and is very splendid and large; the pit, where I sat, is of immense size; the orchestra is really nearly as large as our American pits, holding about a hundred performers, and the music was very fine. In some part of the opera, a military band of about thirty or fifty was introduced on the stage, which, with those, made the finest music I ever heard. The stage was immensely large, the scenery beautiful, and the house was well filled. There was a ballet before the opera, in which were a number of girls, lightly dressed, with the gowns or frocks not lower than their knees, and flesh-colored stockinet drawers on, and they put themselves in almost every position that can be imagined, and purposely to excite the human passions; in all the French and Italian opera houses it was the same. They dance elegantly, and certainly with the utmost grace; as many often as twenty or thirty, with only two or three men, turning on one leg almost a dozen times, with the other extended. This is in the presence of ladies of the first rank and fashion, and, indeed, by all classes in Europe, and thought elegant amusement. O, tempora! O, mores!! What would it be thought of in America? Then was the opera, from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and afterwards another ballet, and masquerade scene, which was the best and most enter-

taining piece I ever saw at any theatre. There were an immense number of performers, young and old, all well dressed, and in excellent characters; all were well supported.

Sunday, December 16th.—I went to the mole to see if the vessel would sail, but it did not; they had disappointed me since Friday, and were not punctual at all. I rode to the poor-house, called the Seraglio; it was very dreary. On Monday, I walked to the gardens of Caia, along the bay, from my lodgings at Santa Lucia. The day was most delightful, quite warm and pleasant. I dined at two, and then went down to the mole, and went on board the Themistocles at four o'clock. She was a fine Neapolitan brigantine of two hundred and seventy tons; and we set sail about six o'clock for Messina, about a hundred and fifty miles from Naples, with a very light wind; but as the night approached, the wind freshened by degrees. I supped at eight with the captain, and three other passengers, all Neapolitans. No one on board could speak a word of English, but they all appeared very civil. I, some how or other, by a few words of French and Italian, made them to understand me. The supper was, first, a dish of sallad, well dressed, with fine oil and vinegar; then a dish of something like sausages, but rather tough; then cheese, with very fine cellery; then apples, &c.; boiled eggs in plenty were served during the whole meal; wine was drank by tum-

blers full, and good bread was in great abundance, and also biscuit; then fine apples and figs, for a desert. At half past ten I went to bed; there was a fine fair wind; I had the best state-room.

Tuesday, December, 18th.—The vessel made but very little way in the night, about twenty miles, the wind being fair, but light. The reason, I believe, why the vessels generally depart from the Bay of Naples in the evening, is, because the wind in the evenings begins to blow from off the land, and, in fair weather, as it was when we sailed, continues so during the night. This morning we passed the small Island of Capri, with light winds almost all day, nearly a calm. The next morning I rose at eight, and walked the deck a little while; the passengers and captain came down in the cabin, and played a game like whist, with cards, but smaller, and differently marked from the English playing cards. About nine, I got a dish of coffee, with ship bread, and some good butter; and about half-past twelve, I sat down to dinner; first, there was a large dish of ship bread, put in the middle of the table, split, and soaked, very sweet, and as fine as I ever tasted; then immediately each one was served with a soup-plate of rice soup; but it was so thick of rice as to be very little of soup; this was enough for any moderate man; they all finished theirs, but I only about a fourth part; then came boiled beef; and, as is the custom all over the

continent, it was cut in small slices or pieces, and the dish handed round from one to the other for each to help himself to as much as he liked; then came a dish of liver, and gizzards, and hearts of fowls, &c., and also something like short sausages, highly seasoned, and quite tough; then came cheese, and then two plates of fine cellery, and an excellent vegetable, in appearance just like cellery; the whole was almost new to me; the anniseed, blanched like cellery, is, I think a very healthy vegetable; we ate them with salt and bread; then two plates of their large chestnuts, and a large plate of apples, with the waiter, from the time our soup was finished, constantly replenishing our tumblers with wine to the brim. They seldom, or ever, taste wine till their soup is finished; but as soon after as they can swallow it; they think it is glorious *pour la sante.* The weather was delightful, but nearly a calm all the day; scarcely wind enough to fill the sails.

Wednesday, December 19th.—The wind shifted in the night, and came ahead; we had proceeded forty miles from Naples on our voyage; we put back again for the bay, where we dined at about twelve o'clock, at noon; there was some rain. I saw an American brig at anchor, from Boston, William Gray, captain, loaded with lumber; she was performing quarantine. She had just arrived, but brought no news. I put up at Mr. Janis' tavern, at the mole, as it was oppo-

site the harbor where the vessels lie, and I thought it would be convenient for going on board whenever the wind came fair.

Thursday, December 20th, and Friday the 21st.—It rained often, and almost during the whole of these two days, which made the walking very bad; so I remained in the house almost the whole of both.

Saturday, December 22d.—The weather became fair and pleasant, so I walked about the town, and looked into Glass's bookstore, on the Toledo, where I found a French newspaper.

Sunday, December 23d.—I went on board and got my trunk ashore, as there were no signs of sailing; and every body told me the Neapolitans would not go to sea on Christmas day if they could avoid it; and that they would not depart till after that day. I walked in the public gardens, where I saw a great deal of company. The day was most charming, and, in the sun, as warm as summer.

Monday, December 24th.—The wind still unfair, but fine weather; an American brig, the Catharine, Capt. Trask, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, came into the harbor loaded with tobacco.

Tuesday, December 25th; Christmas day.—All through the night I heard the noise of squibs, and guns, and crackers, as this is a great festival in Catholic countries; the service of High Mass was performed in the churches, after four o'clock

in the morning. This is a great day for the Italians to eat and drink and gormandize to great excess.

Wednesday, December 26th.—All day yesterday, and last night, there was rain, and a high wind. The wine at the Rose tavern, kept by Mr. Jani, called Ischia wine, from the island near Naples of that name, was, to my palate, the best I had drank in Europe; it was a white wine, and very cheap, about two dollars and a half for twelve or thirteen gallons. The vino greco has very little of a sweetish taste, and reckoned very fine, when old.

Thursday, December 27th, and Friday, 28th.—There was a great deal of rain, and a contrary wind. I bought a Spanish, French, and English dictionary.

Saturday, December 29th.—A heavy wind from the Mediterranean on shore called the sirocco, with heavy rain all last night and most of this day, but it was not cold. About twelve the sun came out quite warm. The delight of this climate is, that all through the winter they generally have a fine sun some part of the day, if the other part of it is stormy. I kept in the house almost all day.

Sunday, December 30th.—Thunder and some lightning last night, and rain with the same sirocco wind as yesterday. I staid at home, the walk-

ing being very bad. I had been at Naples two months, and had not received a letter from New-York, since I left Paris, the 22d of August.

Monday, December 31st.—I walked to the royal palace on Capo de Monte, and was delighted with its beautiful situation, and fine view of the bay and of Naples.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1822.—This was a merry day; no business done; most of the churches open, for it is a great holyday. The weather changed and became very fine.

Wednesday, January 2d.—I walked in the public garden of Caia. The captain, as the mate told me, could not depart, as he was going to a great feast. The weather and wind were fair all day; yesterday and to-day very fine. A Mr. Ragglans, a young Englishman in a Mr. Jeggo's store, gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Abbot of Messina, and in return, I gave him my address at New-York.

Thursday, January 3d.—It rained all day, and I did not go out, but engaged my passage in another vessel, the John Dugan, Capt. Leggett, (English,) and had my passport altered, and again inserted in his bill of health. A Mr. Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass. a young man, paid me a visit.

Friday, January 4th.—A fine day and a fair wind, but did not know till this morning, that the

vessel was not ready to depart; the captain told me he was completing his ballast or cargo, which I did not before know.

Saturday, January 5th.—I left Naples in the morning at ten o'clock, in the English brig John Dugan, of Yarmouth, Capt. Leggett, for Messina, once more. We had a head wind all day; there were three other vessels who went out at the same time, but all put back. The Neapolitans will not hoist sufficient sail to go against the wind or beat to the windward, being fearful, and having bad seamen. In the night we passed between the Island of Capri and land, or coast of Calabria.

Sunday, January 6th.—We had a heavy, dreadful blow of head wind, and storms of rain all last night, and only made thirty miles of our course.

Monday, January 7th.—We continued beating to windward, with a strong breeze. The Mediterranean Sea has short, ugly waves or billows, and the water to me seemed as if vessels could not get over it, as in the Atlantic, and other seas.

Tuesday, January 8th.—The wind came fair, and we had a fine run; passed the volcanic mountain or Island of Strombole, and saw two funnels or craters, smoking as much as Vesuvius or more; I also saw near it a cluster of other islands, about ten or twelve, called Lipari Islands; they are about forty miles from Messina, and Messina is not far from a hundred and seventy from Naples. These islands are in the route.

Wednesday, January 9th.—We arrived at daylight at Messina; indeed the captain got near the town before that time, but was obliged to wait for daylight to go in. Our vessel was a fine brig, and I was used very well by the captain, &c. We lived very well on board, having fine English cheese and porter and several sorts of wines, with good soups, meats, &c., well dressed. I paid fifteen dollars for my passage and fare. The town of Messina has an imposing front; a fine street along the bay, called the Marina, along which vessels lie as in a fine extensive dock and quay. After going with my passports to the police, I put up at the Italian inn called Le Lion d'Or, or the Golden Lion. In the evening I went to the theatre, a very small one; but as usual in Italy, the music good.

Thursday, January 10th.—I wrote a letter to my wife, and left it at the American Consul's, to be sent to Boston by a vessel going to sail this day or to-morrow, and requested Mrs. Rapelje to direct to Messrs. Earl & Co., Liverpool. I dined, by invitation, with Mr. Brabant, the American Consul, an Englishman; in company, was a Dr. Saunders, an Englishman, a Capt. Barroni, an Italian, and two other gentlemen who appeared to be his clerks, as I saw them in mornings at his office.

Friday, January 11th.—I found myself unwell, and, as it rained, I kept house almost the whole day.

Saturday, January 12th.—I was all day busied about getting a vessel to go to Malta; at length I took passage in a schooner for Syracuse, which is about half way. I spent an hour or two very pleasantly with a Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, who kept a grocery store. I found him an intelligent Englishman; his wife is an Italian, a handsome, pleasant, and agreeable woman, quite different from other Italian ladies who do nothing, but she attended to the domestic concerns of her house, and was both active and industrious. I had a letter to him from a young English gentleman I became acquainted with in Naples, a Mr. Ragland. I procured a letter of credit from the house of Mendham, Colder, & Co. here, for seven hundred and thirty-eight ducats on the house of Bell, in Naples, and took of them fifty dollars, and gave them a receipt for the whole.

Sunday, January 13th.—Messina has, from the surrounding country, immense quantities of very large lemons; but, for want of coarse wrapping paper, there were millions of them rotting in the stores; they export them as well as oranges; the latter are not very sweet, at least, not those I tasted. I slept on board the galleot Sainta Lucia, Capt. Nichola, expecting to set sail in the night for Syracuse; but on account of the tide, as they said, we could not get out of the harbor.

Monday, January 14th.—This evening at five o'clock we sailed with a fair wind for Syracuse;

passed, just at the bay's mouth or entrance, the famous strait called Sylla and Charybdis, a narrow passage; then on the Calabria side, Reggio, and on the Messina side, Regina, and sailed along; but as soon as we got out of the harbor, so far as to clear the hills that surround Messina, the tops are all like little hillocks, and seem as if once volcanic; we saw the mountain Ætna, to appearance very high; a very wide base, and gradually ascending to its peak or summit, which was slightly smoking; and a great part of the mountain, near half way down from its top, was perfectly white from its covering of snow. We passed Catania and Teragosa, and got to Syracuse, an indifferent town, at eight in the morning; it is well fortified by a high wall all round it from the water's edge.

Tuesday, January 15th.—At Syracuse I found miserable accommodations, and engaged my passage by land in a carriage between two horses, called a *litiga*, a carriage or narrow coach in miniature; room enough for two persons to sit opposite to each other. The vehicle is attended by two men and three horses; the extra horse carries the baggage, and one man walks on the side of the *litiga*, which is without wheels. I chose to journey by land, as there was a wind setting in from the sea; I supposed it would continue for several days.

Wednesday, January 16th.—I started at seven

o'clock in the morning for Cape Passaro, between two mules, in a small *litiga*, and went into Oula, where I got dinner, then to Noto, and there slept. The roads were very bad, but the country mostly level; it is impossible to pass them in regular carriages, they are so rocky and badly made. The country is very fine most of the way, abounding in good orchards of figs and olive trees, as well as almond; the last were all in blossom. There are fine fields of wheat and grass; the ground covered with verdure; but the trees had lost their leaves, the fig and vines especially; the olives continued green. The grape vines were trimmed nearly to the ground. I also saw another tree of very dark green, and bears a flat dark brown bean, sweet to taste, on which the horses are fed. Louis Fulzetta accompanied me as interpreter. I saw several churches at Noto; and in the afternoon walked to examine a few of them; all had the same kind of paintings, madonnas, and crucifixes, some neat, but not to be compared with numbers of others through other parts of Europe.

Thursday, January 17th.—I set off at six in the morning by the same conveyance for Mastelamara, fourteen miles. My interpreter went last evening to the Prince Villadorato, as he called him, at Noto, and who, he said, acted as English as well as American Consul, and got a letter to his manager or overseer at Mastelamara, a place on the sea shore which has a harbor for small boats, called

spurainaria, that both row and sail. There is only one house, which the prince occupies in summer, and the interior is miserable; he ordered that I should be treated in the best manner the house afforded. This was indeed civil. The country towards the shore was very barren, and there was no road but a path for the mules to walk. The weather was very chilly and raw, as much so as could be without freezing. I was tormented all last night with fleas, and all this day; when I took off my boots several jumped out of my socks. The grape vines are not, to appearance, of a luxurious growth, but seem rusty and stunted. There was a hard wind blowing, so as to prevent my sailing for Malta this day, although I got here at ten o'clock, and had to rest under a prince's uncomfortable roof. I had to ride to a small town called Villadoreta, about two miles and a half, to get my name inserted in the bill of health, but the police officer for that purpose was not at home; so it was with the bill of the vessel's health sent to Noto, thirteen miles. There is a great deal of trouble, delay, and expense, attending the passports. I rode the two miles and a half on a mule. The roads were very bad, and I was obliged to go on a walk or amble all the way; but these animals are generally very safe over this land of rock and lava, as it all appears to be. The surface, in many places, seems for miles to be nothing but rough rock, with projecting points, which appear-

ed so rough that I wondered how the animals got over them; but when passing those bad places, they put their heads close to the ground and go slow, and pick out the road without guiding. I found best to let them go on as they pleased. They are so small, that my feet almost touched the ground. I almost supposed, as in the fable, I ought rather have carried the mule than he me; but they are very strong, and, it seems, intended for these lazy people, who will not make roads.

Friday, January 18th.—I had to stay this day at Marza. It appears this Prince Villadoreta hires or rents this house on the sea shore, and carries on fishing in the summer. There are immense store-houses for the nets and fish which are caught in summer, which is carried on to the amount of thousands of dollars. He pays a thousand dollars a year for this situation, in summer, for his family and fishery; and, although millions of fish are caught, the expense is more than the profit. I could scarcely get any thing to eat; a common, half-starved fowl, which, by the by, these Italians, or Sicilians, cook very well, making soup of the body, with vegetables, and broccoli, or young cauliflowers; and of the liver, wings, necks, gizzard, &c., they make a small stew, smothered, as I would call it, with two or three dozen of grapes and raisins; they have a plenty of gravy; I made a hearty meal, and drank a bottle of very fine Nota wine. They have good brown bread, which

is a great treat; but I had to pay dearly for the half-stewed chickens.

Saturday, January 19th.—I got up at three in the morning, and went on board the sea-boat called a *spurrenaria* or *spaionao*, a small boat, without a deck, only a small covered place in the stern for a few persons, where I could only sit, or lie down, but not stand; she was about forty feet long, not very wide, and was loaded low down into the water; she had one mast in her bow, about ten or twelve feet long, to which a large mainsail is fastened. We had a fine run to Malta from Martsameme, in Sicily, of about nine hours. The distance is about seventy miles. This is an island of much barren rock; the town Vatella, the capital city, is strongly fortified, and the water of the ocean runs almost round the town. It is walled with strong parapets, bastions, castles, and towers, which are seen rising quite from the water's edge. I could walk all around the city on the fortifications, on which there is a fine view of the ocean, and also of the surrounding country. There were a few two horse carriages; they are on two wheels, like a chariot.

Sunday, January 20th.—I went to St. John's Catholic church, which is very large; it has heavy carvings of wood, with gilding on the walls, now nearly defaced by age, with some fine paintings and statues in bronze, and marble. There is a small church, or chapel, of the Church

of England in the place, where I just looked in; there were not many attendants. The weather was very raw and cold; and the wind blew very hard from the north-east. I waited on Mr. Pullis, the American consul, who was quite civil, and went with his son to the vice-consul, Mr. Enoud, who was kind also. The streets were filled with well-dressed people. The Maltese ladies have a vivacity and an agreeable, pleasing, smiling countenance, and are also quite handsome, and generally, fine sparkling, black eyes, with black hair. They are, indeed, as handsome and pleasing women as I have seen on the continent, except the French ladies.

Monday, January 21st.—At the great Catholic church of St. John's, the floor, or pavement, is made of large flags, or tombstones, composed, or ingeniously joined together, of the finest marble of different colors, to represent the armorial bearings of the deceased who are interred beneath them. The natives speak nothing but a common *patois*, called vulgar Maltese, or Arabic. The city of Valetta and Vetoria are opposite, separated by a narrow channel, and remarkable for the celebrity and strength of their fortifications, as is, indeed, the whole island; the rocks are cut into parapets. Notwithstanding all these fortifications, it was taken by the French, in spite of the most vigorous resistance, and afterwards by the English, who, after a long siege, under Gene-

ral Pigot, took it, and are now masters of it, and have several regiments of uncommonly fine looking soldiers on it. It is very healthy; but it had been very cold for several days, although they say they have never seen ice made there by the weather.

Tuesday, January 22d.—I walked to the parade ground, and then to the outworks, which are very strong; the steps, and other parts of the fortifications are cut out of solid rock; it seemed as if there were no end to the high solid wall; and it would be intricate for an enemy to find their way through from one ditch or passage to another.—The weather has become quite warm, and the reflection from the white free-stone rock, of which the island is composed, makes it quite hot even at this season of the year, while walking in places not shaded by houses. The streets in the town of Valetta are very steep, up and down; so much so, as to have steps to ascend and descend, on the side walks; but they are remarkably well paved and flagged. I dined with the American vice-consul, who is a Maltese, but his wife is English, and he is brother-in-law to Mr. Pullis, the consul. His wife is a very pleasant agreeable lady, having much amusing conversation.

Wednesday, January 23d.—I went to Melita, a town four or five miles distant, and passed through several villages in a carriage called a calice, which is a small chariot, on or between two wheels, and

a horse at the end of two shafts, which is very easy. I was accompanied by a Scotch gentleman, a Mr. McKenzie. This is the usual mode of travelling; the man or driver runs along side of the horse and carriage in the city and villages, but sits on the shaft in the country. Melita, also called Civita Vecchia is an ancient city, and there is a commanding view of Valetta, and of the sea and bay. In clear weather, the Barbary coast, and also Mount Ætna can be seen. The cathedral is a fine church. I saw a church or small chapel, cut out of the rock under ground, called St. Paul's. In this cave, the people say and believe, he lived three months; I went into it. I also visited the catacombs, which are cut out of a rock under ground. These catacombs are of immense extent; they were safe residences for the Saracens, when attacked by the Turks. Many of the avanues are shut up. The guide stated that a schoolmaster and his scholars went in one of them, and were never more heard of; after which the avenues were stopped. If the guide and other gentlemen had not carried each of them a candle, I doubt if the way could have been found. Every person carries a lighted candle in his hand; the avenues are numerous, and branch out in every direction. I also saw the city called Bosquetta, near Melita, and a beautiful orange grove, where the trees were overburdened with ripe oranges; and, as we were passing through them, they hung in such numbers on

the trees on each side the road, that I was impatient to get out and throw some off the trees to eat, and was astonished that they should permit such numbers to hang dead ripe over the road; but when I came to taste them, I found they were as sour as could be, as those called Seville oranges, and which indeed induced me to be *civil* enough to them afterwards; not wishing to try any more of Bosquetta oranges. There was a beautiful spring under an artificial grotto, where the citizens come to regale in summer. On the road, for a great length, is to be seen an aqueduct, which brings water seven miles to Melita, and runs sometimes above, and sometimes under ground. I dined at six with Mr. James Bell, merchant, to whom I had a letter of credit from Mendham, Calder, & Co., of Messina. He was very polite to me. He had a very large, elegant house, with large rooms; one of ninety-three feet by thirty-three, a ball-room, with wooden or plank floor, which, being so scarce here, is thought and spoken of as a wonder. In my visit to the country, nothing but stone and iron was to be seen in all the buildings, fences, &c. The stone is however, when first taken out of the quarry, of which, I believe, most of the island is composed, but little harder than English chalk, but grows somewhat harder on being exposed to the weather. The fortifications are very strong, including the outworks across the small neck of land, which is not very wide from water to water. There are six

immense thick walls, very high, and wide, deep ditches between them. It is, I suppose, by art the strongest fortified town in Europe, or perhaps in the world. It could only be taken by starvation, which has been the case whenever it has been taken.

Thursday, January 24th.—As I lost my passage in the packet for Gibraltar, and possibly all for the better, having not time to get my passport or bill of health, I turned my attention to visiting Greece, and the great city of Constantinople, as, in all probability, I shall never again be so near it, being within a thousand miles; and I accordingly looked out for a vessel for that port, but could not find any. In the evening, I went to the opera house, which was a neat small theatre, with five rows of boxes; the performance of singing and music was very good, the same as in Italy. I had also been at a masquerade a few evenings before in the same theatre. The pit was floored over even with the stage, and both made into one, where the masked danced. The lowest order of people danced generally in this place; the women principally are masked. It was now nearly the beginning of the great masquerade festival. The weather continued to be delightful.

Friday, January 25th.—I walked to the garden near the outworks, which is very narrow and long. In the evening I was at Mr. James Bell's, where there was an elegant ball. Four large rooms were

opened; the large ball-room was well lighted, the music was fine. The two rooms were elegant; one was thirty-three feet square, covered with a superb Turkey carpet, and well furnished with tables, covered with prints, and newspapers of late dates; also two cases of well chosen books, where many of the company sat, and found much amusement. In the other room were refreshments on a long table, the whole length of the room, with servants on one side, and laid out with oranges, cakes, wine and punch. There were about two hundred persons present; the greatest proportion were gentlemen; many military and naval officers, both in and out of uniforms. The ladies were genteelly dressed. The Maltese I could not distinguish from the English, either by complexion, shape, or dress. Pearls seem to be the most favorite beads. They wore pink and white satin dresses. The ladies would not vie with the same number in America, either in dress or beauty, or ease in dancing. This house, which, outwardly as well as inwardly, has the appearance of a palace, was formerly built by, and belonged to, the celebrated order of the Knights of Malta, of whom none now exist; the order being altogether done away.

Saturday, January 26th.—By appointment, I went at eleven o'clock to make some inquiry of the Turkish Consul for Constantinople, as I wished to visit that great city; he begged me to stay to

breakfast. I saw there a Mr. Alexander, an Italian, who spoke good English, and was very polite. I was informed it was dangerous visiting that city on account of the war between the Turks and the Greeks; however, I made up my mind that if I could find a vessel, I should go notwithstanding.

Sunday, January 27th.—There was a great storm of high wind and rain all the preceding night, and I did not go out.

Monday, January 28th.—A vessel came in yesterday, and I engaged my passage to Constantinople, being the English brig Dart, Capt. Vaux, twenty-two days from England; and was told she would sail in a few days.

Tuesday, January 29th.—I called on a Mr. Maddox, an English gentleman traveller, for information; he was late from Messina and Constantinople, and said he had attended to the reports in circulation; but he informed me there was no danger, as he had found none among the Turks.

Wednesday, January 30th.—I wrote a letter to my wife, as Capt. Wallis was going in a day or two to Gibraltar and England, who took it, for the purpose of sending it by the first conveyance to New-York. I then went to the police to have my passports prepared, as the captain said he should sail on Sunday. It was expected the vessel would first go to Smyrna, but it was afterwards arranged that she should sail for Constantinople first; but no matter, perhaps all for the best, as I had engaged to go in her.

Thursday, January 31st.—At six o'clock, I dined with Capt. Vaux at Mr. Bell's, who was consignee of the vessel and cargo. This was the captain with whom I was to go to Constantinople. At Malta was the English man-of-war, the Rochford, of seventy-four guns, commanded by Admiral Sir Graham Moore.

Friday, February 1st.—I wrote another letter to Mrs. Rapelje; it was a rainy day. I left with Mr. Bell, a pattern for a silk dress, and four necklaces of the lava of Vesuvius; he promised to send them to Mrs. Rapelje for me.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 2d, 3d, and 4th.—I went to the Church of England, a chapel fitted up very neatly in the Governor's palace, and heard a Mr. Miller, who was the clergyman. A fine band of wind instruments accompanied the singers, and I thought them better than an organ.

Tuesday, February 5th.—In the evening I went to a masquerade, where there were great numbers. It was a very large room, and there were numbers of quadrilles and waltzes; but all the company were of the lowest order; men, girls and boys, all vulgar; only sixpence for a ticket; a good band of music for them to dance by; the women, in general, were only masked.

Wednesday, February 6th.—I took leave of some of my acquaintances in Malta, and on Thursday left the town of Valetta, and went on board the brig Dart, Capt. Vaux.

Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th.—Nothing material occurred; the wind was such, that we lay our course most of the time; kept nearly on the same latitude as the Island of Malta, 36 degrees 1 minute north, its longitude, 14 degrees 13 minutes—which of course altered every day. On Saturday there was a large water-spout near the vessel, but I was not up to see it.

Sunday, February 10th.—Yesterday and last night it rained for the most part of the time, the winds being variable, but not very fair. Our course from Malta was about east by south; so we ran in three days about three hundred miles. At daylight we saw land, being Cape Mattapan, the southern point of the Morea in Greece, and about fifteen miles distant. The Island of Cerigo was also in view, a short distance to the south-eastward of Mattapan, being the ancient Island of Cythera, one of the seven Ionian Islands, now all belonging to Great Britain. At eight o'clock, A. M. we spoke a large Imperial ship, as they called it, one of the Emperor of Austria's vessels, or those under that flag, bound from Constantinople to Genoa. They said there were many pirates in those seas. Our vessel sailed very fast, and had passed, since we had been out, many standing the same way, and run them out of sight. The brig Dart was formerly an American vessel, built at Baltimore, and taken by the English during the late war. As we coasted along the Grecian coast or

south point of the Morea, the country seemed very broken and hilly, and we saw many very high mountains, covered half way down with snow, and on the side of them, as was supposed, was Corinth, where St. Paul preached to the Corinthians; not far off is also Athens. We saw several vessels, the wind very light, almost a calm; and on this day, we made very little progress on our voyage.

Monday, February 11th.—Adverse winds all last night, and made but little progress, and also this day the wind was against us. We tacked to windward during the day. This day, the land was about fifteen miles off, the point Mattepan still before us; and we had gained very little on our course, owing to head winds.

Tuesday, February 12th.—All last night a tempestuous wind arose about east-north-east, which caused the ship to be tacked about, and the sails to be reefed. It was, however, not rainy, but dry weather; the same contrary winds continued the whole of the day; and we have made little or no progress on our voyage for these four days. The land along the coast is mountainous, very irregular, and apparently of volcanic origin.

Wednesday, February 13th.—All last night a high and contrary wind; coasted along the point Mattapan, the south part of the Morea in Greece; also passed the Island Cerigo, the ancient Cytherea; we went outside, as we could not go through

the pass of Angelo. Near the Island of Cytherea lies the Egg Rock, which, as well as the island, is high out of the water. We passed around to-day out from the Mediterranean, and just entered the Archipelago or ancient Ægean Sea, called by the English navigators the Arches, filled with islands; we passed in sight of the Island of Candia, or ancient Crete; also before passed Cerigotto, and constantly were in sight of some island. The wind was very fresh all day, and contrary; we had met a disagreeable short rough sea, and the vessel made but little progress towards our port; she pitched and plunged very much, with a very uncomfortable motion of rolling.

Thursday, February 14th.—We beat to windward all this day, with a contrary north-east wind, off Point Angelo of the Morea, and gained very little; the wind was low during last night and the whole day; during the night cloudy, the day tolerably fair, but cold.

Friday, February 15th.—We still had a head wind all last night and to-day; left sight of Candia or Crete; got in sight of the Island of Milo and Anti-Milo. The land was high; we endeavored to work towards them; wind moderate, but still contrary.

Saturday, February 16th.—All last night there were strong north-north-west gales and a heavy sea from the north-east. The ship was laboring much. We passed at some distance in sight of the Island

of Falconera, which is the island mentioned in Falconer's poem of the shipwreck.

Of Falconera, distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep Saint George, and rocky Gardelor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation long debate—
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft their head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail and show'r;
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour:
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief referred:—
'Ye faithful mates! who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well:
This morn with favoring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen course of this destructive blast;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,

To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labor sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that before the boisterous storm to fly:
Then less her sides will feel the surge's power,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consigned, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign—
Forbid it, Heaven! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay:
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee;
Vain all endeavors then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey.'
He said: the listening mates with fixed regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their councils hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferred his own:
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing the opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—
'Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Our bark 'tis true no shelter here can find,
Sore shattered by the ruffian seas and wind:
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last:
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail;

And if before it she directly flies,
New ills inclose us and new dangers rise:
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares:
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost:
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doomed to perish too:
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!
'Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee:
The crew, though harrassed much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?—
Prudence forbids! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the unruly tide:
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.'

The poem is equal to any in the English language for every term and story in the best sea language, and perfectly correct. The wind was all last night and to-day right against us; we came near the south-west part of the Island of Milo, about six miles, in the morning, and beating towards it; high broken ground. We beat against the wind all day, and, in the evening, came around to anchor in the harbor, and went to bed, with the expectation of a good night's sleep. I had had but little rest for the last seven nights, the wind having been contrary, and the vessel beating about and rolling exceedingly.

Sunday, February 17th.—We got into the har-

bor of Milo last evening at eight, the wind being contrary, and blowing a gale; the captain thought it advisable to lay there till a fair wind should arise. I went on shore, and took a walk along the beach, but saw nothing material. This island, as well as the others in the Archipelago, is inhabited by Greeks, who are dressed somewhat in the ancient curious costume; and, to appearance, are little better than savages. I saw several Greek boats; some from the Island of Samos; the men, about six in number, began dancing, taking each other's hands, and went regular to a tune they sang, all round the hatch of the boat. This was a festival amusement with them; this was the last day of eating meat. After this day they were restricted to an abstinence of fourteen days. They were a filthy, miserable set. All wear caps and whiskers, and most of them long beards.

Monday, February 18th.—Last evening I went on board the brig Missionary, of Sunderland, Captain Robertson. We had some fine partridges for dinner. This island abounds with them; their plumage is fine and beautiful, different from ours in America. The wind still blowing a gale, keeping us in this harbor. The harbor is surrounded by hills, and is very spacious and excellent.

Tuesday, February 19th.—I went up in the morning, on a donkey, to the town, which was on a high hill, and took dinner with Mr. Mitchell, the

mariner who conducted the late Queen of England, as pilot about these seas. She was at his house, and dined also with him but a few years before. These Greek women have handsome faces; fine fair eyes and teeth, but a curious costume. I saw the ruins of the old town, and an amphitheatre, which they told me was destroyed in the Peloponessian war. The new town is a curiosity; it is situated on the very top of the high hill, to preserve themselves from the incursions of their neighbors, as formerly they were in continental civil wars. They speak depraved Arabic, and are neat in their houses; I visited several relations that were intermarried in each other's families, at a Mr. Antonio, Mr. George's, &c. &c. The women are very modest and virtuous. The whole island appears a volcanic mountain, almost all rock, with caverns, and valleys, and catacombs, from which they dig antique vestiges, different kinds of vases, of potter's earth, from the ruins of the old town.

Wednesday, February 20th.—The wind was still contrary. In the afternoon at six, I saw an American, Baltimore brig, the Midas, just from Smyrna, bound to Baltimore. She came to anchor in the harbor. I went on board, and saw a Mr. Hamilton, a passenger. I put on board a letter for Mrs. Rapelje, New-York. The vessel appeared a fine, sharp, fast sailing vessel. She came in to put

up her rigging, and they said, she was loaded with opium. There were showers and high gales during last night and the day.

Thursday, February 21st.—I went along the shore with the captain in his boat, to see the boiling hot spring issuing from the sand beach. It was boiling up through the sand and salt water. The wind still continued contrary.

Friday, February 22d.—It was still a bad wind, and we were obliged to lay quiet with patience, in the harbor. I visited a Danish brig with the captain, who said he was from Copenhagen, and had a French cargo and supercargo on board. He was bound for a market in one of the small Greek islands, and had been obliged to let the Greeks have provisions to the amount of a hundred dollars, which they would not pay him; but I heard, that in a former voyage he had supplied the Turks, their enemies, with articles in their castles. The houses in Milo are all stone, and as in Malta, have flat roofs, covered with coarse cement or mortar. I bought a cotton night-cap for a dollar, knit here by the Greeks, such as are generally worn.

Saturday, February 23d.—We got under weigh about two o'clock, P. M., with a light wind southwest, fair for our course if we could set out, but right ahead to get out of the harbor. However, we succeeded, and in the evening the wind went down, almost to a calm, but shifting about in every

point. We passed Anti-Milo Island, about eight miles from Milo. It is uninhabited, and filled, they say, with wild goats; other islands, of no great note, near Milo, but we did not pass near them.

Sunday, February 24th.—We sailed about a north by east course, with light, variable winds, south and south-east, with some rain. We passed the Island of Serpho, eighteen miles from Milo, also at a distance to the east. We passed Safanto before we came to Serppo, then a short distance from us. This day we passed Thermia, and between it and Ice Island. I spent most part of the day in bed.

Monday, February 25th.—Somewhere off Sea Island, during the night, the wind blew very hard, with some rain. About two or three o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow a hurricane, and I heard them take in sail. The wind continued to blow extremely hard; and in the morning, just after eight, the mate, in a state of despair and despondency came into the cabin, and said that he could not do any thing more; that the ship was in great danger of losing her masts; that the captain was in an incapable state, and could not conduct the ship; and begged me to step out and look. I jumped out of my berth, ran up and saw the sea running tremendously, and all the men said there was danger, and that the mate had better take the command, for the preservation of our lives, and the property on board, which I also thought best

to be done. I found every thing as stated by the mate was true, and that it was best to confine the captain to his cabin, where the men put him, but he would not stay. They did not like to lock the door upon him, on account of my being there; the pilot also thought it best as well as the men, to put back before the wind to Milo. This was between the islands of Andro and Sino; the Island of Andro under the larboard bow, and to windward there was no other harbor safe, nearer than Milo, for us to enter. The wind continued to blow contrary and tremendous, with a heavy sea. We scudded under close-reefed fore-topsails, and got in and anchored again in Milo harbor about four o'clock, P. M.

Tuesday, February 26th.—In Milo harbor the wind blew very hard all day, and was still contrary. I saw many other vessels, near twelve, more than when we first were there. A French brig of war, and other brigs, some Imperial, were there also.

Wednesday, February 27th.—The wind continued to blow contrary in very heavy gales from the north and east.

Thursday, February 28th.—The weather last night became more moderate; the wind was quite lulled, but in the morning it blew contrary, and continued so through the day.

Friday, March 1st.—The wind sprung up last

night again in the same contrary direction, and blew a gale from the northward and north by east, and also during the day. It was now a day over three weeks since we left Malta, and to-morrow will be two weeks since we came into the harbor of Milo. I was really quite tired out. It was enough to try my patience; and, as there was no house of accommodation on shore, I was obliged to remain on board the vessel.

Saturday, March 2d.—All last night there were dreadful squalls of hail, rain, and hurricanes, which continued during the day; towards night the rain ceased, but the wind continued to blow hard.

Sunday, March 3d.—The wind still blew very hard all last night, and continued high this morning, still against us. The weather was clear, with sunshine; but high contrary winds continued all the day. This was a mountain wind, called Tramontana, or in English, north wind. It had been tremendous, blowing almost a hurricane with little intermission, now, for nearly a month. I saw in this harbor some Greek boats with only one mast, a long spritsail, like a mainsail, to a yard as a topsail and jib. These boats are in the old Grecian style, called careks or sackalever boats, and are sharp at both ends.

Monday, March 4th.—Contrary winds still blowing hard all night. Another polacre ship

came in during the morning; and there are now twenty-three vessels wind-bound. The weather clear, with flying clouds and high winds all day.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Very high winds all night, and still continued all day, with numerous flying clouds, obscuring the sky. My patience was now tried to its utmost, having been in this harbor two weeks and three days, and had no inducement to go on shore. There were none but a few miserable Greek huts along the beach, and the town nearly four miles off, which was also a miserable place, up and down hill; the wind causes the water to be so rough as to make it unpleasant going on shore in the boat.

Wednesday, March 6th.—The same contrary winds still continued, and blew strong all last night and all day, as yesterday.

Thursday, March 7th.—This day the wind ceased, I went on shore, and we got bread and milk, and eggs. Being full moon, a fair wind of light breezes from the west came on before night. This island of Milo is poor in all things; beef and mutton scarcely eatable, so poor, and so little of it.

Friday, March 8th.—We got up anchor and set sail with a fair wind at four o'clock in the morning, after having been wind-bound in the harbor of Milo eighteen days. We had been four weeks and one day from Malta. It was a pleasant day. We passed and left on the right the Island of Ar-

gentera, also Sefanto and Serpho. We left Anti-Milo and Falconera on the left; they were two quite small islands. Opposite to us on the west was the main land of Greece on the Morea in the Gulf of Napoli. We sailed along with a delightful wind from the southward and eastward. All the day the weather was clear, fine and pleasant. We passed the Island of Thermia and Zea, and came between it and Cape Colonna, where Falconer, in his poem of the "Shipwreck" was cast away, and the spot which and where his description was located. The islands appear to be barren, with high pointed hills and mountains, and rocky capes. Colonna is some distance up the Gulf of Athens, on the point of Greece, making on the south side the Gulf of Egina, and on the north side the entrance to the channel of the Negropont, both which gulfs or bays we passed, and also the Island of Mecronise, near the Cape Colonna. We passed between it and the Island of Zea. Now the Negropont is before us, a very large long island to appearance. The tops of the mountains were covered with snow. We passed between it and Andero, during the night; the strait or passage is called Selota.

Saturday, March 9th.—We yesterday passed to the south of Triconi, the islands of Paros, Antiparos, and Nescia, near to Delos, called part of the ancient Cyclades; Paros being famed for its white marble, and dedicated to Bacchus, on account of

the rich wine made there. They have still good wine, fruit and game. There are two good harbors on the north-east side of the island. Last night we passed the Passage or Strait of Scioto and Cape Doro on the Negropont, which was ancient Levadea; the sea dividing it from the main land is called Euripus. We sailed on this morning, with a fair south wind, between the Island of Ipsara and Scio, a north-east course, and saw the Island of Scio, where mastic is produced to the east of Ipsara. We sailed by Mitilene, a large island, on which oils, figs, and wines are produced. The soil is very fertile. It has some towns and good harbors when in, but bad to get in and out again.

Saturday, March 9th.—Before we came to Mitilene, (passing the Gulf of Smyrna, and Gulf of Sanderic,) we came along to Cape Baba. Between it and Mitilene is the Gulf of Adramiti. This is now the main land of Asia, called the country of Anedoli. We sailed along the coast, and within three miles of where the ancient city of Troy once stood, and saw the ruins, as our Greek pilot pointed out, being several walls not far from the shore. Directly opposite is the Island of Tenedos, a fine level island, where the Greek fleet anchored, when they besieged Troy. They must have gone over in boats to land their men, as there appears no harbor near the ancient city of Troy in Phrygia. The city was first destroyed by Hercules, and afterwards by the Grecians after a ten years'

siege. The land near the shore, and around where the city stood, appears in a gentle declivity, rather smooth; and in the back ground there are hills, and many of them pointed, and of different heights. The land where the city was, is now totally neglected, as also all around it, and covered with forest trees; from being the richest city in the world, it now, almost *like the baseless fabric of a vision*, is dissolved, and scarce a vestige remains. No wonder that "Illium fuit" is a proverb among nations. We passed on between a small island called Rabbit Island, and the Asiatic shore, and as night came on in the Straits of Dardanelles. We now entered the Hellespont, about ten miles wide, separating Europe from Asia, Cape Greco on the European side, and Cape Janizary on the Asiatic side. Just after entering the Dardanelles, a cannon was fired at us from the Turkish Castle on the Asiatic side, I suppose to bring us to, but we proceeded on, and after sailing some miles farther, two more cannon were fired, but we continued on, notwithstanding. The pilot wanted to anchor; for, since the Turks were at war with the Greeks, no vessels were allowed to pass up the Dardanelles, without being visited by the proper officer, and permission obtained to pass the Turkish castles.

Sunday, March 10th.—Last night, about midnight, we got up opposite two large batteries or castles opposite to each other, about fifteen miles

from the entrance of the Dardanelles. They began to fire cannon balls again at us, which were heard to whistle by us; one ball came between the masts, which greatly terrified the sailors and pilot. I was lying snug in bed, fast asleep, but it awoke me, and I heard the men running backwards and forwards on deck, to take in the sails, and stop the vessel's way. They kept her tacking about till morning, when we proceeded on. The forts are near the water's edge, low, and mounted from eighty to ninety guns. There were two towns about them. We saw the minarets of their mosques; some of them with a single spire, and in some country places surrounded with numbers of cypress trees, pointed and growing high. The houses appeared to be mostly of wood, and painted red. The country seemed one of gentle declivities and hills, but not mountainous. The Turkish officers of the customs came on board at about eight in the morning, only to take an account of us, and left us a permit or passport. Afterwards, the commander of the castle sent his boat and Turkish officers to take a survey of us. They were quite singular in dress, all wearing long beards, and the Turkish turban, a kind of colored gown, with a large cloak with sleeves over all. They appeared like a new set of people. I have lately often heard that they are honest and faithful. There came on board, the English Consul for the Dardanelles, Mr. Stephen Paulorick, and was

very polite and civil. A calm came on, and our vessel grounded on a sand-bar on the Asia side, just below the castle; the current ran so strong that it drove us into the eddy before we let go the anchor. The vessel thumped hard and lifted up her rudder, but we got out a stern anchor, and bore her off, but lost the small anchor and small cable, when she again got into the current, and we set sail. The wind was so light during the day, that we dropped anchor for the night, for we could not go against the current; and at night they allowed no vessels to pass; and if attempted, they might have discharged more cannon at us, which are so large, some of them twenty-eight inches diameter in the calibre, that a man goes in with a large bag of powder, and places it at the bottom of the gun before the ball is put in, which is of marble, and weighs near about eight hundred pounds; the guns are of bronze.

Monday, March 11th.—We got up the anchor, and were soon under way, when a fine breeze came up, and we passed about thirty vessels going up the same way. We passed Point Nagara, where there is a fort, and where, some years ago, the British Admiral Duckworth destroyed the Turkish fleet; we saw the wrecks. There were several Turkish men-of-war at anchor at this place. Near to this point, on the Asia side, are the ruins of Abydos. The opposite point is in Europe, the water being about a mile and a half wide. Here

Xerxes formed a bridge for his army to pass over. Within a short distance, we passed the ruins of Cestos, all in Thrace. Here Hero lived, the beloved of Leander, who swam over the Hellespont every night from Abydos to visit her, "omnia vincit amor." Last evening at sunset, and during this day, large flocks of wild geese, high in the air, were seen going north, I suppose from Arabia, making a noise somewhat like the people, guttural, which differed widely from the sound of the American wild geese in their flight. The Hellespont widens towards its approach to the sea of Marmora. On each side, the country appeared very fine. We passed several towns. Gallipoli is on the European side, built on low ground ; on its side, the land did not seem very mountainous, but appeared smooth, with a fine rich soil for cultivation. On the Asiatic side, there are a great quantity of shrubby bushes, which they use in tanning with oak acorns, instead of the bark of the tree. At three o'clock we got into the sea of Marmora, and took a view of the Island of Marmora. There was a high hill on it covered with snow, as were other mountains on the Asia side.

Tuesday, March 12th.—We sailed last night with a fine breeze up the Marmora Sea, and at daylight came in sight of the great city, Constantinople. It is indeed almost enchanting to look at the immense circular mosques, with their columns, the city interspersed with cypress trees,

and the form of the city rising every way from the sea and harbor with such a gradual ascent as shows one house above another; also the seraglio and palace of the Grand Seignor, with its garden of cypress and other trees, and the whole taken together is perfectly beautiful. But when you go into the city, it is really a miserable and wretched place, on account of the narrow and crooked streets, and houses in a dilapidated state. One now begins to feel that it is the greatest deception that can be imagined. We got in at nine. The harbor is good. The land on the European side of the Marmora Sea is level, and of gentle ascent from the shore; on the other side, at a distance in the back ground of Asia, hills and mountains appear, covered with snow; but near the city the land on each side of the Marmora and the Bophorus is enchanting, and appears a perfect paradise, with the numerous beautiful evergreen cypress, coming to a point at the top. I went on shore and delivered my letter of credit to Messrs. Never, Kerr, Black & Co., and one of civility to Messrs. Wright & Co.; both were from Mr. James Bell of Malta. I then went to a public house kept by an Italian named Josephonti, the best house, but this was poor enough. Every thing about it seems old, and going to destruction. I took a walk out, and saw the burying-ground. The Christians have the tomb-stones lying flat over the graves; in the burying-ground of the Turks, in

another place, the tomb-stones are all standing upright, with the Turkish turban imitated on the top, and appear something like a small man's body with a head. The bay or harbor divides this great place in two parts. The bay is not very wide, but runs up some distance. The side on which the English merchants, about thirty in number, and the ambassadors and consuls live, is called Pera, and is but a small part of the great city. Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Italians, and Turks are commingled. The other side, called Constantinople, which is of great extent, comprising the Seraglio Palaces, Divan, Mosques, and extensive bazaars, is inhabited altogether by Turks. In the bay at this time were lying some formidable men of war, five or six of eighty or ninety guns; seven or eight frigates, and lesser ships of war; making a fleet of about thirty-five sail. They were at this time at war with the Greeks, and they expected the Russians would join the Greeks against them. The Turks, in common dress, wear immense turbans of different colors, and support great beards, whiskers, and mustachios. The Turks shave the whole of their heads except a small part on the top or crown, where they let the hair grow, for the purpose, as the ignorant say, to give Mahomet an opportunity to pull them up to heaven. But certain it is that on the back of their necks the hair is kept always close or shaved, which they make a point to show. Their cloaks

are of all colors, gay and grave, as well as their turbans; their buskins are generally yellow, with sharp pointed toes turning up, and big enough for two legs; their slippers are pointed, and generally of a yellow color. They seldom appear without dirks, sabres, and pistols, in their belts or bands; some of these sashes are of cashmere, and very splendid; they appear martial and terrific. By nature and education they are fierce and cruel. All males above nine years of age are ordered to wear their arms and sleep with them, on account of the present war. Meeting them at every step, singly or in bands in such accoutrements, they appeared to me fully as horrid in aspect, and indeed more so, than the wild savages of America, in their war dress, with their faces painted, and ears cut, nearly naked, except their blankets.

Wednesday, March 13th.—The Turks pay great veneration to dogs; the number of which I saw, wherever I walked out, was almost astonishing; many are half starved, and they raise a hideous yell or howl during the night; and to those differently dressed from the Turks they bark and fly at. I had several narrow escapes from being bit. I went over to Constantinople in a small boat; a man rows with two oars; the boat was small and sharp at both ends; these boats were ornamented much with carved work about them. It was about three hundred yards across the harbor, which separates it from Pera. I walked through several streets

to the bazaars, as they are called; they are streets covered over; the wall of one house forms with the one opposite a kind of Gothic arch, with openings at proper distances at the top to admit light. These streets are in every direction, and of considerable extent, and every vender of particular commodities seems to have a certain street, with articles standing exposed in the street in front of these shops, which are also well stored within. For instance, the apothecaries or druggists, which were very numerous, occupied each side of a long street, with the drugs, paints, &c., open to view, heaped up in tubs, jars, and pots, set on benches or platforms, so as to leave just a small passage-way. Shoe stores, stockings or sock stores, turban or cap stores, I need not say hats, for I never saw a hat worn by the Turks, silk, cloth, &c., &c. Each seem to have their different places allotted. There is a great street for pipes, both for the stem, which is a long piece of straight perforated stick with its bark on; and the bowl of clay, of which are many highly gilt, have a different street; and another is set apart for the mouth-piece, made, as they say, of amber. This may not be wondered at, as the Turks invariably, I believe, are all great smokers. They appear very indolent, and sit cross-legged like tailors, in sipping their coffee at the coffee-houses, with the long pipes or hookers in their mouths, some drawing the smoke through water. As to the women, I seldom saw them, and

when I did, I could hardly distinguish them from the other sex, whether handsome or ugly, young or old; they wear turbans, with white long thin muslin scarfs, coming over their foreheads close above or over their eyes, and another covering all the lower part of their faces quite up over the nose, and seemingly leaving no apertures to breathe through. They wear bright orange-colored boots or buskins. These boots have no soles, the bottoms being of the same leather as the tops; but they have slippers without heels, big enough to thrust the fore-part of the boot in; and these, I suppose, are to keep the bottoms of the boots clean, and to slip off and on easily; as when they are in the houses, or at the mosque, they take the slippers off and sit cross-legged. The men are in no fear of their wives being unfaithful, as they seldom if ever go out, and never, I believe, look out at the windows. The windows are mostly grated with close cross-bars, some of iron, the openings between the bars not above an inch! The few women I saw in the streets appeared quite old, from their walk, and what I could see of their eyes below their eyebrows. Their noses are nearly all covered, except the small part near their foreheads.

Thursday, March 14th.—I went again at ten o'clock in the morning, with a Janissary as my conductor, to Constantinople. These Janissaries are soldiers or military guards for the city, armed with two loaded pistols and a long dirk, all placed

together in a belt or holster right in front, with large white turbans on their heads, a long large pea jacket with sleeves, dark olive color, worked with figures on the back in red and gold, and also on the sleeves. They wear long scarlet shawls on their necks. Thus provided, I followed my leader down to the water and took a boat for Constantinople. I saw the tomb, as they call it, of Constantine the Great. It is in a small open square in the street, and is now made a fountain of. It has a sloping roof, of a kind of black stone or marble, about eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and about six or seven feet high. In another part of the city, I saw an obelisk about forty feet high, with hieroglyphics on each side quite to the top, and an inscription in Latin on its base. Near this spot there is a monumental column built of square stones, much in ruins by time; these are in a large oblong square, and brought there by order of Constantine the Great. I also visited the entrances to the Seraglio; an under drogoman, by giving him some piastres, took us to see the mint, where they were at work coining rupees, &c., &c.; also the grand Seignor's kitchens; a number of different apartments, with many cooks of all descriptions. I entered a second large court-yard, which was the entrance to the Garden of the Seraglio, which it was almost impiety to look at. On one side of this large square, is a low building, surrounded by a broad piazza, quite flat roofed,

and called the audience chamber, handsomely fitted up in the interior, as appeared from the outside glance I could take of it. One apartment is for the Grand Seignor, the other for such functionaries, ambassadors, &c., as he may choose to give audience. This is, I am told, the nearest approach to him in his palace, which is a considerable distance through the gardens of the seraglio; and here, within this inclosure, are all his women kept, attended by black eunuchs, and inclosed by upright railings or walls. There is a fine large open yard all around. I went to see several mosques, but could only approach the entrances, to kind of court yards, as they are called, which are inclosed by walls as parts of the mosques. I saw the Turks washing at one of the fonts which are at the side of all their places of worship, which ablution they perform before they enter. It is death for a Christian to enter unless he immediately becomes Turk or Mahometan. I did not attempt it at such a peril. Their churches, squares, and streets, are not polluted with filth as the Roman Catholic cathedrals often are. I also saw the ancient subterraneous Cistern of Mille Collonare, as it is called, and there a thousand and one columns, formerly called Phyllosine's Cistern, built in the time of the Constantines. There are two shafts to each pillar, one directly on the other, so that one column is counted as two; they are close together, about eight feet apart, in

rows, and appear circular; the place is now used as a silk thread manufactory. I visited the mad-house; the maniacs are confined in their cells by a large, long iron chain, fastened to an iron collar round their necks, and locked to a ring in the wall. There are many fountains through the city, the water not spouting up in a large column, as in Italy, but they turn cocks to get it; and under this there is a large font to receive the water. I went again through parts of the bazaars; I did not see before, that there were whole streets for all kinds of fire-arms, mostly pistols and dirks. There were brass and copper smiths, who almost deafened me with their noise; harness and saddle makers, silver-smiths, engravers on stone and metals for seals, were to be found in whole streets, but they are far inferior to the modern skilful artists; they turn a horizontal drill, with a bow and string with one hand, and with the other touched a seal to be engraved, and seem not to know any thing about a turning lathe. I also saw the trade of wood turners, all working, and sitting cross-legged, and turning the wood with one hand, the same way as above described, with a bow-string, and holding the tool or chisel with the other.

Friday, March 15th.—I went with my Janissary, Mustapha, in company with a Milanese gentleman, who lodged at the same house, Mr. Joseph Azimonti, over to Constantinople, and saw the Grand Seignor, Sultan Mahmoud, go from the

Seraglio to the Mosque of St. Sophia. He rode on horseback, and wore a green cloak and white turban with a white feather, attended by his suite from the seraglio gate to the mosque, a short distance, with the first and second, black eunuchs; and the passage, or path over the pavement for his horse, was strewed over with something like black dirt, or sand, on each side lined with soldiers, in different, curious, Turkish warlike dresses, both of infantry and horse, making, to me, a grotesque appearance. He appeared a middle-aged man, with a long black beard and whiskers, a cadaverous aspect, and of middle size. When he was going in, a Turk, from the top of one of the columns of the mosque, two hundred feet, or more, in height, made a great bellowing, and, as my Janissary told me, which was to call the people, and proclaim that the mosque was open.

We then came back to Pera; and, as Friday is the Mahometan Sunday, went to the Mosque of the Dervises, where, after pulling off my boots before entrance, I was permitted to go in. The ceremony was performed by about a dozen and a half of men, and one boy, bare-legged, and in a dress something like a petticoat, and short waistcoat, with long wide sleeves, ash-colored, and a high ash-colored turban, which looks like a high hat, the crown twenty inches high, at least; and they were turning round and round in a circle, with their hands extended, and the petticoat

flying out from their bodies, it being very wide below, as made it appear a perfect circle around them, they turned so quick; they seemed to take exactly the same step that dancers in a waltz do, and in the same circle, which is railed in, and the spectators remain outside, as in a circus. There were not any seats, except in the gallery, which goes all around the building, and in which is music, vocal and instrumental, rather soft, as a flute, or flageolet as it were muffled, and to which music the Dervises dance. The building is not high in the interior, but matted outside, on which I sat with the rest, cross-legged. The ceiling and sides were painted diagonally, and very prettily, in various colors. These Dervises are a particular sort of monks, of the Mahometan order, differing from the others, and are as strange in their religious ceremonies of worship, as the Shaking Quakers in America; only the American Shaking Quakers admit females, with whom they never cohabit, but perform with them religious dancing and singing; the Turks never allow any women to enter their churches, but keep in their harems as many wives as they please, except the common men, who are restricted to four wives. The Turkish women paint the nails of their feet and hands a kind of dingy red. They must say their prayers, and perform their religious devotions at home; they paint their eye-brows

and eye-lids, and between and under their eyes, of a blackish color.

Saturday, March 16th.—The weather became chilly and cold, with rain, hail, and snow.

The Grand Seignor's seraglio is composed principally of Georgian women, from a province in Asia, upon, or bordering near, the Black Sea. These Georgians are made slaves of, and are of the Greek religion, that is, Christians; they are here a commodity of merchandise; and any Turk can, at any time, go to the houses where they are kept for sale, in Constantinople, and purchase them; and from them a seraglio, or harem, is generally sought, for they are, indeed, very handsome women; no Christians are permitted to enter the houses where they are kept for sale, or to buy therefrom.

Sunday, March 17th.—The weather for some days has been cold, with much rain, so that I had constantly a brazier with coals; few houses have fire-places. I went this morning, with Mr. James Wright, merchant, to the English chapel of the English ambassador, Lord Strangford, being in that office; heard Mr. Walsh, a clergyman, who is in the ambassador's family, and officiates as chaplain. It is said that there were only two English women, Lady Strangford, and one other, in the place. I visited Mr. Walsh, after church, and found him a pleasant and agreeable man, an

Irishman, from Dublin. I saw Mr. Joseph Azimonte, who resides at Trieste, a Milanese.

Monday, March 10th.—I went over the river Bosphorus, in company with Mr. Azimonte. At the entrance of the Bosphorus, I saw in the centre of the river, the Tower of Leander. We went to Scutari; had my Janissary, Mustapha, with us; we visited the interior of the large mosque, Selima; it being retired, I bribed the priest, with twelve piastres, or a dollar and a half; so we pulled off our boots, and entered. It was a very handsome building, with much white marble; and the pulpit and reading desk, were all hung with immense numbers of lamps. Over head there was a very large chandelier, of twenty or thirty feet diameter, suspended from the dome. The lamps in it were all glass. The whole floor was covered with Turkey carpets, and the interior was very clean. We also saw the manufactories of weaving cloth of silk and gold, filled in with cotton. We walked a short distance in the environs, and saw a large Turkish burying-ground. It was, as my Janissary informed me, two miles long, and a mile wide, filled with upright tomb-stones, of every size, device, form, and description. The real Turks say they will not be buried on Constantinople side, being Europe, and once belonging to the Christian Romans, and Greeks, but will be brought over the Bosphorus here to Icateria, which is in Asia, and be buried. The river Bosphorus is

about three-quarters of a mile wide; the boat was of six oars, but there were only four used, by two men, each man rowed two oars. The boat was about thirty-five feet long, and just wide enough for two to sit along-side; but the Turks generally sit flat on the bottom, sideways. The boats are remarkably clean, lined throughout with thin boards of walnut, and are built of the same wood, which comes from up the Black Sea. The upper border is broad and tastefully carved with running vines, leaves, &c. I paid a visit, at one o'clock, to the English ambassador's palace. Lord Strangford was very much engaged, but had me introduced to Lady Strangford, who was Irish, and who, indeed, received me with the utmost affability and politeness; she was a pleasant, charming lady. I wanted to get my passport signed, which she took in her hand to have done. Both the ambassador and his lady did justice to the real Irish friendly character.

Tuesday, March 19th.—I walked alone, this forenoon, about eleven o'clock, through the burying-ground, at the back of the house where I lodged, a public walk, and passage-way; when two little Turkish boys, each having a sharp pointed knife, attacked me, as I was walking peaceably along, and, had it not been for two Greeks, or Turks, passing at the moment, they would certainly have stabbed me, as I had no stick. I was afterwards told, they are, when

young, instilled with the principle of hatred to Christians. I then applied to the English ambassador, as there was no American consul there, for a firman, or Turkish passport, to travel with; but had not time to obtain one, as it takes several days. At this time, there were no vessels allowed to depart, for ten days, except British. The officers of the government, Grand Seignor, and council, make excuses for delay, and grant no firmans to any vessels to depart, on account of the unsettled state of affairs of the government. Lord Strangford endeavored to make pacific overtures between all parties. At length Lord Strangford sent me an invitation to dinner. I dined with him at five o'clock; saw his secretary, a Mr. Hamilton, parson Walsh, and his other secretary, Mr. Elliott, also Mr. Wood, Lord Strangeway, son of Lord Ilchester, who is attached to the embassy. A young man, page to Lord Strangford, with his lady, were very polite, pleasant, and attentive to me; he is, as he told me, nephew to Col. Phillips, of Phillips' Manor, of New-York. He was acquainted with many respectable people in New-York. He had read Colden's life of Fulton, and had a high opinion of the style as well as of the force of reason, and delineation, which it contains. Such works raise our national character abroad, and should be taken out by every traveller.

Wednesday, March 20th.—I was all day looking after my passports. Owing to the kindness of

Lady Strangford, who took my former passports, and said they should be completed for me, that Lord Strangford was so engaged, he could not now attend to it; this was some days ago, but to-day I obtained a travelling firman from the Turkish government of the Grand Seignor, or Sublime Porte of the Ottoman empire, and also my former passport, signed by Mr. Hamilton, Lord Strangford's secretary, and also a passport from Lord Strangford himself. I indeed felt very grateful for this kind attention of Lady Strangford, whom I visited in the evening. I found several gentlemen there, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, concerned with merchant Black, Mr. Shubrick, Mr. Scorrell, and several others. Lady S. and Mrs. Hardy, were the only two English ladies in Constantinople. Mr. Hamilton informed me he knew George Barclay and his wife very well. There were about a dozen gentlemen, only one Turk, first drogoman to his Lordship. There was a conversation at the palace early Wednesday evening; and Lady Strangford told me, sometimes in winter when she gives a ball, she has had some two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen; but these were Armenians, Greeks, French and Italians, and other Christians from Asia and Europe, who had settled here, but no Turkish ladies; and was informed, that if a Turkish lady visits in families of Christians, and associates with them, she must marry a Christian or be punished. The weather had be-

come clear, but the mornings and evenings were very chilly. I sent a letter by post to the care of Mr. Barnet, American Consul at Paris, for Mrs. Rapelje.

Thursday, March 21st.—In the morning I paid a visit to Mr. Wright, and also to Mr. Black, to whom I had letters; then crossed over the Bosphorus to Scutari, to see the Dervises again at their religious ceremonies in their mosque; their motions in dancing, their screaming, singing, yelling, scolding and groaning, every other sound but that of weeping, the voice could utter, exactly like the savage cries of American Indians, turning about like waltzing, clapping of hands, and every contortion of head and body, continuing such a length of time, throwing their heads up and down, stamping with their feet, taking off their turbans and cloaks, and moving their bodies up and down, made it melancholy, as well as pitiable to me, to others a ridiculous infatuation. They also, I am told, pierce their bodies with spikes and red-hot instruments of iron; but that was not done to-day. I saw several of their instruments hanging up, and instruments of music, brass cymbals, and a number of tamborines. There were hieroglyphic characters on the walls, such as of owls, and other Turkish emblems. There were a number of sheep, goat and leopard skins lying on the floor of the mosque on which they sit. One man came in and laid himself down, and stretched himself out on his back,

when the chief priest, or elder, put his foot alternately all over him, he being one who was sick. I returned, crossed over by the Tower of Leander, a small square tower in the Bosphorus. At five I dined with the English Consul, Mr. Cartwright, and saw there Mr. Wright, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Major, who was in New-York, in the year 1801, and knows old Mr. Theophilus Beach, and also Mr. Gilbert Robertson, and other gentlemen of my acquaintance.

Friday, March 22d.—I went to the missionary or commissary for the Holy Land of Jerusalem, Mr. Angex, a monk of that order, of Jerusalem, and was promised an introductory letter to the convent at Jerusalem. At a distance I saw the Grand Seignor, going in his barge or *caick* boat, with about twenty-two oars, to visit the fleet in the bay ; this barge is very long and handsome, and moves very fast. It has an immense broad border of gilding all round it, and over the part in which he sits, towards the stern. A great salute, like an engagement, was fired from the ships of the fleet, and guns ashore at the dock-yard or arsenal. In the evening, I paid a visit to Lord and Lady Strangford, to take leave and thank them for their kind attentions. He was much engaged, but I saw Lady Strangford, and took a dish of tea with her, and was highly edified by her conversation. She gave me much information of the curiosities and history of this country.

I have deemed it proper before I leave Constantinople, to present a brief Chronology of the reigning Emperors from the time of Mahomet; the periods of the commencement and termination of their several reigns, together with the most remarkable occurrences that tended to establish and distract the empire; also the titles of the principal officers, civil and military. This may save others time and trouble.

1. OTHMAN.—Reigned from A. D. 1300 to 1326.—The commencement of the Ottoman Empire is fixed about the year 700 of the Hegira (the flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina, where he was persecuted and sentenced to die.) Othman gave himself out for an especial envoy from God. He took Iconium from the Tartars; wrested from the two Andronicuses the whole of Bithynia; died in August, 1326, aged 69.

2. ORKHAN.—From A. D. 1326 to 1360.—He was son of the former, ascended the throne, at thirty-five years old; introduced splendor and magnificence at his court, and assumed the title of *Sultan;* coined money; first assigned daily pay to his infantry; formed the corps of Spatrys, or horse soldiers from his subjects who possessed land or property; took Nicomedia in 1327, and Nicæa in 1333, after a siege of two years; also Anatolia. The Turks had no boats. His son, Solyman, passed the Hellespont, with eighty brave followers, by three rafts of planks, fastened together upon cork;

took Gallipoli, the key of Europe. Orkham died in 1360, after a reign of thirty-six years.

3. AMURAT I.—From A. D. 1360 to 1389. He was second son of the former, commenced his reign at the age of forty-one; crossed the Bosphorus; subdued Asia; on his return to Europe, took the town of Pheres, the bulwark of Macedonia, reduced several Myian and Triballian princes; and imposed a capitation tax on his Christian subjects. In 1361, established the corps of Janissaries which afterwards proved serviceable as well as fatal to their master; became master of Thessalonica, after ordering his rebel son's eyes to be put out; in 1388-9, defeated the prince of Servia. He was killed by a wounded Triballian, who was immediately cut to pieces. Amurat lived seventy-one years—reigned thirty. His son, Bajazet, raised a magnificent mausoleum for him at Prusa, the burial-place of his ancestors.

4. BAJAZET I.—From A. D. 1389 to 1403. He was son to the preceding; attacked the dominions and banished his father-in-law, a prince of Phryiga, to Ipsela. He was opposed by Sigismund, king of Hungary, whose army he dispersed; his troops were defeated by Stephen, king of Moldavia, who had acquired the surname of *Gldrim*, (*lightning*,) from his rapidity of movement. He vanquished and put to death Caraman Oghly, in Asia; returned to Europe, subdued almost all Wallachia; aided John against his uncle Manuel, the former

promising to cede Constantinople; the furious *Tamerlane* declared himself protector of the Mahometan princes, opposed by Bajazet; after two desperate battles, the first on the 20th of June, 1402, in the plains of Ancyra, and the second attacked by a host of Tartars, Bajazet was made prisoner, and died with grief, March 9th, 1403. The story of the iron cage, in which Bajazet was said to be confined, generally rejected as fabulous; but by Gibbon is considered not wholly without foundation.

INTERREGNUM *under* SOLYMAN.—From A. D. 1403 to 1406.—This prince, giving himself up to debauchery, received the news of the death of his father while intoxicated; rejected the clemency of Tamerlane, who invested his brother Musa as sovereign of Anatolia. Solyman disputed with his brothers, whom he even expelled, but devoting himself to debauchery and wine, was killed in a village brawl.

INTERREGNUM *under* MUSA.—1406.—Who divided his authority with his younger brother, Mahomet; reduced several places in the Morea, subdued Servia, and defeated Sigismund, king of Hungary, in a pitched battle; but sullied his victory by excessive cruelty. Indulging himself in effeminate pleasures in his palace at Adrianople, he was attacked by his brother, and compelled to fly, was pursued by the Spahys, nobly defending himself, till a soldier cut off his arm with a cimetar. He died with the

loss of blood. Neither Solyman nor Musa were admitted into the number of their emperors, as neither reigned over the whole empire lost by Bajazet.

5. MAHOMET I.—From A. D. 1413 to 1421.—This emperor met with but one reverse, which was the destruction of his fleet in the Hellespont, by the Venetians. An upstart named Pereiglia, began to preach against the Mahometans, whom he denounced as blasphemers and infidels; but this pretended apostle of God was taken and crucified. Mahomet was attacked by a bloody flux, which put a period to his life, after a reign of eight years, at the age of forty-seven. He reigned with justice, and restored to the Ottoman Empire the splendor which it had lost under Bajazet.

6. AMURAT II.—From A. D. 1421 to 1451.—Ascended the throne, when only eighteen. He employed the commencement of his reign, by discomfiting and putting to deaths everal conspirators who had leagued against him; augmented the number of his troops, ravaging Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace; sacrificed to his own safety his two brothers, whom he caused to be strangled, with all their accomplices in their revolt. Thessalonica he carried by assault in April, 1429. After taking some towns in Etolia, made peace with the Venetians; but for twelve years was engaged in wars with his vassals, stripping them of their possessions, and appointing successors, on whom he

imposed heavy fines. All these troubles occasioned by females in his court; laid siege to the city of Belgrade in 1435, but abandoned the siege with disgrace. His army was beaten by Huanides, and obliged in 1444 to conclude a truce for ten years, with Ledislaus; but who was induced to break it at the instance of Pope Eugene IV. The Turks marched to Varna, on the Black Sea, where a sanguinary battle was fought, November 10th, 1444, which was won by the Turks; the king of Hungary died pierced with many wounds in the midst of the Janissaries. Amurat resigned the empire to his son Mahomet. The famous Scanderbeg, of whom historians relate such prodigies, compelled the Turks to raise the siege of Croza, killed great numbers, and harassed them in their retreat. Amurat's last days were signalized by the total defeat of the Hungarians and the valiant Huanides. An acute disease carried him off in three days, he died on the ninth of February, 1451, after a reign of thirty years and six months, and a glorious life of forty-nine.

7. Mahomet II.—From A. D. 1451 to 1482.—He put to death his brother, an infant at the breast, whom Amurat had had by the daughter of the despot of Sinope, and compelled the unhappy princess to contract a fresh marriage; reduced Caramon Oghly, who had revolted. He built a castle on the Strait of the Dardanelles, and made himself absolute master of that important passage; took

Constantinople on the 29th of May, 1453, being 1123 years after its foundation, and 1205 after that of Rome.

One instance of his decision of character and his ferocity must not be forgotten. Among the prisoners taken in Constantinople, was Irene, a Greek of incomparable beauty, of whose person the Emperor became so enamored, that he espoused her, and in the vigor of youth, and plenitude of power, resigned himself to the blandishments of his fair Sultana. His infatuation continued for several years, during which time his Janissaries, whose turbulent spirits could only be subjugated by employment, frequently exhibited signs of discontent. These murmurs at length reached the ears of the Emperor, who could not be insensible to the effect which his delusion was calculated to produce on his subjects. His ambition, after a long and powerful struggle, obtained the ascendency, and he gave orders that the great Bashaws and Turkish nobility should be convened within the palace. Into this assembly the Emperor led Irene, who had on that day been adorned in her most magnificent apparel. When the tumult of acclamation was stilled, which the appearance of the Emperor had excited, the Emperor addressed the Divan on the subject of their discontents, assuring them that he was now prepared to give a convincing proof how much they had mistaken his character, and the objects of his devo-

tion; since nothing but death could efface the remembrance of the glorious achievements of his predecessors. After this address, he seized the fair and trembling Greek by the hair, and at the same time drawing his cimetar, struck off her head, to the amazement and terror of the whole assembly.

After this dismal tragedy, he completed the subjugation of the Morea, added the province of Athens, reduced Trebisond in Asia, and put to death David Comineus, who had usurped the authority; attacked the knights of Malta in their islands in the Archipelago; and made himself master of Lesbos; took Negropont in 1470; made several attacks by his general, on the island of Rhodes, but was compelled to retreat, 17th of August, 1480. Now perished the last shadow of the Roman Empire. He died July 2d, 1481, after a reign of thirty years, aged fifty-three. By the Turks he is styled the greatest of their emperors; in their eyes, the glory of his conquests atoned for his vices. He conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and nearly three hundred towns.

8. BAJAZET II.—From A. D. 1481 to 1512.—Instead of repairing to Constantinople to take possession of the throne, he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca; his brother Djim-djim, called by the Greeks Zizim, upon pretext that though Bajazet was the oldest son, yet was the offspring of a slave, raised an army, and made himself master of Prusa, and all

Bithynia, but was at last overthrown by the vizier; and, on his brother's return, found an asylum with the knights of Rhodes. Bajazet proposed an advantageous treaty with the knights, on condition of their delivering up his brother; but they suffered him to escape to France. He was, however, poisoned in 1495, by orders of Pope Borgia. Bajazet defeated the Venetians at sea; took the town of Lepanto, and those of Modon and Coron, in the Morea, laid waste the Friule, and reduced Damascus. He was poisoned by the command of his second son, Selim, in 1512, after having reigned thirty-two years. Though timid, cruel, and superstitious, and addicted to wine, he was a patron of learning and the sciences; built several mosques, and repaired the walls of Constantinople, which had been half overthrown by an earthquake.

9. SELYM I.—From A. D. 1512 to 1520.—Surnamed *Yaouz*, the ferocious. After having his two brothers strangled, the eldest, Achmet, having two sons, who fled to Persia, Selim marched and entered the deserts of Persia, and fought a bloody battle in the plain Schalderoun, on the 22d of August, 1514, and pushed on to Tauris, which he pillaged. Famine began to be felt, and a mutiny among his troops forced him to turn back, but the following spring he laid waste Armenia, and put the king to death. At last he was compelled by a mutiny in his army to return to Constantinople. He twice defeated the Mamelukes, and took Aleppo;

visited Jerusalem, and took Cairo, where almost all the Mamelukes were killed or hanged before Selim. Alexandria and all Egypt submitted, and he returned to Constantinople, having appointed two pachas to govern Egypt and Syria in his name. He died 22d September, 1520, reproaching himself, it is said, for the blood he had shed in such abundance, near Adrianople, the place where his father had been murdered by his command. He was fifty-four years of age, and had reigned eight years.

10. Solyman I.—From A. D. 1520 to 1566.—Invested the Island of Rhodes, which after a sanguinary resistance, capitulated to him on the 22d of December, 1522. On entering the city in person, and taking the palace of the grand master, observed, "It is not without pain that I am obliged to turn this Christian at his age, out of his house." He returned to Constantinople, passed those famous ordinances, known by the name of the *canons of Solyman.* He entered Hungary, and obtained a victory near Mohan, and took Buda, plundering the city and the rest of Hungary. Hostilities were soon renewed. He re-entered Hungary, taking many places, and advanced towards Vienna. Here he lost forty thousand men, and was obliged to raise the siege, October 14th, 1529, which had cost him eighty thousand men. The further particulars of his reign would fill a volume; sufficient to say, that by the aid of Barbarossa, the son of a

potter, who commanded the Turkish fleet, he obtained immense conquests, till August 30th, 1566, when he died of apoplexy, at the age of seventy-six, and a reign of forty-six. The reign of Solyman, who is called the *Turkish Alexander*, is considered by them the most glorious of the Ottoman dynasty.

11. SELIM II., surnamed *Mest*, the drunkard.—From A. D. 1566 to 1575. This reign was made remarkable by the Turks taking the Island of Cyprus; and a naval engagement in the Gulf of Lepanto, in which they lost one hundred and sixty-one galleys, and sixty other vessels; thirty thousand Ottomans lost their lives, and three thousand five hundred their liberty. Selim, in a paroxysm of rage at this defeat, issued orders to put to death all the Christians in Constantinople, which Mahomet the vizier deferred, and was revoked the following day. Peace concluded with the Venetians. Selim died December 23d, 1575, produced by intemperance, aged fifty-two years.

12. AMURAT III.—From A. D. 1575 to 1595.—The day of Amurat's accession was stained by an atrocity, which the Turks style an act of policy; he caused his young brothers to be put to death in the presence of their mothers, as well as two khassehkys or concubines, whom his father had left pregnant. The mother of one of the young princes stabbed herself in despair, in the presence of the Sultan. This prince was a com-

pound of fickleness and pusillanimity. He had a hundred and two children. Debauchery and excessive intemperance carried him off January 17, 1595, aged fifty, after having reigned twenty years.

13. Mahomet III.—From A. D. 1595 to 1603.—His first act was to cause nineteen of his brothers to be strangled before his face, and ten odahlyes, pregnant by Amurat, to be thrown into the sea. A plague broke out at Constantinople; next a famine followed, and a second pestilence. He died on the 21st of December, 1603, aged thirty-seven, after a reign of nine years.

14. Achmet (*Ahhmed*) I.—From A. D. 1603 to 1617.—This prince acquired glory without fighting himself; and he selected his ministers and officers with discernment. His harem, it is said, contained three thousand females. He died November 16, 1617, in the thirtieth year of his age, after a glorious reign of fourteen years.

15. Mustapha (*Mousethafa*) I.—From A. D. 1617 to 1618.—This prince showed such incapacity that he was soon deposed, and confined in one of the towers of the seraglio, March 17, 1618.

16. Othman II.—From A. D. 1618 to 1622.—This prince was only twelve years old when he ascended the throne. He was left under the care of a subtle and ambitious lawyer. On an attack on the Poles by the Janissaries, a fourth time, the vizier represented to the Sultan, that the flower of the army would thereby be sacrificed; he angrily

replied, "When I have lost the asses, I will supply their place with horses." This expression and others, roused the Janissaries against him, who demanded the deposed Mustapha for their Sultan; and Ottoman was strangled May 20th, 1622, in the Castle of the Seven Towers.

MUSTAPHA (*restored.*)—From A. D. 1622 to 1623.—Having been deposed four years, he had not, during that time, become more worthy of the throne, and was again shut up, September 10th, 1623, in his former place of confinement.

17. AMURAT IV.—From A. D. 1623 to 1640.—Defeated the Persians, and took Revan; killed his brother, Bajazet, of whom he became jealous; at the siege of Bagdad, greatly signalized himself; took it and sacked the city; twenty-five thousand of both sexes were butchered. He died of a dropsy, 8th of February, 1640, aged thirty-one; reigned seventeen years.

18. IBRAHIM.—From A. D. 1640 to 1648.—After a disgraceful reign of nine years, he was strangled by order of the Mufti, aged thirty-one years.

19. MAHOMET IV.—From A. D. 1649 to 1687.—This prince was but seven years old, when his accession to the throne was published. During the greater part of his minority, the kingdom was rent with factions and bloodshed, but his grand vizier, the aged Mahomet Kiuperly, took from the Venetians, Candia, Tenedos, and Lemnos. At the age of fourteen, the Pacha of Aleppo was de-

feated in his presence and put to death. His general was defeated by the Austrians. Candia was retaken 1669; he was obliged to raise the siege of Vienna, and his troops suffered several defeats. The latter part of his reign was most disastrous; he was deposed and imprisoned, where he dragged on a miserable existence, till January, 1693.

20. SOLYMAN II.—From A. D. 1687 to 1691.—This reign in its commencement was most disastrous, but ultimately, by the skill and bravery of the third Kiuperly, all was recovered, and he entered Constantinople with all the honors of a triumph. Solyman died June 22d, 1691. He was regarded by his subjects as a saint.

21. ACHMET (*Ahhmed*) II.—From A. D. 1691 to 1695.—He reigned but four years; died January 27th, 1695, remarkable only for his imbecility.

22. MUSTAPHA II.—From A. D. 1695 to 1702.—This prince, at the first part of his reign, promised much, but yielding to improper ministers, was deposed September 20th, 1702, at the age of forty; and died of a dropsy the following year.

23. ACHMET III.—From A. D. 1702 to 1730.—After a reign of twenty-eight years, in which many factions occurred, by a too submissive belief in his ministers this prince was deposed October 2d, 1730.

24. MAHMOUD I.—From A. D. 1730 to 1754.—This prince filled the throne nearly twenty-five years; he was endowed with a mildness of dispo-

sition calculated to make his subjects happy, but was long afflicted with disease, and died the 13th of December, 1754.

25. Osman, or Othman III.—From A. D. 1754 to 1757.—A reign short and barren of events.

26. Mustapha III.—From A. D. 1757 to 1774.—This prince met with many reverses during his reign, and was one of the best that ever swayed the Turkish sceptre. He died January 21st, 1774, after a reign of sixteen years and five months.

27. Abdul Hamyd.—From A. D. 1774 to 1789.—After a reign of fifteen years, which had been marked by a variety of events, he died in 1789, much regretted by his subjects.

28. Selim III.—From A. D. 1789 to 1807.—After several defeats, and the loss of several kingdoms and provinces, he was deposed in 1807. During this reign occurred the celebrated battles of the Pyramids El Aryth, Mount Tabor, Aboukir, and Heliopolis.

29. Mustapha IV.—This prince was dethroned the same year in which he was elected.

30. Mahmoud II.—1807.—The reigning emperor.

THE COURT.

The Sultan, or Grand Seignor.—*Sulthan* is an Arabic term corresponding with *khan*, which is Tartar. The word *kehah* likewise signifies king in the game of chess; hence, chat mat (the king is dead) which the Italians render by *scacco matto*,

and we by *check mate*. The three principal titles of sovereignty, are *emyr*, chief or prince, and synonymous with *maiik*, king, and *sulthan*, powerful, for the temporal authority; that of *imam* for that of the spiritual; and that of *khalyfah* for the union of both; this latter word signifying lieutenant of the prophet. It is a fundamental principle of the Mahometan religion that every person ought to work, after the example of the patriarchs of old. David, for instance, was a smith. Thus most of khalyfs and sultans follow some profession.

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS.

The Grand Vizier—Prime Minister.

The Kiahya-Begg—Deputy to the Vizier.

The Caimacam-Pacha—Lieutenant to the Vizier.

The Defterdar—Minister of the Finances.

The Reis Effendi—High Chancellor and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Tchaouch-Bachy—Secretary of State, has in his department the administration; introduces ambassadors.

EXTERNAL GOVERNMENT.

Beygler-Beggs—Governors General of Provinces.

Pachas—Inferior Governors of Provinces or Towns.

ARMY.

Ser-Asker—Commander-in-chief, or general of an army.

Beggs—Governors of a district or town; otherwise *Begs*.

NAVY.

The Capitan-Pacha—Grand Admiral; all officers of the navy are under his command; he has the same authority at sea, as the Grand Vizier by land.

The Tersanah-kiahyacy—Chief Vice-Admiral.

The Tersanah-aghacy—Lieutenant to the Capitan-Pacha.

The Begg—A Captain.

The Guardian-bachy—Inspector-General of the galley slaves.

The Reis—Pilot.

JUDICIAL ORGANIZATION.

The Mufti—The head of both Law and Religion.

The Cadhy—Minister of Justice in towns; Justice of the Peace.

Cheykh-Islam—Mufti of the Cathedral.

Cazy-Askers—Judges; the former, *ssadr roum;* the latter, *ssadranadely.*

Istambol-Cadhycy, or *Effendycy*—Ordinary Judge of the city of Constantinople.

Ulema, or *Molla*—Next in rank to the Mufti.

Nagyb-Ul-Echraf—Chief of the Nobles.

Cheryf and *Emyr*—A lord; a master.

Naibs—The lowest class of Judges.

RELIGION.

The Mufti—The head of Religion, as well as of the Law.

The Cheykhs—Preachers in the mosques.

Khatybs—Ministers who perform their functions on Fridays.

Imams—Perform the ordinary duties of public worship.

Muezzyns—Announce the hour of prayer from the tops of the minarets.

Cayyms—Keepers and servants of the mosques.

Dervises—Religious enthusiasts of different classes.

Drogoman—Interpreter.

DIFFERENT TRADES.

Bazaars—Diversions, music, hunting, and fishing.

Couyoumdjy—Goldsmiths, gold beaters, and gold wire drawers.

Calemkiaz—Engravers.

Tchokhadjy—Woolen drapers.

Cathyfeldjy—Linen drapers and silk mercers.

Boyadjys—Dyers.

Terzy—Tailors.

Miimars—Masons.

Dulguer—Carpenters.

Naccah—Painters.

Diamdjy—Glaziers.

Qiliddjy—Armorers.

Sarradje—Saddlers.

Ainahdjy—Looking-glass makers.

Cachycdjy—Wooden spoon makers.

Ssahhaf—Booksellers.

Etmekdjy—Bakers.

Beurekdjy—Pastry cooks.

Kebabtchy—Keepers of cook shops.

Under the head "Constantinople," I would recommend a list of the Turkish Emperors from Mahomet the Founder to Mahmoud II., the present emperor, with the dates of their reigns.

Preamble to one of the Sultan's firmans, part 12, volume 3, page 32, mentions of the death of these Sultans.

Scite of the present seraglio, page 35.

The names of different officers, civil, naval, and military.

Arms.

Captipari.

Juclicia.

Religions.

Profession of Faith.

Buildings.

Public Baths.

Mosques; Tombs; Sepulchral Chapels.

Sunday, March 24th.—Yesterday, at one o'clock, I went on board the same vessel, the Dart, Capt. Vaux, to go to Smyrna, with a fair wind, and pleasant weather, going seven knots an hour, during the afternoon; but we had a calm some part of the night. As we sailed along pleasantly, I saw an immense number of porpoises sporting around the ship, just before dark. We proceeded, during the night, as far as the Island of Marmora, which we saw early in the morning,

and went again into the Dardanelles, or ancient Hellespont. There were two passengers besides myself; a Greek merchant of Smyrna, and a French lieutenant of the frigate Guerriere, now at Smyrna, a pleasant, agreeable man, about twenty-seven years old, who spoke English pretty well. We sailed, with a delightful breeze, about seven or eight knots an hour, and came to another town called Leanderi, in the entrance of the Dardanelles, out far from the Marmora sea. At two o'clock we passed Negropont, on the one side, and another fort on the other, built near the ruins of Cestos. We came to the narrow pass of the Dardanelles, where there are large forts and batteries on each side, both in Asia and in Europe; there are towns near them called the Dardanelles of Europe and Asia. We had to cast anchor, and send a boat on shore to the custom-house. The vessel was examined by the officers from shore, although the wind was fair and strong. This caused some delay; we were now a hundred and fifty miles from Constantinople, and about the same distance from Smyrna.

Monday, March 25th.—This morning we sailed by the Island of Mitilene, which is quite a large island, about fifty miles long, and near the Gulf of the Adriatic. We had passed Cape Baba, before we came to Mitilene, and now passed the Gulf of Sanderie, and got to Smyrna, after a fine

passage, with pleasant weather. Smyrna is about three hundred miles from Constantinople.

Tuesday, March 26th.—We sailed last night, with a light contrary wind, in the Gulf of Smyrna, but had constantly to tack about the ship all night, in passing Long Island, in the bay. The land appeared sterile and volcanic, and very hilly; raisins and oil are its chief products. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Rapelje, to the care of Mr. William Vaughan, Fenchurch-street, London. I wrote to Mr. Jacob Mark, American consul, at Cork, and the post-master general, at Gibraltar, to receive and keep my letters for me, for my further instructions, or arrival. We sailed along some low lands, near the shore, which was a very handsome place. Some few miles before we got to the castle, we saw along the shore, on the opposite side of the bay, numbers of large heaps of salt, which were made there. The country abounded in orchards of olive trees. When we were near the castle, the captain was obliged to go to Smyrna in the boat to get a permit, or *tubcora,* before they could let the vessel pass the castle. When at anchor, during the night, we heard the croaking of numerous frogs, the bleatings of antelopes, and the screeching of jackalls; all of which are plenty in the highlands, near the shore. The city of Smyrna is eight miles from the castle.

Wednesday, March 27th.—We lay at anchor

all night, at the castle, and this morning, at ten, got under weigh, and went up to Smyrna, at two. I delivered my letters, one to Messrs. Wilkins & Co. who gave me another to Messrs. F. G. Wilkinson & Co., at Alexandria; and also to Mr. Fisher, to whom I had a letter of credit, from the house of Kerr, Black & Fisher. Mr. Fisher, and also Mr. Wilkins, were very civil; and I was very sorry to leave them so soon, for I had no opportunity of seeing any thing of Smyrna, as a brig, the Daphne, Capt. Llewellin, was going to sail immediately for Alexandria. I took my passage, and went on board, after only being in Smyrna three hours. There were very few English there, but more than at Constantinople; in all, about a hundred and fifty, men, women, and children; I was, on the whole, glad to be off, as the Turks and Greeks were inveterate towards each other. The taking and retaking of Scio are subjects which can never be forgotten. Assassinations are matters of daily occurrence. We remained all this night at anchor, near the castle, where we came to, in the evening. I paid Capt. Vaux seventy dollars for my passage to Constantinople, and from there to this place.

Thursday, March 28th.—All last night we were at anchor at the castle, and, in the morning, there was a head wind; we waited, however, for the Madona, British sloop-of-war, Capt. Hay, to convoy us. There was here another sloop-of-war,

the Martin, Capt. Askew; and also three French frigates, and two men-of-war, brigs, an imperial frigate, and several brigs. We remained at anchor all day, with a strong high wind, but the weather was clear. I could form no judgment of the city of Smyrna, having been so few hours there. Near the city is a small stream, said to have formerly been a river, where the great Grecian poet, Homer lived and died. Some part of Smyrna, near the bay, is low, and that part inhabited by the Greeks, French, &c.; the other part rising on a hill, is Turk-Town, and inhabited by them. I heard that the Turks had killed fifteen Greeks this day.

Friday, March 29th.—Several Greeks, and others, say six were killed to-day. I thought myself lucky in being on board. We got up the anchor, and sailed at five in the evening, under convoy of the Madona sloop-of-war, of twenty guns. At eight there was much sea, considering that the wind was light; there were two passengers on board; one a young Armenian gentleman, clothed in the Turkish costume, who spoke Turkish, Arabic, Greek, French, and Italian; also a Turkish merchant; both of them had their servants. The Turk's servant was a beautiful Mameluke Circassian, white boy, a slave. These servants are treated more like children than slaves.

Saturday, March 30th.—The wind was con-

trary most of the night, but quite light. We passed along between the Island of Scio and the main land of Asia. There was great cannonading all day at the town of Scio; it was reported the Greeks had taken part of it, and were endeavoring to subdue it altogether. The most of it was in possession of the Turks. As we sailed along the shore, it appeared of considerable extent. It was, to all appearance, beautiful; once the handsomest town in the Turkish dominions. In the evening, the lieutenant from the English sloop-of-war, the Medina, Capt. Hayes, came on board of us, and said, that, on account of the cannonading, he must go to Scio, and see the English consul there, and that we could come to anchor, or keep on; the wind being right ahead, we kept beating to windward all night, as also did our commodore.

Sunday, March 31st.—We came within a few miles of the town of Scio, this morning, the cannonading still continuing. We saw a number of vessels of war off Scio; I thought them Greeks. One of them bore down upon us, came up, hove to, and sent her boat on board to see who was come. Three of our passengers being Turks, I begged the captain to stow them away; and the steward put them away in some small locker. If they had been seen, all our men said, the Greeks would have instantly put them to death; indeed, the passengers appeared very much terrified. The Greek vessel was a handsome man-of-war,

a brig of sixteen guns, and one of the squadron we saw, consisting of seventeen sail, of about the same size, all besieging the town of Scio. All the morning we were sailing past the castle and forts, yet in the possession of the Turks, who were constantly bombarding at it, as they passed it, the castle returning the fire; in this manner a heavy cannonading was kept up. They informed us, that they had cannon on a hill, commanding the castle, and had landed from their own, and other boats, which we saw along the coast, four thousand men; and that they had found the pipe, or aqueduct, that supplied the castle with water, and cut it off; and that they had killed about five hundred Turks.

Monday, April 1st.—The wind was high all day; we kept beating, as it was contrary, and passed the town of Chesema, on the Asia coast, opposite to Scio, in a bay; it appeared to be all built of stone, on a side hill. Scio, on the island of the same name, has large suburbs, and beautiful country places, with handsome gardens; and, for a considerable length along the shore, looked like numerous villas, with trees and corn-fields. Our convoy, the English man-of-war brig, returned to Smyrna, and told us to make the best of our way to Alexandria, to which city we were bound; but the wind was so high, and right ahead, that we came to anchor in a small bay on the Asia side.

Tuesday, April 2d.—The wind blew a heavy

gale all last night, and this day, from the south, directly contrary. We lay at anchor near a village, inhabited by Turks; from the severity of the gale, almost a hurricane, the brig drifted, and dragged her anchor; and we had to let go another anchor. She had two good chain cables, and the two anchors held her. There was a little rain in squalls during this morning.

Wednesday, April 3d.—The wind continued to blow hard and contrary all the day.

Thursday, April 4th.—During last night, we had hail and rain. To-day, at one, we got under weigh, with a favorable wind, which was variable, squally, and, at times, lulled to a calm. We then bade adieu to Scio. The cannonading was renewed this morning.

Friday, April 5th.—We were all last night sailing, with sometimes light wind, and, at others, heavy squalls; and there was some rain; the wind varying from south to south-west, and west. Our course was about south-east by south. We passed, this morning, between the Islands of Samos and Nicara; at the former, a pleasant wine is made. At one o'clock, we passed the Island of Patmos, where St. John wrote the Revelations. I saw a castle on a hill; the island is high land, with several other small islands around it. It was to the west, as we passed, and is now inhabited by the Greeks, as they had lately taken it. We then passed between the main land of Asia, along

the Cape of Carabozelle, and between it and the Islands of Pero, Calmino, and the Capri Islands; also the Island of Stanchio, held by the Turks, which contains a fine large town and harbor, called Port Stanchio, where we intended to stop, and get some provisions; but the wind blew high, a fine, fair gale, so we continued on. It was very picturesque sailing along those islands, which were of all sizes and shapes; some high and pointed, and small, like a sugar-loaf, ornamented, as they appeared at a distance, with cragged rocks, as if shot up in chrystals, a quarter of a mile in diameter, quite low from the water, and seemed covered with verdure. Pigeons in great numbers were flying around these rocks as their habitations. It was, certainly, very beautiful sailing past them, especially in the vicinity where St. John wrote the Revelations. We then passed the Island of Stanchio. The town, of the same name, is very prettily situated, and close down to the water's edge. The main land of Asia, opposite about twelve miles off. The cultivation on Stanchio is good; the island, at this time, was all in verdure; the back of it rising gradually from the shore. There are hills and mountains throughout the island, which is high, broken, and volcanic in appearance. The opposite country of Asia Minor is the same. I saw also a long, low point of Stanchio, with wind-mills on it. I must remark, that all the islands about Patmos ap-

peared volcanic; and it may be possible, that, when John was there, he might have seen them thrown up by an earthquake; for many of his chapters of the Revelations seem hieroglyphical and typical; particularly his description of angels and devils. Certainly he was in a state of fear; for he speaks of his great terror, when describing what he saw. One, in reality, as I passed it, put me in mind of the great beast, or dragon, with ten heads and seven horns; having as many, as he describes, high, projecting-top hills, or rocks, with intermediate low parts, as give it, in truth, the resemblance to a great and tremendous animal; and, in John's great fear and trembling, he might likely have taken it for such.

Saturday, April 6th.—Last night we passed the Island of Rhodes, where the great collossal statue of Rhodes once stood; so tall that ships sailed between his legs, as he stood from one point of the harbor to the other; but the statue, which was of bronze, was taken down by the Turks, who are all Mahometans, or Mussulmen, and who cannot bear the idea of having images or idols as the Roman Catholics do, and made into those great cannon I saw at Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople. This is said by the Turks. Rhodes is a fine large island. During the night, we sailed with a fine, fair northerly wind, blowing during the day a heavy gale; our course south-and-by-east, the ship rolling much, and going

eight and nine knots an hour. There were now no more islands to be seen. Rhodes is about three hundred miles from Smyrna. This is now commonly called the Levant Sea, which, at five, six, seven, and eight, ran tremendously high.

Sunday, April 7th.—This morning the wind and sea fell so much, that at twelve they set studding sails, and we had a delightfully pleasant day. A young man of thirteen or fourteen years old, named William Hadley, was passenger with the captain. They were both from Swansea in Wales. The boy was a noble youth, and both he and Capt. Llewellen were very pleasant and agreeable in their manners; the latter very much of the gentleman; he sung elegantly, and his company was much courted, as he made it very pleasant and accommodating. He had none of that tyrannical harshness, many conceited captains use to all around them when on board of their ships.

Monday, April 8th.—This morning at daylight we got into soundings of six, seven and eight fathoms. We were off the western branch of the Nile, and passed Abouker Bay, where Lord Nelson with Sir Sidney Smith had gained a famous victory over the French fleet. The small island just off, was named after him. The water is very thick, of a yellowish color, as if clay was dissolved in it. The wind fell away, and it became calm at eleven. The coast along the Levant is quite low and flat.

Tuesday, April 9th.—All last night we had to stand off and on, as no pilot came on board. This morning at eleven, got up to Alexandria, after having taken a pilot on board. It is a fine harbor; the wind being ahead, we had to beat in. I saw on one side, the ruins of the old city, along the bank of the shore in the harbor, for a great distance. A number of Turkish men-of-war and merchant vessels of other nations were at anchor there; one English ship-of-war, the Comet, Capt. Smith, but not a single American vessel. There was no pest or plague raging; and part of the Turkish fleet got under weigh, and went out, as report said, to Cyprus. Alexandria is six hundred miles from Smyrna, and nine hundred from Constantinople. I had been four days going from Constantinople to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Alexandria thirteen days, and eleven from Smyrna Castle. We got into Alexandria at one o'clock, and I put up at a miserable place, called the Maltese Hotel, kept by a French woman. I then delivered an introductory letter to Mr. Wilkinson, from Mr. Williams of Smyrna, and another of credit from Mr. Fisher, of the firm of Kerr, Black & Co., to Messrs. Gliddon, Brothers & Co. I went with Mr. Gliddon to see Mr. Lee, the English Consul, to whom he introduced me; afterwards I saw Mr. Maddon, a traveller of London, and went with him and Capt. Llewellen, to see Capt. Smith, of the English sloop-of-war, Adventure, on board of

Capt. Cupper's brig, and spent the night there. They kept it up till sunrise; it was a fair take in, but perfectly accidental to all. Capt. Llewellen, with whom I had come passenger, was the best singer I ever heard; he excelled, I thought, the stage singers; and there was not a song which he did not know. He was admirable in his imitation of the French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, German, &c. &c.

Wednesday, April 10th.—I changed my lodgings, as I could get no bed-room at the Maltese, and went to the Greek Hotel, kept by a Spaniard. I dined with the English Consul, Mr. Lee, and met Capt. Henry Smith there, the gentleman I saw yesterday, who has published an account of some islands in the Archipelago, and some astronomical observations; and a week before I came here he ascended the pillar of Pompey by a rope ladder like the shrouds of a ship. He flew a kite over the pillar, and so getting up a rope, succeeded in fixing his shrouds for an ascent. There was here a Mr. Maddox, the son of the famous brewer, a good hearty buck of about forty, whose face was the image of that of George IV. Two other gentlemen were here also, one a Mr. Burton, who was going out as mineralogist to the Pacha, and Mr. Thermen, Mr. Lee's partner. I found Mrs. Lee a pleasant and agreeable lady, and Mr. Lee himself also a pleasant, well informed, polite gentleman.

Thursday, April 11th.—I went with Mr. Mad-

dox and visited the old city ruins, and saw Cleopatra's Needles, one standing, the other having fallen down by it, and it is very remarkable that it was not broken. The English were going to take it to London; but in my opinion, they will never be able to move it, being so large. It is sixty-six feet long and seven feet square, and to appearance, solid red marble, covered on each square with Oriental, Egyptian, or other hieroglyphics from bottom to top; consisting of eagles, cows, owls and other unintelligible figures, to which, I heard a key had lately been found, for the explication of all the Egyptian characters. We then went across the ruins of this once famed city of Alexandria, and saw the foundations of a great number of immensely large buildings, some of the walls of red brick. We then went to the magnificent column long known as Pompey's pillar, which is seen from almost every part of Alexandria, and even approaching from the ocean, it is the first object which attracts the eye of the mariners. The shaft of this immense column is eight feet and a half in diameter, and in Clarke's Travels is stated as sixty-three feet in height; and the whole, including capital, shaft, and pedestal or base, to be eighty-three feet six inches; but it is, in my opinion, much higher, and measured a week ago by a Mr. Henry Smith, whom I have mentioned, who made it ninety-three feet high. It is the most beautiful piece of architecture I have seen; the proportion accord-

ing to the most perfect science of the ancients; but at this day it would be thought bad taste to have so small a base. The proportions to an architect, I would venture to say are most exquisite; the inscription on it is illegible or unintelligible, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary by antiquarians who spent a whole day to find out one character, which is said to compose the word Dioclesian. We then went over a considerable plain of sand. We were on donkeys, with an Arabian muleteer running after us, who was the owner of the donkeys, to the sea-shore, and visited the catacombs and sepulchres. We entered within a few feet of the ocean, where we saw passages in every direction, and were informed, we might traverse them for three or four hours, being so lengthy and arched, and cut out in all shapes. The ocean has gained, to appearance on the land; it looks for miles, where the water now is, as if it was formerly dry land, and was probably sunk by an earthquake. My opinion is, that here there is much volcanic matter. All these are without the walls of the present Pacha to encircle the city, and they are said to be seven miles in circumference. The columns of Cleopatra, or, in modern language, obelisks, being square, are in my opinion a composition; for it seems to me impossible to have got up a solid block of such a size and weight.

We then rode to the catacombs of Necropolis, which are considered among the greatest curiosi-

ties of the world; being, as it is supposed by Egyptian symbols found within them, to be more ancient than the foundation of Alexandria, by the Macedonians. I entered them near the sea, within fifty feet of the water, but did not go far, although the guide said they could be traversed in one direction for three hours; and that in the course, would be seen large and smaller sepulchral cells, and caverns of great extent and magnitude. We brought out some bones; but whether they were placed there lately or not, is uncertain. I should suppose that bones would become decayed in the lapse of ages. The sea evidently had made great encroachment on the domains of the dead. I saw a large bath, of great antiquity, filled now by the sea. The walls around it are eight or ten feet high, divided in chambers, of ten feet square. It seemed as if the ocean had come over a large tract of land, which was, probably, sunk by an earthquake. There is a very extensive building going up, of several hundred feet square; there are numerous square columns, at ten feet apart, in the interior, probably to support an arched roof. The building is being erected by the Pacha, to contain grain, and it is thought it will contain fifteen million five hundred thousand bushels. It is at the beginning of the great canal, lately cut to Cairo. I observed numbers of boats lying near it, filled with corn and beans; and there were men constantly carrying these articles on to the Magazine.

I went, in the afternoon, two miles and a half, to see the field of the great battle of 1801, where Abecrombie was killed; and saw the square, a very large inclosure, formerly an immense building, supposed to have been a mosque, as might be conjectured from the appearance of the walls; that was one of the severest conflicts ever known. Two regiments of the English army were encountered and surrounded by large bodies of French troops. They fought hand to hand, with bayonets taken off their muskets; but no trace of the battle now remained; not even a bone that I could see. There was only one stone, just at the east outside corner of the square, of a Colonel ——; the rest were defaced.

The water for the city of Alexandria is brought on camels' backs, in leathern bags, hung on each side of them, like two saddle-bags, but much larger. Each one will hold from twelve to fifteen gallons. There are immense numbers of camels, in every direction; but no carts, or wagons; all burdens are taken on the backs of camels. These animals always lie down while they are loading them. The common conveyance, or travelling by land, is on donkeys. There were some horses, but very few; and those appeared to be Arabian, and handsome.

Friday, April 12th.—The living, as to meat and vegetables, is well. I found a good dish of tea, or coffee, in the Italian or French style. I called

to see Mr. Gliddon, and Mr. Lee. The weather, at night, was very cool and pleasant.

Saturday, April 13th.—I was employed in seeing about a boat to go to Cairo; a Mr. Burton, whom I had seen at Mr. Lee's, was going, so I waited at home for him. I went, on a donkey, to see the boats at the canal, with the English consul's Janissary. I saw, on some old walls, cakes of straw, camel's dung, and weeds, mixed together, and formed into flat, round cakes, about five or six inches in diameter, and as thick as a ship-biscuit, and much resembling the brown ones. These are dried, and used for fuel.

Sunday, April 14th.—Young Mr. Hadley came and spent the day with me, at my lodgings. It rained nearly all day. In the afternoon, I went again with him to see the obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, and Pompey's Pillar, which is beautiful; and the more I contemplated it, the more I was convinced it was formed together by cement. The hieroglyphics on the obelisks also have the appearance of having been indented by a wooden mould. On the latter is no polish; but the Pillar of Pompey shines like glass, from the polish; whether it is the original polish, I much doubt.

Monday, April 15th—Mr. Sherman called on me, this morning, at seven o'clock, to go and see the Pacha of Egypt; Mr. Burton accompanied us. The latter gentleman being here by the Pa-

cha's desire, as chemist, mineralogist, and botanist to his highness. We went to his palace along the sea, or bay shore, when we were in a few minutes ushered into the Audience Chamber, first passing through a large outer apartment. He sat at the upper end, near the corner of the chamber, and, I suppose, cross-legged. His large cloth cloak, however, concealed or covered his legs and feet. He wore a large, beautiful, variegated, camel's hair turban; had a long beard, and mustachios, rather gray. He appeared about fifty, or more, and was smoking an immense long pipe; at least, seven and a half feet long. The pipe was, indeed, a curiosity, adorned with silk, having two large silk tassels, hanging from the top part, a foot from the mouth-piece, and run down to about two feet from the bowl, which was highly gilt. The stem appeared to be set round with two or three rows of diamonds, and the bowl was resting in a silver saucer, about six or eight inches in diameter, on the floor. By his side there was an elegant green necklace of beads, of emerald; it lay on the broad sofa, together with a large precious stone snuff-box; a large, handsome spy-glass, in order to see the ships coming in, or going out of the harbor; also two or three handsome handkerchiefs were placed by his side. The sofas were full four feet wide, and continued around three sides of this large room, covered with handsome figured chintz, on a white ground; the backs were of

the same, and were stuffed very full. The room was matted, and had many windows in it; the whole, however, was of miserable architecture. There was a good deal of wood work in the room; the whole ceiling was carved, but very badly; and all appeared of modern architecture, but there was no paint on the wood. The curtains were scanty and scrimped, of the same materials as the sofa. There were about a dozen armed attendants, in different habits and cloaks; many of them were without shoes; they, all but two, stood opposite to us, in the lower part of the room; we were requested to sit near, on the same sofa. I had the honor to sit next to him. The two attendants, near us, had shoes and slippers, and were his interpreters; one had been in different parts of Europe, a Mr. Gibraltar, and speaks several languages. I told him I was very sorry we had no ambassador, or consul there, and would be glad to have commerce with them. He replied, "You shall be as well taken care of as if you had; I will see to that," which was very civil; and furthermore stated, that he would have no objection to treat with us, and have commerce, provided it could be on reciprocal terms. The other conversation was directed to the young man, Mr. Burton, who was trying to analyze some earth the Pacha had sent him, in expectation to see if there was any gold dust among it, which was sent by the Pa-

cha's son, who was in the interior; no result had, as yet, been produced, for want of some menstruum, or drug, to make the experiment. We were handed a small cup of coffee with the Pacha; and then, after a little while, we departed. In the evening I supped at Mr. Gliddon's; his wife played and sung charmingly. I felt anxious to get on to Cairo, but resolved to wait for the company of Mr. Burton to go up to the Nile; so I remained, strolling and lounging about, doing nothing material. There were heavy showers of rain last night.

Wednesday, April 17th.—I went to-day, in company with Mr. Maddox, to see near a dozen Egyptian mummies, all from Thebes, in Upper Egypt. They were in the sarcophagi in which they were embalmed; these are two thick wooden cases like coffins, with faces carved and painted on the top of each, and opposite to the face within are hieroglyphic figures all over them; with the inside one is the body, covered over with linen and bound close to it; the gum which is in it makes it look like silk and ribbons. The paintings are as fresh as if just finished, although the sarcophagi has been entombed three thousand years. Over the bodies were a number of strings of beautiful blue beads and thin tufted brown colored shavings, in very long pieces about an inch wide laying over the body, said to be from the duomo tree; these

mummies are dug up, sent here, and by a merchant, intended as articles of merchandize; and the prices were froma bout thirty to fifty dollars.

Thursday, April 18th.—In the afternoon, Mr. Hicks, first clerk to Mr. Lee, took tea with me. The musketoes were very troublesome; they had filled my face with red spots as if I had the measles.

Friday, April 19th.—I was at Mr. Lee's, where I met Mr. Maddox, and also a Mr. Spurrier, a travelling gentleman, just returned from Cairo; then dined with Mr. Lee and his family. I had to get some provisions prepared to take up the Nile, as I expected to go to-morrow. I also wrote a letter to Mrs. Rapelje. Mr. Hicks, and another clerk to Mr. Lee dined with us.

Saturday, April 20th.—I saw men taking water to the several different families, which was brought on the backs of camels in two large leathern bags, like saddle-bags, one on each side of the animal, and holding about a barrel or more each; the driver has another leathern bag, being the entire skin of a goat, which is hung over his shoulders with a strap; the water is drawn, and he carries it away in the house and fills the jars. Messrs. Maddox and Spurrier breakfasted with me; the latter was a great traveller, and I took his Arab servant to go back to Cairo. I dined at the Maltese Hotel, in company with, and by invitation of

Messrs. Spurrier and Maddox, and took leave of Mr. Lee, the English Consul.

Sunday, April 21st.—I set off at eleven in the morning, and went on board of a boat called a canjea, about thirty feet long, and eight wide, which I hired to take me to Cairo for sixty-five piastres, or six dollars and a half, and had with me the Arab servant, who spoke Italian, who had been recommended by Mr. Spurrier. There were four men to manage the canjea. I had great trouble to get out several Arabs and Turks who had come on board as passengers. I had to drive them out of the boat after it had shoved off from the shore. I was obliged to take a firm stand of courage, by taking the sailing pole, and so shoved the boat to shore, and Mr. Spurrier, who had come to see me off, assisted in driving them out. Mr. Burton was on board a much larger canjea, he having two young men with him, and a guard of the Pacha's. We intended to proceed in company; they poled the boat for some distance along the canal, then towed her with a long rope, the men walking on the bank; we stopped and viewed the Lake Meriotes, which formerly, for an immense distance, was level land, then partly a salt lake, but now it is all covered with water. A fair wind came up, and they hoisted a large trysail, and proceeded on a few miles, when the wind came ahead, and they run their boats ashore along the east side of the

canal, very near Lake Meris. Here was an embankment, which separated the lakes from the canal on each side. We got out and went to see Lake Meris, which appeared like frozen water, or exactly like an ice pond, it being all an incrustation of salt, which indeed is excellent. The boatmen got a large basket and bags, and filled them with the salt. The sand blew about us at this place so high as to make it difficult to keep the eyes open. The wind continuing contrary, and very high, we, as numbers of other boats, were obliged to remain along the side of the canal. I had articles of provision and wine, with bread, &c., put up, and had to show them how to make me force meat balls of their mutton and goat's meat; and I also bought a mattress, sheets, musketoe net, towels, cork-screws, knives, forks, &c.; with a teapot, and cooking utensils; also charcoal for fire, candles, &c., &c. We got under weigh at about eight o'clock; and, after proceeding up the canal with a fair wind, at about ten, it blew a perfect hurricane, and upset four canjeas, in one of which was Mr. Burton, my companion, and with him his two young men, and his conductor, an officer of the Pacha. They were immersed in water as the boat sunk; but, by breaking in the side of the cabin, which was of slight deal board, they just escaped drowning; luckily she sunk at the side of the canal. We, in our boat, providentially escaped by letting the sail fly, which run my canjea ashore,

near Mr. Burton's boat; he and his three other companions were wet to the skin. I made them come into my boat, and gave them all dry clothes, and they stayed with me all the rest of the night. Mr. Burton met with a very serious loss, as every article of his baggage was perfectly water-soaked; his chemical laboratory, mineralogical implements, and all his botanizing apparatus, books, maps, charts, prints, furniture, cooking materials, medicines, guns, clothes, &c., &c.; all of which, with numerous other articles, of letters, papers, and provisions of every kind sunk together; but, by having the Pacha's cavass, or one of his sergeants-at-arms, as his conductor, he met with less of a loss than he otherwise would have done. During the night the canal boatmen dived into the water, and got some boxes and chests to land, also a thousand dollars in silver.

Monday, April 22d.—By order, and in the name of the Pacha, as he is absolute, they are in danger of losing their heads not to obey his orders or those of his sergeant-at-arms. Two large boats were ordered to stop, which they instantly did, and assisted in hoisting up the boat, and every article was landed, but perfectly water-soaked, and many entirely ruined, which cannot be replaced without sending to England for them. From the three other boats that upset and sunk, it was said four persons were drowned. I saw one whom they had got up and laid on shore; there were three

men and one female; they were either Turks or Arabs, or Armenians, I knew not which. The air during the upsetting of the boats, was pierced with the cries and shrieks of the Turks and Arabs, as in such cases they give themselves up to despair, and begin praying. This course, I had often heard of, and now found it verified; they make no effort for their own preservation. I was most providentially saved, for the boats that upset, were before and behind us. These squalls came on all of a sudden; the sand was blown from the banks, mixed with small fluted shells, about the size of a muscle shell, some larger and some smaller, and perfectly filled the air about us like driving hailstones. I breathed the sand and dust so much as to feel it between my teeth, when I opened or put them together, even with my lips closed, so penetrating was this fine dust. The sheet around me, and the floor of my cabin was literally covered with small kinds of musketoes, gnats, or flying bogs, and many fleas, large spiders, and cockroaches were there, and rats in other parts of the boat; the latter often running through the small cabin. I remained all day where my companion's boat sunk. They had the boat bailed out before night, and all their effects again on board; but they remained with me in my cabin during the night; thinking it safer not to go on till morning, on account of last night's misfortune, and hearing of many boats' upsetting by the hurricane, which

was an unprecedented occurrence at this time of the year.

Tuesday, April, 23d.—We got under way at seven in the morning; the weather was fine, clear, and pleasant, during yesterday, last night, and to-day. Sometimes we were towed by our Arab boatmen, when the wind failed, and sailing when it blew a fair wind; so that, alternately sailing and towing, we made considerable progress. The banks on each side of the canal appeared alluvial soil, of the blackest and richest kind, and of a crumbling nature. We constantly passed boats with corn and merchandize, and passengers; those that carry loads only are called *gewrms*, and small ones, for passengers, called *canjea*, or *kanga*, one of which I had hired; other larger ones, for taking both passengers and goods, are called *maishes*. The boatmen, and others of the Turks and Arabs, called one *Hadjaic*, or *Pilgrim going to the Holy Land*. This canal was cut by the present Pacha, a few years ago. He is absolute over his subjects, and had two hundred and forty thousand men employed, and forty thousand lost their lives in laboring at it, although they were only obliged to work at it a few hours each day. The *rais*, or captain of our boats, stopped in the evening, and went ashore to get bread, and remained all night. A number of vessels, loaded with soldiers, (Arabs) passed us, going down the river to Alexandria, to prosecute the war against the Greeks.

Wednesday, April 24th.—There was heavy rain, thunder and lightning, last night, while we lay on the canal. We got under weigh, with a fair wind, at day-light; and, as I have observed before, the wind and weather constantly changing every few hours. It fell nearly calm, and they alternately towed and sailed; and, at last, came into the Rosetta, a branch of the Nile, here about a quarter of a mile wide, and just above the opposite point where the canal enters it, is the town of Touire. Here we stopped, and got milk, sugar, &c., and sugar-cane. Here, for the first time since I entered Egypt, I saw any thing like vegetation; and it opened before us, after coming out of the barren banks of the canal, with all the enchantment that romance has given to the East, and particularly to this noble river. The gardens along the banks are filled with the palm, date, and other trees, with their blossoms sending forth the delightful perfumes of the East, to regale our senses. I now found myself in a different country from any I had yet been in. Here were oxen, or buffaloes, and camels, and all domestic animals, lining its banks. There were birds, in immense flocks, in the air. Oxen, buffaloes, and jackasses were employed in turning a wheel connected to a rope, over a drum, or barrel, which rope goes to the water, directly perpendicularly below, let in there by a ditch out from the river; and to this rope are fastened pottery, jars of about half a gal-

lon, which go down on one side empty, coming up full on the other. It is a piece of machinery like chain pumps; and, in my opinion, it is impossible for the art of man, with all the modern improvements, to invent a hydraulic machine more simple, or less expensive, or one requiring less power to raise so much water in so short a space of time. The Arabs, along the banks of the river at Fauice, are very numerous; numbers of boats of passengers constantly arriving and departing, makes it all life and bustle. All the crew, when rowing, have a peculiar quick boat-song, to which the oars keep time. The town is small, the streets very narrow, not more, generally, than six feet wide. I remained all day. Mr. Burnet, my companion, had an express sent him, that a large maish was coming to take him to Cairo, and for which we remained all day.

Thursday, April 25th.—As Mr. Burnet's maish did not arrive, I proceeded on at eight in the morning, in my canjea. Although we had separate boats, we kept constant company together, and were on board of each others boat to breakfast, dine, and sup, alternately. Opposite Fouice is an island. We took the right hand branch of the Nile, going up, and, after a few miles, got to a small town called Salmacia. The cultivation above the low land banks is carrie don, as far as I could judge from a view from the boat, to great perfection; now and then a group of date or

palm trees, with the verdure that lines the banks on each side, make it beautiful sailing up the great river; and all along I heard the squeaking of wood upon wood, being the wheels the oxen were turning every few hundred yards, all along the banks, to irrigate the corn fields, and in which they employ many cattle. For the whole season it must be continued, or there would be no crops, for want of rain, which seldom falls, but the dews are excessive. I then passed two other towns, a short distance further, Cauffer, Shehessor, and, on the opposite, on the left, is Cauffer, and Jilme; we passed numberless towns and villages; and the whole bank, on each side, is like a continued village, with their ships, and machines for drawing water. Women, girls, and boys were at work; boats passing and repassing, crossing and re-crossing, made it, as it were, one continued lively village. Here were seen fertile fields of wheat, nearly fit to cut, bowing with heavy loaded grain, and there, a mosque, or bais rearing its columns, with beautiful white country houses interspersed. The surface of the level fields, which is the same all along the Nile, on each side, are about from three to six, or eight, or ten feet above the river. There are lots of idle Turks, or Arabs, sitting on the ground along the banks, wherever there is a town or village, also numbers of camels, goats, sheep, horses, jackasses, oxen, cows, geese; and buffaloes, in great

droves, lying with only their noses out of the river. The water is superior to any I ever drank; so soft, so sweet, and so healthy, notwithstanding what may have been said to the contrary. In the evening we stopped at one of the numerous villages along the shore, and got some milk and butter; and, just before sunset, while the wind slackened, we got out, and walked on the right hand, or western, or Afric bank of the Nile. The bank was about twelve or sixteen feet high here, and the country level, and a very rich soil. The wheat was just turning color; the stem is short, and the heads also, and bearded, but have plump grains. On this side, my Arabic servant told me, the water did not overflow, but just come up level with the earth on the bank. The river has been as near as I could judge, from three to five, or six hundred feet wide in its course. At this time I was, I suppose, a hundred and twenty miles from Alexandria.

Friday, April 26th.—We laid close to the bank all night, the wind being ahead; in the morning at seven, proceeded, the boatmen alternately sailing, stopping, rowing, and towing; the wind, it seems, blows fair from the north; the boatmen have a peculiar boat song, when rowing, sitting, or towing; it consists of a recitation of five notes, being a response of the same, continually repeated over by the men, to a recitation of the captain or helmsman of also five notes or five syllables, com-

posing a verse or line, the last word always rhyming with the last of all the laborers' response; and indeed it is very melodious to the ear, although at first it may seem harsh, when unaccustomed to such music. It is much the same as the sailor's "Ho, heave, ho!" thus encouraging themselves, as it were, to lessen labor. The weather was delightfully fine, cool nights, and not over hot by day. We stopped at a village called Magela, where we got eggs, bread, and onions. The houses were all made of mud bricks, unbaked, and very low like huts. The words of the boat tune by the oarsmen are, Aha, hala, saw, and of the captain, Jolem, ha, ha, sol, valuara, oulatique, no o aswa-salaw a, ha, sa, loo, a, ha, wau, ca, la, winheison, waula, ba, da, awa, &c. Along the shore of the Nile, you are seldom out of the sight of girls, with water jars to get water, all of the tawny drab race; and, in the middle of the day, the women, girls, and children, the last in numbers naked, all plunging in the river, and swimming like fish. The females wear a kind of blue frock, and nothing else, and that is loose like a shift, and comes down only to their knees; they plunge in with this on, and, when over their middle, they hand it to a companion that is not a swimming; one day I saw two swim to the middle of the river. I was in my boat passing. If I had been nearer, likely they would not have exhibited their alertness or trial of skill in swimming. During the day, we passed

a number of villages, and the same observations may serve with respect to all things as yesterday; the boat going on with a fine fair wind; at ten we were about thirty miles from Cairo.

Saturday, April 27th.—At about eleven last night, the boat struck her bow ashore at a village called Souiac Trousine; it was absolutely necessary, I found, for the men to stop every night, which is the case, to get some rest and sleep; as there were four men, the captain included, it required their constant attention, even when the wind was fair, which often blew so hard in squalls as to require one to hold on the sheet of the sail, ready to let go, as the wind falls, and then the current being so strong, they either row, sit with poles, or tow her; and she often runs on a sand-bank, when they have to pole her off, which they soon do. We got some milk and butter at the town before we started; we then went on, and saw several boats loaded with Turkish soldiers, some going up, and some down the river. Although the middle of the day was warm, at night I was glad of a couple of blankets; the mornings and evenings are delightful, and I could easily bear a great coat. We passed two villages a few miles above, one each side of the river; one was a short distance above the other. I saw droves of sheep and goats along the banks, and numbers of cows, bullocks, and buffaloes in the river. Both men and boys were riding on the backs of the buffaloes,

tending the large drove that were in the river, with their whole bodies immersed, the tops of their backs and heads only above water; the cattle seemed to delight and enjoy themselves in being in this delightful river; the water has, indeed, a peculiar sweet flavor, and is quite soft. A number of Turks and Arabs, men, women, and children, were sitting around a circle on the sand, the women by themselves, and also the children, near the water, all along the river; and about this place for the first time, I observed the beach covered with small stones or pebbles. The river was here very winding and of very different widths; it is wider here than elsewhere; there are so many mouths through the Delta, is the cause of this beginning to widen, as I was nearly approaching where all the branches join; as I thought, it must be a short distance below Grand Cairo, which I was most anxiously looking out to see, and hoped every moment to get a glimpse of what has been my principal inducement for visiting Cairo, the great wonder of the world, the *Pyramids*. I passed Tries, and some few miles above, we put ashore the boat and slept there all night.

Sunday, April 28th.—We started at daylight; the wind ahead, and had to tow the boat. I got out and walked on the right bank of the Nile, and had a fine sight of the pyramids at Gaza. I saw two which were very huge, and which looked like little mountains, and one smaller. As the wind

became favorable, we returned to the boat, and got to Grand Cairo at twelve. My baggage was examined at the shore, at a place or town called Bulac, about a good mile and a half from Cairo. I got on a donkey, and my baggage was put on another, and I may say my furniture also, and my man Friday, or Arab servant, and donkey driver along side, running on foot. We rode to Cairo, and put up at the French or Garden Hotel, and miserable enough it was. I saw Capt. Gordon, of the British royal navy; he was very civil and polite; I went with him to visit the English Consul, Mr. Salt, who was very kind and civil, and is a very agreeable man. I also met there a Mr. Ross. I then went to Mr. Delavaratore, to whom I delivered a letter of credit from Mr. Gliddon of Alexandria, who also offered me his services. This Grand Cairo is indeed a wretched hole, the streets very narrow, not above three, four, and five feet wide; the upper windows projecting, and nearly touch each other. Along the banks of the Nile it is pleasant, but the sand or dust, like an impalpable powder, pervades your clothes, mouth, skin, and is very disagreeable to the eyes.

Monday, April, 29th.—I went at six o'clock in the morning, in company with Capt. Robert James Gordon, of the royal navy, each mounted on a donkey, to visit the great wonders of the world, the pyramids at Gaza, about eight miles from Cairo. We passed Old Cairo, and its ruins,

examined the barracks, which is a large building. I saw also in passing the field, or campus mars, a small pavilion, where the Pacha comes to see the horsemen and troops perform their evolutions and martial exercises, such as throwing the javelin while running their fine Arabian horses at full speed, stopping, and turning suddenly. In these, and other feats of the kind, they are very expert. We then crossed over the ferry, by the Island, the ancient Memphis, where the Nilometer is now inclosed in a large building, being an instrument to show the rising and falling of the Nile; but persons are not allowed to see it without a permit. We passed also the famous ancient aqueduct, a short distance before we got to the ferry. Two men, one each side the donkey, joining hands under him, raised him off the ground, and carried and sat him down on the boat. We then landed at Gaza, opposite, and rode about four or five miles over a beautiful plain of well cultivated fields, with a rich soil, abounding in crops of wheat and barley, just ripe. They were then just plucking the flax. We also passed very large flocks at pasture. There were there droves of goats, sheep, buffaloes, bulls, oxen, cows, camels, and horses; and some, or most of the cattle, were of a superior stock, beautiful and elegantly formed; and many of them of a very large breed, especially the cows, and other neat cattle. The horses were small, but well turned, and in good

condition. These flocks and herds were to be seen as far as the eye could reach, over this rich valley, and over which the Nile flows, and causes its fertility. When approaching within half a mile from the pyramids, the sandy desert commenced, and the surface of the ground began gradually to rise, but appeared drifted sand, which surrounds the pyramids. They are immense piles of stone; the largest one which I paced along one side, two hundred and thirty-eight paces; that is now the base to appearance along the present surface of the rubbish and sand; and they suppose the foundation is as much as two hundred and forty feet lower; its vertical height now above the present surface, is about four hundred and fifty feet, and its sides inclining to an angle of about sixty degrees; the other large one, which is very little less in size, stands near to it, about six hundred feet apart; and is rather of an acute angle, and the outside stone work, not put together so well, and is much more difficult to ascend, and, indeed, thought impracticable; but the gentleman whom I accompanied to visit them, with a full resolution and determination, I saw ascend quite to the top of the second pyramid, which, it appeared, had never been ascended by any one before, except one, as Capt. Gordon found the name of Wilkinson there only. The top he described, as about ten feet square, formed by one stone, covering the top, with ancient characters. From a key to

them, it was translated from one or two of the characters, *Secret Egypt*, meaning, I suppose, inclosed in the pyramid. Capt. Gordon had the greatest difficulty to get over a projecting casement, about one-third of the way from the top, that still incloses the top, and which, in many places, afforded not more than two or three inches to set his feet on. To ascend this casement was a perilous undertaking; for the stones and mortar crumbled like dust under his feet, having been there for how many thousand years, is unknown; a constant decay is going on. The whole casement of the largest one is fallen, although that is the best built pile. I saw him from the top, and was relieved from much anxiety, as I thought it impossible he could ever get there safe, although three Arabs accompanied him; but those he had constantly to encourage, as they were often at a loss to find a hold for their feet. I entered the great pyramid, with an Italian, who was companion to Mr. Cavillia, employed by Mr. Salt to explore about the pyramids. They treated us with every mark of attention and hospitality. They are settled in some of the ancient tombs, or sepulchres, all hewn out of the solid rock; but it must have been soft stone. They lived there like the peaceful hermit; they obliged us to stay and dine, and showed us every mark of civility and attention. We went into a passage, about mid-day, of the pyramids, of about four or five feet wide. Our

way led downwards, each carrying a lighted wax candle. After ten or fourteen paces descent, we ascended again a standing passage of four or five feet wide, and of considerable height, and arrived at a royal chamber of about twenty by thirty feet, where was a large sarcophagus empty, and sounded, by striking it with a stone, like Westminster bell. This was supposed to be the king's chamber. I entered by another passage into another chamber, smaller, called the queen's. There were men now at work, digging through some rock to find out other chambers, which they think they have a clue to. They showed me the pit that descends to the well, very deep in the interior. I had no wish to go down into the awful chasm. I had to enter and return through some of the passages, for a short distance, in a crouching, bending posture, being only about four feet high. It was not very difficult; some little climbing was necessary; but I was pleased to return from this astonishing labyrinth to the light of day again. I suppose we traversed about two hundred feet, or more, from the entrance to the king's chamber. We saw there an immense stone of granite, covering over the centre of this chamber, of twenty-five feet long, and six or eight feet wide, and four feet thick; the sides of it, also, and the passages to it, were mostly granite; many of the stones were eight feet, or more, long, and wide and thick in proportion, and laid with as

close a level and even joint, as if fixed by a cabinet maker. The exterior is a kind of limestone, which seems fast going to ruins. I then viewed the sphynx. It is an immense human head, without arms; the head is of beautiful proportion; it is joined to a lion's body, the paws stretched out sixty feet before it, and it has an immense back, in a recumbent position. The head has been found lately. The sand has covered the paws and back nearly over; the head and body are still high above the surface; about thirty feet, or perhaps more. It is about thirty feet in diameter. The outside appeared of harder cement than the interior, and of a darker color. It is, I believe, solid, that is, one plastic; but it is falling to pieces, and decaying, as large holes are made in several parts of the mass; it seems fast mouldering away. We returned in the evening quite tired.

Tuesday, April 30th.—I visited the cellar under a small chapel, now of the Copts or Greeks, which they showed me, and seemed to speak with confidence, that Jesus Christ was there taken by his mother, the virgin Mary, when he came into the land of Egypt, as ordered, for the fear of Herod. We then went in another direction, on a hill, and saw an oblong square, very deep, which is said to be Jacob's well. They are constantly drawing water from it by oxen or buffaloes in the same manner as the water is drawn up along the Nile,

with earthen jars or buckets around a wheel, fixed to a cord or rope, and acting as a chain pump.

There are two sets of wheels, and it is so deep that one set is worked by oxen, half way down, where there is a reservoir. I parted with my Arab servant and took another one, a Portuguese, who spoke Arabic and English. He conducted me to these places. The citadel now incloses Jacob's well. Most of the city is mouldering away, and is in a ruinous state. The weather is quite hot; Fahrenheit's thermometer is up to eighty-five in the shade, and in a room against a plastered wall.

Wednesday, May 1st.—I was visited by the English Consul, Mr. Salt, and dined with Mr. Gordon and a Mr. Osman, who is drogoman to the English Consul, and he conducted us to the bazaars, and also to the citadel, where we descended into Jacob's well. It is a hundred and fifty feet deep, and we went down about two-thirds of the way, where oxen were turning a wheel which raises water from one reservoir to another at the top. We next went to the Caliph's tombs, which are a great curiosity. They are square buildings, like houses, with a dome on each, which is from ten to twenty feet in diameter. Some had large fluted ridges from the top to the base; others are differently ornamented with fanciful figures carved on them. The stone is soft when first taken from

the quarries, and afterwards grows harder. The weather this day was very warm; the thermometer rose to ninety in the shade.

Thursday, May 2d.—I dined with Mr. Salt and his wife, who is quite handsome and pleasant; I also saw her mother, both of whom were Italians; also a Mr. Brown, a traveller, Mr. Santini, cancillaria, and Mr. Ross. Mr. Salt has one child, a very handsome infant, fourteen months old. Mr. Burton, Capt. Gordon, and a Swedish baron, took tea with us. The latter was making an experiment to find out an improvement on the Congreve rocket. The thermometer in the shade this afternoon was up to ninety-three. It seldom rains here.

I here insert an extempore by Capt. Gordon, while sitting with me a few minutes; our rooms were next to each other. I was going with him to Thebes, but the weather was so hot and requiring a larger boat, I gave it up, and thought to return to America, going first to the Red Sea, and Jerusalem, and then by the way of Russia, &c.

Far from your land, you now do boldly roam,
Nor think of wife and cheerful friends at home,
For Thebes' glories you must see at last,
Those lofty masses braving every blast.
But *yesterday*, some pompous king, I ween,
Some upstart chieftain, or some lovely queen,
Gave costly banquets, did, as monarchs now,
And made, no doubt, a busy, splendid show.
To-day, what see you near that ancient town?
What is there worthy of the great renown,

Which poets sing of, and historians praise?
The granite column was not worth their lays:
Believe me truly; risk not life to see
These great remains of immortality.
Return to Russia, leave this sickly strand,
And gladly reach your own, your free-born land.

Friday, May 3d.—I went to get a firman from the consul, and to get my passports endorsed, who said he would obtain for me a firman from the Pacha. I visited a large building erected by the Pacha for a manufactory of different kinds of wares. The Swedish baron introduced me to a Mr. Jumel, French or Italian, who was superintendent. I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Rapelje, and left it with the English Consul, Mr. Salt.

Saturday, May 4th.—I went to see the Pacha's garden, about four miles down the river Nile; where there were trees of all kinds of fruit; the grounds were laid out very handsomely. In the inside, in some parts, are elegant baths which I did not see, neither the interior of the palace, owing to my not having any one along with me but the mule driver. I would recommend it to all travellers to take gold or silver with them to this place; for I found it very difficult to get even fifty dollars on a letter of credit which I had for upwards of three hundred. I found Capt. Gordon to be a gentleman of great talent and research, amiable, and worthy in every particular. He was going alone to discover the source of the Nile, and I sincerely wished that every success might attend him. The

following lines, written by him, I am sure will prove acceptable to my reader.

Far from that land, where Freedom sweetly smiles,
You quit your wife for England's fertile isles;
See France, and Naples, Smyrna, and Sestos,
The Pyramids, and wonders near Pharos;
The winding Nile, the Well of Jacob, too,
The town of Cairo, and its buildings *new;*
The works which Egypt's haughty chieftain made,
The glittering soldiers, at their gay parade;
The dusky lasses, with their teeth so white,
The slaves their market, *prospect of delight;*
And now for *Thebes* you are to go at last,
To see those Ruins braving every blast;
Those splendid columns, and those tombs so old;
Those façades, arches, and their sculpture bold.
Forgive me, friend, nor risk your life in vain,
If you should fall, to wife and friends what pain!
Ah, quit this pesty and infectious strand,
And go, by Russia, to your native land;
Embrace your wife, and cultivate your farm,
Keep neighbors cheerful, and yourself from harm;
Let younger men Jerusalem's wonders see,
You 've done enough for immortality.
If this advice should meet your kind regard,
The writer then will have a great reward,
To feel, and know, he strives not now in vain,
But warns you back to Freedom's land again.

R. J. Gordon.

Sunday, May 5th.—I endeavored to get camels, or dromedaries, to go to Suez, on the Red Sea; but the English tried to discourage me from going all they could. I did not know why.

Monday, May 6th.—I went to see chickens hatched in ovens; a very curious process. The ovens are square, small apartments, two together, above one another, each about two or three feet

high, and about six by eight feet square, with an aperture like the mouth of an oven, for a man to go in and fix, and turn, and regulate the eggs. There were eight or ten ovens, and seven thousand eggs in each. There is a circular hole of about eight or ten inches across, of communication between the upper and under oven, both of which can only be reckoned as one; for the eggs are first put in the under one, on a kind of short straw, or horse litter. The fire is made in the upper one, of horse or camel's litter, sand or clay, and straw, mixed together, and is kept of a gradual heat for ten days. The eggs are then taken and placed in the upper oven; first removing the fire, and, in ten days more, the chickens begin to appear. This was at Gaza, opposite to the Island of Memphis, called by the Arabs, Rhodes.

Tuesday, May 7th.—This morning, at about eleven, I started off on a donkey, and my baggage and provisions on a camel, for Suez. The camel owner, or driver, or contractor, agreed to come for me at daylight this morning, as I heard there was a caravan going. This was found me by Osman, one of the English consul's drogomen, and nothing, it seemed, could be done without him. He was a Scotchman, made a Turk. He agreed with the camel owners to take me to Suez, about seventy miles; and to have thirty piastres, or two dollars and a half, for one camel, as I had no servant, finding them both troublesome and ex-

pensive, and those that pretend to speak English and Arabic, I could seldom be satisfied with, they speaking both one and the other unintelligibly. Having paid the driver half of the money beforehand, he went with me, on a donkey, about three or four miles out on the desert, towards Suez, where he put my mattress in one of the tents of the Arabs, with my other things, and left me the camel, and a boy; and, I suppose, returned to Cairo, on the donkey. About thirty yards from this Arab village, I saw several men. Tents were pitched there, and the Arabs were waiting, but I knew not for what; but they were going to Suez. This was the caravan I was to join; and this, no doubt, the place of meeting. It may easily be imagined how any one like myself would have felt, not understanding Arabic; however, I had got a little patience by travelling, or I should have been outrageous, for I remained in the wandering Arabs' tents all day; but I found them very civil. An old woman was the inhabitant of my particular tent, and her man was in and out during the day. The women, with their children, girls, and boys, came around the tent, and, at last, when having confidence, would come near, and squat down around me, on the ground; I giving the children some small presents, of a thin, small, metal coin, called *pare*, equal to the hundredth part of a dollar. Those Arabs, although a wild race of people, are as much alarmed, especially the

females, at seeing a person in a different dress from theirs, as we should be at meeting a savage in the wilderness of America. They, however, are very craving, and jealous of each other; and the old woman of my hut could not bear to see me give to any of the Arabs but her own family; and I had like to have made great quarrels in the Arab wigwam by my presents.

Wednesday, May 8th.—I slept last night on the sand, in the Arab tent, surrounded by the wild Bedouins, but was easy in my mind as if I had slept in my own house. By travelling, it seems, I had got rid of fear; and, as I found them well disposed during the day, I therefore had confidence in them at night; but I was tormented with fleas without number, during the whole night; but it was cool enough; the wind, indeed, at intervals, blew chilly, and cold; but in the day, the sun shone suffocatingly hot, and flies, as well as the before named insects, were numerous, and, I believe, came to us as plagues of Egypt; and, indeed, plagues they were. Those who have not seen Egypt can have no conception of their numbers, or the torture they can inflict. I remained all day at the Arab village, had some chickens cooked, made some soup, and ate a tolerable dinner, of three chickens, distributing to the male bystanders bread, and chickens to the women.

Thursday, May 9th.—I waited, as I said before, contented at the Arabs' tent; and cam-

els continued to come all day to join the caravan.

Friday, May 10th.—At six in the evening, the Arabs began to load the camels of the great caravan, which was done in about an hour. This scene beggared all description. There were tents and marquees, and palanquins, and Turks, and Greeks, and Americans, and Arabs, with all their different casts; with turbans, cloaks, and sashes of all colors and sizes; men, women and children, all preparing. At last I got my provisions in a basket on one side, and my portmanteau on the other side, fastened with cords to the camel, my mattress on the top of his back; they made the camels get up and lie down at pleasure, and all lie down while loading them, their legs bent under; as soon as my mattress was on his back, I sat upon the top. They contrived the saddling and loading in such a way, as the hump on his back came just before where I sat, which could not be seen when he was loaded. Thus mounted, he got up as it were, to me, like a mountain rising under me; however, I soon contrived to regulate myself to his motions; and the sight was now singular. Here were proceeding together a motley group of men, mounted on camels, with some on horses, there being a guard of about twenty horsemen. The women and children, only about a dozen, being one, or two, or three harems of the gentlemen, were mostly in their palanquins, with some few on

the tops of the camels' backs, and others between the camels, one going before and the other behind, and the palanquin on two poles. Here was a sight of about three hundred camels, some with their loads and riders, and some without riders; the camel drivers running along side on foot; the guards generally on horseback, with a few mounted on asses. All these together made a most curious scene. The sun was just setting, and, after the oppressive heat of the day, this hour was delightful and pleasant. I suppose all together in the caravan, with jackasses, mules, horses, and men running on foot, there must have been at least five hundred.

Saturday, May 11th.—I travelled all night on the camel, a motion, as soon as one becomes used to it, which is not very uneasy. About an hour after sunrise, the caravan stopped, unloaded the camels, and rested during the heat of the day, in the sandy plain or desert. They pitched their marquees and tents, those who had them; others put up blankets, &c., to screen them from the piercing, arid effects of the hot sun. I fixed my blanket, and screened myself by putting up my portmanteau on its end. I also borrowed a short pole, one end of which I fixed in the sand, and strapped the other to the upper part of the portmanteau, and to the top of this upright pole, I fastened one end of a cord, and the other end to a couple of baskets I had set on one another, and over it put my blanket,

which formed me in miniature my sheltering tent. It answered while I lay or sat under it, to keep off the dreadful piercing heat, which was very great. In the corners of the blanket I laid stones to keep it out. I ate my provisions of bread, cheese, and some Bologna sausages; and had some limes and oranges, which I found very grateful by squeezing them in water, and adding some sugar. Towards sunset the camels were again loaded, which was a scene of calling and bellowing, and the Mahometans praying and the Arabs running to and fro, like moving on a May day in New-York, all in an uproar; in fact, the latter scene was not equal to it. We got on again, mounted, and each with his jar of water hanging by the side of his camel. The heat was so great as to create such a sad thirst, that every little while I found I wanted water to quench it.

Sunday, May 12th.—I rode all last night and encamped again all this day as yesterday. There was a respectable old gentleman, a Turk, who had a large marquee, who permitted me to remain under it during the day; at night we marched again. The night was cool and pleasant, with a fresh wind near morning.

Monday, May 13th.—Last night was the third night's march from Cairo. Just after daylight, we stopped a few miles from Suez, at a watering-place, where the camels drank. I walked around the well to look for a good fountain of water, being

only a few paces out of sight of the caravan, two Arab Mameluke horsemen guards to our caravan, belonging to the Governor of Egypt, whom I did not suspect, but when just passing them, they stepped towards me, making signs that I must give them some money, or they would shoot me, both pointing their muskets cocked, at my body. I endeavored to make them understand I had no money; they felt my pockets, and one grasping my surtout coat pocket, the other thrust in his hand, and took all the money I had about me, being three silver dollars, and then let me go. As soon as I came to the caravan, I gave information to the governor of Mecca, but when I returned with some other guards, which he ordered me, they changed the disposition of their dresses in an instant, and I could not swear to them. These Arabs are the greatest thieves on earth, and I thought myself fortunate in getting off so well. They are never satisfied, give them what you will. After paying them more than what is agreed for, they still crave more. I was to pay thirty-five piastres for the passage on the camel to Suez from Cairo, about eighty miles; yet I gave more, but the owner was not content. Twelve piastres and a half is a dollar. At this watering-place, I had a fine view of the Red Sea and the town of Suez; and proceeding on, I saw on the right, to the south, the mountain Itcha; it was on the other side; and to the south of it, the children of Israel

passed the Red Sea; the place where Pharaoh and his host were lost. The sea, in some places there, is said to be quite shallow at low water, when it was likely they passed through, but Pharaoh following, the tide came in, and overflowed them before they got over. I got to Suez at about ten, and put up at a Mr. Nicoli's, a Greek, who spoke a little English, and acted as English Consul there. The houses are miserable beyond description, with floors as if rooted up by hogs; the walls are of dirt, and every thing is in a forlorn situation. I went with him to the Governor's and delivered my passport. In the afternoon I took a walk along the Red Sea shore, and there saw a number of very curious shells; a very large scolloped oyster shell is found there, and an abundance and variety of shell and other fish; the weather is very hot.

Tuesday, May 14th.—Suez is a miserable place, inhabited principally by Egyptian Arabs. This day I got myself an Arab dress. The heat of the day was quite oppressive; the night quite cool. My horrid room fronted on the Red Sea. They bring all the fresh water they drink in the town, in boats ashore here, opposite my window; they get it from the opposite shore about three or four miles off. It is all brought in skins, and is very brackish; these skins make it worse.

Wednesday, May 15th.—I wore my Arab's dress for preservation, as they insult and think it

no crime to rob and murder any one in the dress of a Frank. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Rapelje, and sent it on to the care of Mr. Salt, at Cairo; also wrote a letter to Messrs. Gliddon, Brothers & Co., of Alexandria, to whom I had a letter of credit to send me to Jaffa, as Mr. Lebaratore, to whom he gave me one at Cairo, would not give me more than fifty dollars, pretending the letter was not made correct. There was a Dr. Meno, who came on by the caravan from Italy; and I found him very civil. I also met here a German traveller, making astronomical observations, by the name of Russell, who had many valuable instruments. There are many negroes and slaves here; and they have a song for every thing they work at. The weather is very hot.

Thursday, May 16th.—I prepared provision for my journey to Jerusalem. Meat could scarcely be obtained; only bread, milk, rice, and a little lamb, with some fish. It is the most miserable place I ever was at in my life.

Saturday, May 18th.—I walked along the Red Sea to pick up shells; and those I found were plenty, and of various shapes and kinds, but their fish having been washed up, with sand and stones constantly driving over them, they were all broken and had lost their colors.

Sunday, May 19th.—At ten in the morning, I went over across the Red Sea in a boat, to go to Jerusalem, by the way of Gaza, on camels. I

agreed with Selim, the camel driver, to take me and my baggage, and find me water, for four dollars. It is, as they call it, eight days' march through or over the desert, above two hundred and forty miles to Gaza, and about three hundred to Jerusalem from Suez. The Red Sea at Suez is very narrow, and quite shallow, not a mile across. They poled the boat across the whole way. About a dozen small vessels lay at Suez, which, I suppose, traded up and down the Red Sea. After staying on my mattress, under my blanket, rigged up, till sunset, I started with Selim, mounted on my camel. There were only three other camels, and all Bedouin, or wild Arabs, as drivers; however, as the merchant, Mr. Michael Manuli, with whom I staid, a Greek, recommended him as an old driver, one knowing the roads, I feared not, and rode on till midnight, when I pitched my tent, such as it was, and slept till morning.

Monday, May 20th.—I mounted the camel at daylight, and rode on through a desert till about nine o'clock, stopping during the heat of the day. In the afternoons and nights, that is, from about four, P. M., till ten in the morning, the air is in the desert, and on the borders of the sea, most delightfully pleasant; indeed, that part of the night near morning, I found quite cold. There were no flies there; but we were constantly fanned with refreshing breezes, not too hot nor too cold; and, even during the great heat of the sun in the day,

the same refreshing breezes often passed over us. As soon as we pitched our tents for the day, Selim mixed up a large flat cake of flour, like rye meal, and baked it on the ashes, throwing coals over it; then, when done, crumbled it to pieces on the inside of a goat's skin, undressed, being the same the dough was made in. He put these to a little water, and something like butter, made savory; he also poured on it, out of a small goat's skin, that which looked like cream, but it must have been a substance from the date or palm tree, and mixing all together quickly, begged me to come and eat before it should grow cold, for it was very good, as he called it tieb, tieb. As I had provisions of all kinds, my stomach seemed to turn at it; but on his frequent solicitations, saying, at the same time, tieb, tieb, tieb, in Arabic, meaning, good, good, good, I accordingly tasted it, and found it so good that I ate heartily with Selim, each diving to the bottom of the goat's skin, that lay on the ground, with our fingers. We took our meal sitting cross-legged on the sand. The Arabs use their hands for eating all things, not knowing any thing of knives or forks; but they had wooden spoons. This goat's skin must have been called the kneading troughs of the Israelites.

Tuesday, May 21st.—We recommenced our journey again at daylight, and came to another pool, or pit of water, filled the skins, and went on till about eleven o'clock, then pitched our tents,

got breakfast, ate of my hard boiled eggs, cakes, preserved dates, and cheese; had also Bologna sausages, with hot coffee, which the Arabs are always very fond of, and it is made on the spot, kindling up a fire, and burning the Mocha coffee in an iron ladle, which they always travel with, and grind it with the end of a long stick, in a stone or earthen mortar, and then boil it, drinking it hot and strong out of very small cups. After breakfast we set out again, and meeting several caravans of camels, two or three caravans generally each day. Through the valleys, besides the trifling mounds, there are hills of sand, and which, in countries generally level, would be called mountains of earth. The whole surface seems crumbling, or rotten. These rocks are from the whiteness and softness of chalk, to the hardness of flint, or granite. The surface, for miles and miles, is covered with stones of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions; but all appeared as if having been burned by a great heat, and battered to pieces; for I never saw one stone, ever so small or large, throughout the desert, without a rent, or crack, or some pieces broken off. I saw some flocks of birds like pigeons. There was a variety of grass, shrubs, and plants, sufficient for feeding the camels, and these in plenty in the valleys. We put up for the night in the Valley of the Shadow of Dust. At times we could scarcely see ten yards before us; it often darkening the sun; and with

difficulty I kept it out of my mouth and eyes. The cloud of dust abated an hour or two after sunset. This was the third night I slept on the sand, with nothing over me but my blanket, Arab's frock, and a thick great coat. This night there was no dew, but considerable the night before.

Wednesday, May 22d.—We mounted our camels, again at daylight, and travelled or marched all day through the wilderness, constantly interspersed with hills or valleys. The surface was generally hard, and the travelling good; and in no part so rough but that a carriage could have got over; some places, to be sure, would have been difficult, but by going slow, might easily have been passed. In some places the road was excellent, the sand-hills not higher than about twenty feet. We encamped at an hour before sunset, got some coffee and refreshment, and mounted again before dark, and marched through the desert till about one in the morning, when we encamped and slept. It was a new moon, but a fine star-light night; and I believe the drivers generally tell their courses by the stars.

Thursday, May 23d.—I found much dew had fallen last night, as my blanket over me was quite wet. I mounted my camel again at daylight, and travelled till about eleven, when we encamped on the sand. I fixed my blanket as a substitute for a tent by the side of a small bush; and on this occasion, with advantage, as it was completely dried

by the sun. We took some refreshment, and rested some hours. A delightful breeze from the northward cooled and cheered us on this arid desert. We moved on, passing a large level plain and several sand-hills, and found it quite hot during the day, for five or six hours; then very cool, and I could bear as much clothing as in winter. For the first time, I saw to day, over the sand, swarms of grasshoppers, with which the bushes were covered. They had curious green bodies and yellow legs and heads, and a broad black border round their necks, legs, and tails; their shoulders also were tinged with black. They could only hop, as their wings were but just coming out; they will turn to locusts as mentioned as one of the pests of Egypt. They were of all sizes, up to the size of my little finger. We came to an encampment of these wandering or Bedouin Arabs, and settled there at sunset, where I got my supper and rested till morning.

Friday, May 24th.—I stayed this day, near the Arab tents, and got some goats' milk. They had large flocks of goats, and very fine ones, as also sheep which feed on the bushes in the desert. I was much tormented by the immense swarms of grasshoppers, or locusts; no sooner did I lie down on my mattress, on the sand, and got in a doze or sleep, than they covered me, crawling over, and biting my fingers so as to wake me, and prevent my sleeping; I saw but few flies. Something

prevented my camel driver from going on; whether he had his harems here among these tents, or whether his excuse of his camel's being sick, was true, or their wanting rest and food, I know not; however, I was forced to bear it patiently. I could not amuse myself by writing, for the grasshoppers were so thick about my hands and fingers, and furthermore, my fingers were sore from one of the other pests of the desert, boils or blains, and my face was very sore; being harassed by fleas, bugs, and lice, from the camel's saddles, or their drivers. These were pests indeed. When he stopped and put me down on the sand of the desert and desired me to stay there, he laid down by my side his sabre, two pistols, dirk, and carbine, and left me from ten one morning, till the evening of the next day. In the morning I gathered up courage, and went to the tents about three hundred yards distant where he was, and passed five or six of them, when at last I spied him out with a woman cooking carney for him. I called him out and said to him he must bring me milk, which he gave me, and persuaded me to go back again, which I did. I had a dress on like a Bedouin Arab, or they might have put me to death. My guide told them that I was from the north, and could not understand or speak their language. My head was shaved at Suez, and my beard had grown for months, and had got quite long.

Saturday, May 25th.—Soon after sunrise, I

mounted my camel, and Selim and myself proceeded on alone, he on one camel, and I on another. We saw many caravans of camels, and Arab horsemen, with several Arab villages, all tents. The Arabs are all armed with old sabres or swords, and old guns with no flints, but are let off by putting a fuse to the powder in the pan. We got to a pond of water about one o'clock, where we rested, and ate some bread and cheese, and a drink of the water, and made quite a hearty meal. There were thickets of quite sizeable trees in some of these low valleys, which possibly have been ponds, and have been filled up by the drifting sands. We passed over several steep hills of sand, and it was with difficulty that I stuck to the camel's back going down some of them, being almost perpendicular. We rode on again till near sunset, then pitched for the night.

Sunday, May 26th.—We started just after sunrise, and rode about four hours, when we stopped to get some refreshment, and rested three hours; then proceeded on. The desert appeared not to have so many hills, and as if we were approaching the Mediterranean Sea, by the appearance of the clouds along the horizon in that direction; this was the seventh day's journey, and we expected to be in Gaza to-morrow. We pitched down again at an hour before sunset, on a large level plain, where almost all the ground was cultivated with wheat fields. The people had been gather-

ing it, being in stacks. We were now about fifteen or twenty miles from Gaza; I rested all night, with nothing but the heavens and my blanket and clothes to cover me, which made the seventh night I had slept in them; and I began to dread the consequences from the wetness of my blanket in the morning by the heavy dews. My Arab camel driver, Selim, had deceived me, as he was to have provided me with a tent; but I had no such thing, although I paid him nearly double the price, being four dollars, which is commonly paid from Suez to Gaza. We came on to a level plain of several miles, similar to Hempstead plains on Long Island, near New-York. The desert or wilderness had generally very little level ground, for it was interspersed with hillocks, mounds, gentle rising grounds, and drifting sand-heaps. In the route I was much annoyed by the horrid yelling sound of the Arab song, which in all my journeying through Turkey, I found indispensable with them. They have a song for every thing, when in the act of labor; but the boat song up the Nile is more harmonious.

Monday, May 27th.—I mounted my camel at sunrise, after a disagreeable night, having had but little sleep, and in a high fever, having taken a little wine yesterday evening. In this hot climate, water is the best drink; any thing tending to inflame the blood should be avoided. My blanket also got filled with the beards from the barley and

wheat when we pitched down in the field from which they had just been gathered; my clothes were full of them also. However, I rode on till about ten o'clock; during this time, I saw many flocks of very fine cattle, and sheep, and goats; from the latter I got some milk, and made a hearty breakfast of milk and bread. We got into Gaza at about one o'clock. About the environs of this city there was much cultivation, and there were many fruit trees. The soil appeared good, but sandy. We rode along the Mediterranean sea-coast for several miles. Gaza is a wretched, miserable place. The room I had was a rough ground floor, with a mat thrown down, and my mattress on the top; the room had no table, chairs, shelf, or the devil of any thing was there in this pen or den; it could be called nothing better; and I believe all their houses and rooms are in the same condition. It was arched, but looked as if all the stones were about to tumble on me. However, I ordered some chicken broth, which was brought me in the vessel it was cooked in, and with plenty of bread boiled in it. I sat down upon the mat, and ate heartily, as it was very good. The house of a merchant is a square yard; on its level is one story, and a low story above; all around are those prison-like rooms, I believe for travellers. I engaged with a camel driver to take me to Jerusalem, two days' journey, or sixty miles, for about three dollars, to depart on the following morning.

Tuesday, May 28th.—I started this morning at an hour after sunrise, with not any person who could speak English. I expected to be taken to Jerusalem; but, after travelling all day on a jackass, my baggage on another, with the driver, as usual, running behind, and passing large orchards of olives, in the environs of Gaza, we put up at night, laying on the ground, at a mud village, of Turks and Arabs. This Gaza is the place where "Sampson went and took the gates and posts, and carried them on his shoulder to Hebron on the top of the hill."—Judges xvi. 3. And when I relate this to be the store of merchandise built upon the ruins of the building pulled down about the Philistines, and when I also relate to my Christian brethren, that at Joppa, or the place now called Jaffa, is the house that Joseph lived at, who lent the tomb at Jerusalem to have our Saviour deposited in, they will not credit it; but a parson Wolff, who was sent out from England to enlighten the Arabs, Turks, and those eastern nations of the wilderness, to distribute Tracts, the Bible, and Testaments, and to endeavor to bring them over to Christianity, told those things, and showed me the place where Nabal lived at Jean d'Arc, where our vessel put in; he also showed me the hill, or mount, where his farm was, and the very spot where he was shearing his sheep when David sent to him a friendly embassy for assistance; but he refused to let him

have any provision, and who, it will be recollected, was saved by his wife, a prudent and excellent woman. But the Arabs, and other nations around the plain, are very incredulous about these things.

The orchards which I passed, contained very large, handsome olive trees, which were then in blossom. The country all the way for miles, was ascending and descending. Well cultivated fields of wheat were seen the whole way to the ancient Arimathea, now called Rama. At Rama in Palestine, formerly Arimathea, Joseph died. In saying the fields were well cultivated, I mistook; there was, indeed, great abundance of fine wheat then gathering, but it seemed almost to grow spontaneously. At the mud village where I stopped, the Turks and Arabs were sitting on the ground, in front of one of their huts. Night and fatigue overtook me. I also rested on my mattress, in the open air, in front of this house of mud, which, I suppose, was dubbed a tavern; for, after sundown, they had large wooden bowls brought and set down before them, filled with bread, mixed with some kind of oily substance; and they all set to, pellmell, diving with their fingers into the bowl, and there were several to each bowl; and then they drank strong, thick coffee, from small cups. My mule driver was a hale fellow, among the rest, and invited me to partake; but I declined, as I already had taken some of my own provisions a short time before. Here the asses were

also fed. For this journey, they got me two asses, one for my baggage, the other for myself to ride. The driver always goes along on the longest journey on foot, and hardly seems fatigued the whole way; but the camels, asses, and mules, generally go no faster than a common walk. They allow three miles an hour, or thirty miles a day.

Wednesday, May 29th.—We started two hours before sunrise, and I arrived on my donkey in Rama about eight o'clock, and found no person there or in Gaza, who could speak any English. I was either misunderstood or deceived, for my driver led me to understand I was now in Jerusalem; but as travellers are taken to a convent, where they took me to be fed, &c., I found my mistake, that I was in Romily, and understood I must now go to Jaffa, four hours' ride, to go to Jerusalem. I got breakfast, and started with fresh jackasses; and when we arrived there, a Mr. Wolff, a missionary, who spoke English, told me that I must go back to Romily, or Rama; and from that place it was one day, or ten hours' ride. I went back after dinner to the Armenian convent, where I supped and slept.

Thursday, May 30th.—I set off this morning at sunrise for Jerusalem, ten hours or thirty miles distance, on a mule, having two drivers. A common Jew, a young man, rode another mule. I was requested to take charge of him from Jaffa by Mr. Wolff. About Rama is some cultivation;

the country is beautiful, with olive and fig trees; but after about eight miles, the country is nothing but circular hills, and mountains of rock, towards Jerusalem, which seems encircled by ledges, like terraces. It was the most forlorn and distressed country I ever saw, all the way to Jerusalem; and for miles, to appearance, around it, there were bushes, and here and there some solitary patches of ground cultivated, with a few fig trees. For two-thirds or more of the way, the path was over hills and through the deep valleys, all rock and stones. The asses and mules scarcely could find a place for their feet. In going through the valley I was stopped three times by Arabs armed, called Bedouins, some on foot, some mounted on horses, and we were obliged to give them some piastres to let us pass; but as I did not understand them, I left it altogether to my Arab guide, or ass driver, to settle; which, after a quarter of an hour's detention, he got off with paying a few piastres, although at first they demanded a great number; and one of them, after passing the mountain, about ten miles from Jerusalem, sitting near a village, under some fig trees, with many others, armed, and well dressed, with costly turbans, stopped us; he demanded my passport, which he kept. He was a *shiek*, or governor of a village, in that part of the mountainous country. His name was Ibrahim Abu Agush. The passport was directed to him by the governor of Rama, who gave it me; and he

himself could command ten thousand of those mountain Arabs, and was the head of those highwaymen, who let no one pass without paying them some piastres; however, he was very civil. At the same time they pretended to own all the mountains, and valleys, and the other governments of Rama, Jaffa, &c. The government is not strong enough to root up these highway robbers, or sanctioned plunderers, who are the dread of all travellers; and are the cause why I had to pass in such a course to visit Jerusalem. The day was very hot, but we often found pools of water; and in the afternoon, we arrived at the far-famed, holy, sacred city of Jerusalem, so noted in early history. The whole earth around is mountainous, with hills of rock, and fertile valleys, which were, to all appearance, volcanic. This once famed, and great city, is now about a mile around, well walled in, partly on a hill. I was taken to the Convent of Terra Santa of Spanish Monks, where I was provided with food, and a chamber, and was very civilly treated by the holy fraternity. Jerusalem contains about twenty thousand inhabitants.

Friday, May 31st.—This morning, accompanied by a guide, Antonio, and a drogoman, a Turk that tends the convent, I proceeded around outside the walls of the city, and saw the Vale of Jehosaphat, and the others; also Mount Sion, Mount of Olives, St. Mary's, and other scriptural wells, temples, and

tombs of the prophets; also where the twelve apostles sat, and where Judas betrayed our Saviour; they showed me the spot where he kissed him. The well and pool Siloam, where our Saviour healed the sick, and restored sight to the blind; the tomb of Zechariah, and the place where Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations; also a small temple, the columns still handsome, hewn out of solid rock, elevated above the valley, and facing where our Saviour preached to the multitude; and the other remarkable places, Absalom's tomb, &c., as recorded in Scripture, with many patriarchal tombs or sepulchres, cut out of the solid rock, were shown to me; also the mount, as tradition has it, where the Great Tempter took our Saviour to show him all kingdoms, and offered him the whole of them, if he would fall down and worship him. The dialogue which Milton, in his Paradise Regained, has put into the mouths of the Tempter and the Saviour, is not transcended, if equalled, in all the range of English poetry, however fashionable it may be to decry this great work.

Satan says—

"Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City, or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,

Plato's retirement, where the attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees, industrious murmur oft invites
The studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world;
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesignes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing,
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight:
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself; much more with empire join'd."
To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
"Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,

No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome: who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strow'd

With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,
The holiest of holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspir'd; not such from thee,
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence; statists, indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem:
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learn'd,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so;
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat:
These only with our law best form a king."
So spake the Son of God.

I then returned to the convent, got a horse for myself and another for my guide, Antonio. We journied to Bethlehem of Judea. The whole way was ledges and hills of rock. We passed the tomb of Rachel, and the Valley of Pasture or Shepherds. We arrived in two hours at Bethlehem, the birth-place of Jesus Christ. A fine temple is erected over it to God. They showed me the very spot where our Saviour was born, where

he laid with his mother in the stable, and manger; also, where the three magicians sought him, and the remarkable spots appertaining to his birth, &c., &c. This is now a convent; there are many windings and passages, as it were, under ground; they take tapers down, and I descended many steps to get to the birth-place, where I remained an hour, the brethren giving us dinner. We returned to Jerusalem. On the road we passed the ruins of Rama, where Rachel was weeping for her children; see the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah. At four o'clock I went to visit the sepulchre and Mount Calvary. The fraternity of Frank Monks have erected long since a cathedral, temple, or church, which incloses them. It is well decorated with many valuable lamps, vases, and sacred paintings in appropriate places, where each different transaction of the sufferings took place. I saw the spot, according to tradition, where the cross stood. It is all floored with inlaid marble, and has a large hole, surrounded by brass or gilt metal, to designate it precisely. This spot is not many steps above the tomb, six or eight. Then they took me to the tomb or sepulchre. I had to creep through a small square door, and within which they keep constantly burning certain lamps. They told me that was the place where our Saviour lay entombed. It appeared a new covered sarchophagus of white marble. All was within an elegantly deco-

rated and handsomely domed cathedral, built some time since. I was also taken down several steps, as if under ground, into arched vaults; the arch was cut out of solid rock. They showed the other remarkable spots attending this astonishing transaction for the salvation of all the world, of all mankind, by the death, crucifixion, &c., of Jesus Christ, who died even for those who crucified him; for the Jew as well as the Gentile. The mind is filled with awe and melancholy astonishment, at such a spectacle. This was indeed to me, a Good Friday. It is also strange, that all these cities should be under the control of the Turks. The cathedral where the sepulchre is, cannot be opened, but by the authority of the Turks, and all the convents are guarded by Turkish drogomen. This Frank convent has many brethren, who entertain all respectable visitors. I had a letter to them which I delivered. When I was shown the tomb of our Saviour, I requested to see the large stone that Joseph of Arimathea, (now Rama, or Romily,) placed before the door of the sepulchre, but they seemed not to know of it. In the front of the temple of the sepulchre, is now a square, said to be the justice-seat of Pilate, where he condemned Jesus Christ.

Saturday, June 1st.—I breakfasted in my cloister, or room, in the convent, and started at nine o'clock on my jackass with my driver, Mahmoud, and, after travelling about twelve miles, was

taken prisoner again. A parcel of Arabs sitting under fig trees, by the road side, demanded money of me, I believe, to let me pass. They took my jackass by the halter, led him to a tree, obliged me to dismount, and sit under the tree, which I quietly did, till my conductor arranged matters with them, by giving them some money, but told me to sit quiet. I had been stopped on the road in the forlorn mount and valley twice before by these Arabs, Turks, and Mahometans, armed with pistols, sabres, dirks, and clubs. The place where I was stopped must have been near Mount Ephraim; but those sat not under the palm tree of Deborah, as mentioned in the fifth verse of the fourth of Judges; but I think must have been at or near the same spot, as it was on the mount between Rama and Bethel, on the road to Jerusalem.

Sunday, June 2d.—These Arabs are mounted on excellent horses; one, as if rising out of the earth, was of a sudden across the road, stopping my slow-paced donkey; and, after some conversation with my driver, who giving him some piastres, I was permitted to pass. They seemed a banditti of licensed highwaymen, stopping all strangers, and demanding money, or detaining them as prisoners, until it is paid; and I believe this is the cause why so few travellers attempt going to Jerusalem at present, in the disturbed state of affairs. An affray took place the day I arrived in Jerusalem, in which six Turks were put to death

in a commotion between themselves. I arrived at six, and put up at the Franks' Convent, where I was treated with much civility and kindness, which is far superior to the Armenian Convent, where I stopped on my second visit. There were, at present, only three brethren in it, with all things nice and neat, and good provisions, and plenty of wine. The country, for half way from Rama to Jerusalem, is really beautiful, with much cultivation; and, indeed, all around Rama, for some ten or twelve miles distance, exhibits a fine rich interval of alluvial-like soil, bearing abundant crops of wheat, and affording pasture for cattle.

Monday, June 3d.—After breakfasting at the Convent of Terra Santa, or of the Frank, Spaniards, at Romily, Rama, or ancient Arimathea, I set off for Jaffa; had a fine road all the way, and arrived, on my jackass, in four hours, being twelve miles. This is the former *Joppa*, on the Mediterranean. I put up at Seignor Antonio Domiani's, a Frank Catholic Greek, who was English consul here, and entertained strangers visiting this place, gratis, with disinterested hospitality. I again saw a Mr. Joseph Wolff, a converted Jew missionary to the Jews, sent by Henry Drummond, Esq., the banker of Charing-Cross, London; and, with Mr. Wolff, was invited and dined with the Russian Consul's lady, Madame Mostrass, and there saw her father, she being a Greek, of the Island of Scio. A Mr. Nicolo Marabuti, their drogoman, was a young man

from Constantinople, he was a Greek also. They were a pleasant and truly agreeable family; the consul, himself, Seignor Georgio Mostrass, was in Trieste, owing to the disturbed and unsettled state of affairs between the Russians and Turks.

Tuesday, June 4th.— I went out to-day, and visited the gardens of my host, Seignor Antonio Domiani, with his son Joseph, about thirty years of age, an amiable and agreeable man. In my journey I saw many trees, especially the pomegranate, then in blossom, and the flowers were of a beautiful red color, the trees not growing higher than from ten to fifteen feet. There were also a number of fine white mulberry trees, that grow to a large size. The fruit was insipid; but the fruit of the pomegranate which I had eaten last season, when ripe, were very large and fine. There were numbers of fig and olive trees, and apricots, now ripe, and small apples, not yet ripe, but which are said to be good when in their greatest perfection. Many vegetables, as cucumbers, grew here in abundance, some of which they eat raw; of others they scoop out the inside, then they are filled with rice, and minced veal, beef, or mutton, mixed together, and boiled, which makes an excellent dish. The gardens are numerous about Jaffa, and all irrigated by raising the water from the wells by oxen, as I have before described. There were also excellent melons. I saw in the city of Jaffa, the hives of their bees, and saw the manner of taking

the honey. The bees work in earthen jars, with a small mouth, through which they go in and out; the back part of the jar is the largest, and is made as if a large piece was broke off, and covered temporarily with another piece of a jar, cemented over with clay, and when they want honey this piece is taken off, and with a long piece of iron, purposely made, for cutting the combs out, having separated the parts of their hives. As I was going to Barruth, I wished a little honey. The bee man was prepared to cut it out, but the combs had been but newly formed, as I saw, and the cells not yet filled with it, so I had to do without my honey, although at sea, eaten with bread and butter, it is very healthy, being an aperient. They also cover the tops of their hives with two or three thick masses of old bags or mats. It is strange that these bees were so quiet, being in a small yard of about fifteen feet square. There were many children playing about, yet they made no attempt to sting them. They seem to be much tamer than our bees. The birds and pigeons are all tamer than those I have ever seen in England, and accustomed to see in America. When we were coming up the Nile, the birds were constantly lighting on the rigging and deck of the boats to pick up crumbs. This is the place where Jonah went on ship-board to Tarshish.

Wednesday, June 5th.—I went on board a small Turkish vessel, navigated by Greeks, going

to Jean de Acre, Sidon, and Barruth. I started at ten o'clock in the evening, and went on slow with a fair but light wind, all night, with a number of passengers, Turks and Arabs. The vessel had two masts, with no cabin for passengers, so I laid on my mattress on deck, exposed to open air. She was rigged with two sprits, like a *carack*. We sailed all day along the coast of the Mediterranean, the waters along the region of Zebulun and Naphthali; there were few or no houses to be seen; we passed the ruins of Cesarea, about thirty miles from Jaffa. Mr. Wolff, the missionary, who had his servant with him, was in our company. I found Mr. Wolff to be amiable, and a man of science, erudition, and literature. He had a great knowledge of sacred writ; and one from whom I received much edification and information. He described the different places we passed, connected with events recorded in Scripture, appertaining to the locality of my travel. His conversation was truly interesting. At sundown the wind was light, and rather ahead, what there was; we came to anchor about thirty miles on our way from Jaffa, and we had twenty more to go yet to reach Jean d'Acre. We sailed within a mile or two of the shore all day. The weather was delightful, but rather warm, for a few hours, during the middle of the day.

Thursday, June 6th.—We had got under weigh again, about ten last night, and coasted

along with a light wind, and arrived at Jean d'Acre this morning, at about seven o'clock. It appears to be a well fortified town, and contains twenty thousand inhabitants. On account of the war between the Pacha of this place, and the Pacha of Damascus, fearful of its being besieged, the English Consul had gone away to Barruth, and my fellow passengers, as well as the captain, thought it most advisable to stay on board, and not venture on shore, which we did. We sent ashore and got some honey, fresh bread, and other eatables. On the other side of the bay, that makes the harbor of Acre, is *Mount Carmel*, "where Nabal sheared his sheep, and his wife, Abigail, had to intercede with king David for him, but his heart was still hardened, after his drunkenness," 1 Samuel, chap. 25th. I have mentioned this Mount Carmel before. The mountain appears much broken, and not very regular; but with a pretty gentle descent to the shore. It is, also, the same Mount Carmel where Elijah the prophet reproved Ahab, when here all the Israelites gathered together, Ahab, with the followers of Baal, where they each prepared sacrifices of bullocks, &c. Ahab could not bring fire from heaven by his offerings as he expected, but Elijah did. The prophets of Baal cried out aloud, then cutting themselves with knives and lancets, after their manner, like the dervises of the present day, who pierce their flesh with red-hot and cold spears, and lancets of iron

and steel, and no doubt their manner of worship, horrid as it is, came from the prophets of Baal. Most of the earth worshipped the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the prophets of Baal were all slain by the brook Kishon, as stated in the 18th chapter of first Kings. At noon we went ashore with the drogoman of the English consul, a Greek, a native. He got an order from the governor, or Pacha. I visited the bazaars; a handsome new one had just been erected, well arched. Several manufactories of cotton are found here. The market affords good plumbs, or gages. I saw a fine large mosque of the Pacha's, and a number of soldiers, with guns, marching in Indian file, going, as it was said, to attack Damasus, about five days' journey, or almost a hundred and fifty miles distance. After being ashore about an hour, we returned to the boat in the harbor, where there were a few *carack* boats, but not one foreign vessel. At Jaffa, Jonah went on board a ship going to Tarshish. There was a mighty tempest in the sea, and Jonah, by lot, was cast into the sea. A great fish swallowed him, and, after three days and three nights, he was cast on dry land, and was three days' journey, or ninety miles from Ninevah, (1st and 2d chapters of Jonah) when he went and preached, as God commanded him, to Gaza. The country of Rama and Jaffa, to Cesarea, is Philistia, being formerly inhabited by the Philistines. The house where I staid, at Joppa, now occupied by

the English consul, is supposed to have been built on the very site of the house where Simon Peter lived, when he saw the vision from heaven, &c., which taught him to be no respecter of persons, and is very near the sea-shore.

We got under weigh at sunrise, and left Acre, with a light wind, which they call *tramantana*, or north wind. We coasted along, passing Sieb, a small village, close to the sea-shore, nine miles from Acre. We also passed Nacora, a small village, three miles from Sieb, and lay at anchor all day, after about eleven, the wind ahead. There was a very noisy set of vulgar Greek, Arab, and Turkish passengers, all filled with vermin. This was all on the coast of Syria.

Friday, June 7th.—We rode at anchor all night, and in the morning, early, got under sail, with a very light wind and not very fair, coasting along but slowly. While at anchor yesterday afternoon, the captain caught two fine fish. At about two, this day, we arrived at a village on the coast, called Sur, the ancient city of Tyre, or Tyrus, as mentioned in the 26th and 27th chapters of Ezekiel; the desolate ruins of which once great city I plainly saw from the vessel. Antonio went ashore at Tyre, or Tyrus, to get water and provisions to go on to Sidon and Baruth. Sur, or Tyre, is now but a small village, close down to the borders of the Mediterranean. The country, at a short distance back, in every direction from the village,

appeared hilly and mountainous. We remained at anchor during the rest of the day. The vessel, carack, or boat, was a miserable one. I had to lie on the large packages of goods, trying to make the mattress as level as possible; and in the day time, putting up my sheets, and an old sail, to keep off the sun. Mr. Wolff, my fellow traveller, and missionary, had a Greek servant, Antonio, who was of Cyprus, and was a very obliging, attentive man, a good cook, honest, and prudent; and when he went on shore, bought eggs, bread, honey, apricots, butter, &c., &c.; and laid out the money with much prudence. He assisted, and put up our awning, fixed our beds, and plied us during the day with refreshments, pealing and cutting apples for us, and cucumbers, and making us coffee, according to the custom of the Levant; so that most of the day, there was a succession of food, or light refreshment, proper for this hot climate. The Arabs, or Turks, drink no wine, and seldom any strong liquor, which custom it is necessary to adopt, in order to keep one's self free from surfeit, heat, blains, boils, and fevers, which are so common here, and in Egypt. The water-jars are always near at hand, and, as I observed before, are made of a clay of potter's earth, having the peculiar property of keeping the water pure, sweet, and, above all, quite cool, holding about half a gallon, generally; they, however, are of all sizes, but the half gallons are of the best size,

as more evaporation is carried off on such a small surface; and by that property it is that the water is kept cool. At this Tyre, my fellow traveller, who had before been ashore there, said it was like other trifling Turkish towns, with narrow streets, and not worth seeing; so I did not go ashore, and I was also fearful that the Arabs would steal our things while we were absent.

Saturday, June 8th.—We lay at anchor allnight in the harbor of the town of Tyre. Just before daylight, the wind getting favorable, but light, we got under sail, and coasted along towards Sidon; the country still hilly, but a great part of the land from the shore, affords a fine picturesque scenery. In many places along the coast, there is a gentle ascent and to appearance, the ground was covered with cultivation. There were beautiful fields, abounding in handsome trees. We arrived at Sidon, now called Sida, about four o'clock. The country all about Sidon is really beautiful, of hill and level land, well cultivated. The fields were green, and much of the ground was covered with trees of beautiful foliage. Elegant gardens were to be seen along the shore in every direction. We went on shore to the French Haun, and put up for the night. It was the house inhabited by the French Consul and family; but at this time they were all in the country. However, Mr. Wolff and myself got some soup, and meat, and beds, with a large plate of the finest looking and best flavored apri-

cots that could be imagined. The town, once the famed city of Sidon, is now but small, all stone houses, and mostly in ruins. We saw every where around the shore, columns lying in the sand, whole and broken; and on the shore, parts of large walls, arches, &c.; also on the sea-side, all joining the town, for an hour's ride. Here lived Lady Stanhope, an English woman, in retirement, with a Miss Williams. I would have visited her, but had not time.

Monday, June 10th.—We were called by the boatmen this morning at sunrise, and left the haven, going on board the carack boat, and set sail for Baruth, which is twenty miles from Sidon, and Sidon the same distance from Tyre; Baruth is a hundred and sixty miles from Jaffa. We came to anchor in the afternoon at five, the wind being contrary. We were about ten miles from Baruth, and at the beginning of the chain of hills and mountains which just here commences to rise. This is called Mount Lebanon; and the chain of mountains continues to stretch along the coast about eighty, ninety, or a hundred miles.

Tuesday, June 11th.—We got under sail again, with a light wind, at daylight; they were obliged to use the oars very often; the wind was variable. The sleeping at night was very uncomfortable. We were exposed to the dews, without any covering but our great coats and blankets, and the mattresses were spread on the uneven

bales of goods. The sun, during part of the day, was very piercing; we often had no awning, but a sheet which we put up, tying it with strings to the rigging, which was but a wretched shelter. The old sail which we had, it seems, had been used for some other purpose, or had disappeared from some other cause. We arrived at Baruth at eleven o'clock. I went to see the English Consul, Mr. Abbot, who resided there. He had a daughter about eleven years old, and an Italian governess for her; his wife being dead. He was very civil; I took breakfast with him; and I also went to dine with him. Mr. Burt and Mr. McMichael were residing with him as companions, and likewise Mr. Chaussel, who was his secretary. Baruth, the name as mentioned in Grecian history, is Berytus, but said not to be found or mentioned in Scripture. The country around is very pleasant, being interspersed with many trees, vines, gardens, and pleasant situations. Much good wine is made here.

Wednesday, June 12th.—I stayed at home most of the day, but in the afternoon, near sunset, I took a walk with one of Mr. Abbot's clerks, a nephew of Sir Sidney Smith. He showed me the manner of winding the silk from the balls or cocoons, which they were now engaged in, and performed by putting the ball or cocoon in a wide-mouthed shallow pot, say six or eight inches deep, and two or three in diameter, of boiling water;

under it fire is constantly kept; directly over four or six projecting wires, the end, like an unturned screw, for to hook, or to run the web through; a man, with a small stick, and his hand alternately catches up the webs from off the water, which seems to make them separate from the balls which floats on the surface of the water like cork, and they put into the vessel as many at a time as to nearly cover the whole surface of the water. The web or threads of silk are then passed through the ends of these wires, which have a circular twist, and placed on a straight horizontal stick just over the water, about a foot or eighteen inches above it, and from thence pass over small rollers to a large wheel of six or eight feet in diameter, on which the silk is wound. This wheel is turned by the same man who tends the catching up of the silk from the water. It is afterwards wound off in smaller skeins.

Thursday, June 13th.—All around and in the environs of this town are innumerable silk gardens, with a small stone building in them for the worms, and the gardens inclosed by stone walls, and filled with the fig, olive, pomegranate, and mulberry trees to supply the food for the worms. They really cause the whole country about this place to have the most beautiful appearance, for the trees are covered with grape-vines, from which excellent wine is made. The whole country is diversified with hills and valleys, and these beautiful trees.

In fact, the appearance is that of one vast garden, picturesque, and enchanting in the highest degree. In the back ground, beyond the valley, is the great ridge or mountain, the ancient Lebanon. In some part about this town, and not at a great distance, is a fine mine of coal. I saw at Mr. Abbot's the consul, some fine specimens of this coal. I am informed that there is an excellent lead mine in the vicinity, and it is generally believed that silver and gold are to be found in the neighborhood, which might be worked to advantage. This is the richest part of Syria. Wheat of a superior quality is raised in great abundance, and I was also informed that the whole of Syria could raise enough to supply the wants of the greater part of Europe; but the government being so tyrannical or oppressive that there was no encouragement for enterprise. The pachas or governors are tyrants over the pachalic or country people under them; and if any man is suspected of having much property, or should the governor or pacha want money, he sends to any individual and demands so many hundred or so many thousand piastres, as he may want on the occasion; and should he not give it, is imprisoned until it is obtained. It often happens that their beds and furniture, cattle, &c., have been sold to satisfy the demand from their tyrants. These poor creatures must literally be worse than slaves.

Friday, June 14th.—While there, we stayed

with Mr. Joseph Massad, an amiable good man; his family of sons and a daughter, doing whatever lay in their power to make the strangers staying at their house as comfortable as possible. It is the only house in Baruth that accommodates strangers, and is highly recommended by the English Consul, Mr. Abbot, and I would recommend it to all travellers. They manufacture beautiful shawls in this place, in one part of the town; and indeed in most of the cities I passed through, I saw the solitary weaver at his loom, each one regulating the colors according to his fancy. These shawls are worn by the Turks and Arabs about their waists for girdles or sashes. I went on board a boat at five in the afternoon, which was all open except the forecastle, and a small place in the stern, which is covered over; she had no deck, but had three masts, and each carrying a large latine sail, the centre one the largest. I agreed for four dollars for my passage to Alexandria, to find my own provisions; a distance of about three hundred miles from the place. The high parts of the ridge of Mount Lebanon now bore marks of snow which I saw from the town, and more plainly from the vessel off the harbor.

Saturday, June 15th.—The wind was so light that it was the same as if calm to us; for, having blown hard from the other way for a day or two past, there was a high sea or swell, contrary to the way we were going, which caused our vessel

to get out of her course. The sun was quite hot in the middle of the day, and nearly vertical. Patience, patience is the cure of all evil. I got to Sur or Sidon at night, and anchored in the harbor.

Sunday, June 16th.—We stopped here at anchor last night; to-day at nine, I went on shore, got on an ass, and went with a conductor, who was one of Lady Stanhope's servants, to pay her a visit at about three miles distant, on Mount Seda, where she lived, and sent her a notice to the following purport:

"Mr. George Rapelje, with diffidence, takes the liberty to present his compliments to Lady Stanhope, and, if agreeable, will pay his respects to her while he stops at Seda, a few hours, on his passage from Baruth to Alexandria; he thinks it necessary, and his duty, to give her some account of himself, being from the city of New-York, in the United States of America, of one of the oldest Dutch families, who went from France to Holland in the persecution of the Protestants, and were among the first settlers in that city, which was originally called 'New Amsterdam;' is about fifty, a plain man, of steady habits.

"Sunday, 16th June, 1822.

"P. S. Must apologize to Lady Stanhope, and hopes she will excuse his approaching the vicinity of her residence with this note himself; and, with the highest consideration and respect awaits her pleasure."

One of the lady's drogomen taking her the note, in a few minutes after, I was requested to come to the house, and was shown to a small anteroom, where a domestic, a Miss Williams, desired me to be seated, and informed me Lady Stanhope would, at two o'clock, be happy to see me. It was then past twelve; her ladyship was much engaged in fixing dresses, (the tailor being there,) for her Turkish Arabs, for their great yearly festival that takes place in about a week, and begged, in the mean time, in the name of her ladyship, I would take some refreshment, and repose myself after my fatigue of sail and ride. I was then, by a jet black Arab, shown to a stone building about thirty paces distant; he opened a door with a key, and I entered. It is curious I should say with a key, but their keys are different from ours, and if my memory serves me, it was an English key, differing from the Turkish ones, which are only made of bits of wood, with short pieces of wire driven in different places to fit the wards of the lock. It was a large plain room, in Turkish manner matted on the ground, a Turkish sofa, or Ottoman, on one side, and an excellent soft mattress or bed on a frame, where I rested alone; and, after a little time, a table was laid, and covered with a bottle of excellent wine, soup, hash, two dishes of sweet cakes, cheese, bread, and a large dish of delightfully fine apricots; and I assuredly made a grateful and hearty repast, and then reposed near an hour,

when I walked down, and was shown in to her ladyship, she sitting on a sofa that went round three sides of the large room, matted and furnished after the Turkish mode, herself clad in the Turkish male attire, an elegant large camel's hair shawl, from cashmere of various colors, put round her head, forming a beautiful Turkish dark colored turban. I think she wore a dark olive cloth, embroidered, round-about jacket, with large and long sleeves, and underneath this I saw the sleeves of a silk vest, red and white; she showed me the sleeves of her chemise on her wrists, made of silk gauze, and over all this was thrown a large white cotton mantle manufactured in the country, with a ball and fringe at the corners. She wore buskins or half-boots, placed in slippers without heels, of yellow morocco, all after the Turkish costume. She sat with feet and legs upon the wide sofa in one corner; I sat on a seat near her on the same; she had a battle-ax lying on the sofa beside her, in this shape.

Her manner and conversation were so pleasant and interesting and sensible, that I missed noticing several parts of her dress, particularly her neck; but I think she had not any thing around it;

only in the Turkish manner, had one button on the robe at the neck; they, it seems, disdain any thing about the neck. About her waist, I did not recollect whether a Turkish girdle, or sash, or not; however, the *tout ensemble* looked very well, she much became the dress. She was tall, of a delicate, pale complexion, and fine, expressive presence. She showed me the different fabrics of embroidered dresses for herself and domestics, and made me accept a whole piece, being a beautiful silk and gold pattern; and she modestly, in an elegant, lady-like manner, said, "This gay, fanciful pattern would make some young miss a neat dress." I reluctantly accepted it, being a perfect stranger, saying, I had now no compliment to make to her ladyship as a suitable return for this mark of favor and attention; but she insisted on my taking it. The manner of giving is more than the gift itself, which was in this instance verified. She also gave me small patterns of many others of the manufactures of silk, and embroidered gold and silk, and cotton and silk, to see if any would answer in America, in case a commerce should be established between Syria and New-York, observing that fur and tiger skins would answer their market, as also leather, and some kind of articles, such as stewing pans, short-handled pails, tubs, pipes, and those instruments that strike fire by percussion, and knives and forks, &c., and requested me to see a

Jew Turk at Gibraltar, named Ibrahim Cordaza, who would tell me what would best answer the trade, and likewise Hady Mahomet, consul at Tunis, who was likely to be at Gibraltar. I gave her the names of Le Roy & Bayard, merchants in New-York, she requesting the name of a respectable house there. She showed me two beautiful Arabian horses, one a large bay mare, with a remarkable back, the bones of the back being singular, the hollowest I ever saw. She said it was a great curiosity, being the back of a mare with two bones, on which the Messiah was to come. The other, a smaller, light gray colored mare, on which she occasionally rode. The time passed so quickly with this superior and interesting lady, that it was only an hour before sunset when I departed; she bidding me an affectionate farewell, giving me her hand, and wishing me a safe and speedy return to my wife and country. I considered the before-stated visit a great favor, her ladyship being recluse and retired, not wishing to see any visitors, especially Englishmen, to whom she appeared to have a great dislike, and seemed to hint she would not like me to encourage any one coming to that part of the country to visit her. This was done in a delicate manner. She was much esteemed and beloved by the Turks and Arabs in this country, and I have understood they wished to make her queen of several pachalics. She had great influ-

ence in this part of the country, and if ever any trade is established with that country, through her interest, goods and merchandize can be had with better advantage than by any other way. Having heard so much of this lady through the Turkish dominions, as to her peculiarities and singularities, I was induced to make the attempt to visit her, and was so highly repaid by her interesting, friendly, and hospitable treatment, and superior conversation, that I overstaid my time for the Turkish vessel's sailing, and when I returned to Seda, or Sidon, she had gone to Tyre, about twenty-seven miles. I instantly chartered an open boat, a carack, with one man, who navigated her with a latine sail and jib, and luckily with a fair wind set sail about sunset, and found my vessel in the harbor of Tyre, where we got about two hours before day.

Tyre harbor: in the ruins of Seda, as well as those of this place, are numbers of pillars of granite, to appearance piled crosswise one on another, like the logs of a dock, several feet in height, making the quay or strand to keep the sand up. I went on shore at this ancient city, and saw ruins around the shore of the harbor on all sides, parts of broken walls, broken pillars, and columns lying down, and literally, in appearance, rubbed and washed by the water of the sea, to half their former size. I got some milk and bread for breakfast, with apricots, that were in

great abundance. The vessel remained in this harbor at anchor, taking in a large cargo of charcoal and liquorice root, and filling up the place my bed was in, so that I could scarcely see, and it was very hot. I went on board in the afternoon and took the little after-cabin, which was very oppressive.

Monday, June 17th.—I again went ashore, and got a Greek, of whom there were many there, being the same at whose house I ate yesterday, to buy me some mutton, and had some mutton chops broiled, and made a hearty breakfast. I had some soup made of mutton for dinner. I saw about fifty Turkish horsemen come into Tyre; there was much alarm with the Greeks; but what was the news or politics of the day, I could not know, not finding any person I could understand. I knew a little Italian, which one or two spoke here, but badly. In the evening I went on board, and had quite a quarrel with the captain, his father and brother having now thrown my movables quite out of my cabin; but I persevered, and insisted on having the little hole of an after-cabin, which, after my threatenings to inform the Pacha and English consul at Alexandria, they gave me, and put my things into it.

Wednesday, June 19th.—The Turkish vessel remained here all day, taking in more loading. I went on shore, and here, as well as at some other Turkish and Arab towns and villages, they will

have it that the English are all physicians, and put out their hands and arms for me to feel their pulses, and nothing would persuade them that I was not a physician. It was a miserable place to get any accommodation, either in eating or a room to sit in. This was a great trial, but I found I must put up with it; the women, as well as the men, coming to me for advice, and letting me see their arms and hands, and even breasts, while hiding their faces very scrupulously. I obtained a few seeds of their cucumbers and melons; the kind they showed me had a soft skin, and the same they scoop out, and fill with meat and rice, and then boil them. The other kind of cucumbers they slice and eat as we do, dressed with pepper, salt, vinegar, and oil. This kind has a skin somewhat harder; they differ in shape. The melons were not yet ripe, so I could not judge of them, but concluded they were fine from the climate and soil. I went on board in the evening to sleep.

Thursday, June 20th.—The vessel being in the harbor all day, I went again on shore at twelve o'clock, and there I remained till evening. I could not understand their Arabic, and no one spoke English; but somehow or other, made myself understood for my wants, and got on with the better sort of Turks very well; but the lower class treated me with every indignity and insult, and unceremoniously called me a Christian dog. The weather was quite hot during the middle of the

day; there was no rain, but considerable dew. In the evening I returned on board.

Friday, June 21st.—This was the fifth day the vessel had been in this harbor, and my patience required the power of Job, who, no doubt, had been here, and whom I endeavored to imitate. I believe they would have sailed to-day, but the wind was direct against us. The Turks had a long fast of thirty odd days; this was the last, or festival; and they eat now during daylight, but during their fasts, which they kept with much exactness, they, it seems, would not eat, drink, or smoke, between sunrise and sunset; but rest and sleep. The moment the sun disappears, they all set to, having their food already prepared, and make several meals during the nights of their fasts. They always take coffee after their meals; I mean even the commonest. All the boatmen must have their two or three small cups of very strong black coffee, which they drink without milk or sugar. This coffee is of the best kind, mostly from Mocha, which they parch and grind just for once using, thinking it would be spoiled if burnt and ground beforehand. They are truly epicures in many things in their way. They then have all their long pipes, the bowls very large, of red clay, and tubes of perforated wood an inch thick; they have mostly the bark on, and look like birch wood; and commonly, and indeed most generally, an amber mouth-piece quite large.

They use no chairs nor tables; they use their fingers in eating, and for weeks I have made out in the same way, and writing with my book on my mattress, or on my knee; they in all their writings use their desk, and write from right to left, and not as we do, moving our hands, but their hands remain in one position fixed; they move or slide the paper along under their pens and fingers, with the left hand, in which they commonly hold the paper or writing-book. They are sober people, seldom taking any strong drink.

Saturday, June 22d.—We were all day at anchor the sixth day; the vessel could not go without a fair wind, which we have not yet had. These Turks are very cleanly in some things, and also very filthy in others; they wash several times a day, always before and after their meals, and before they pray, which they do about five times a day. They wear no stockings, only red morocco slippers, and they wash their legs, feet, face, head, hands, and arms, but are always filled with fleas and vermin. They shift their clothes but seldom. Just at sunset they got up two anchors, but did not sail till daylight, and then shaped their course with a light wind for Alexandria, or Scanderia, as the Turks call it.

Sunday, June 23d.—We sailed with a tolerable breeze all day, the wind not quite, but nearly right ahead; we were off shore, and drifted her so as to get out of sight of land; she nearly, how-

ever, laid her course last night. A number of Turkish passengers came on board from Tyre.

Monday, June 24th.—We sailed slowly all day, not directly to our port, because the wind was contrary and light, but beating and tacking about, and much time was spent in gaining a short distance on our course. We saw a brig also beating to windward in the afternoon; the weather continued pleasant; not quite so hot at sea as on shore. This sea along the coast of Syria would answer extremely well for a steamboat; the sea not often very high, and plenty of harbors all along the coast. I saw quantities of charcoal and wood at Tyre and other ports, for fuel.

Tuesday, June 25th.—We sailed, tacking about and beating to windward all day; and in sight of the Island of Cyprus to the westward and northward; it appeared high land towards the middle of it; a fine breeze part of the day, but contrary; the vessel making but little progress on her destined course.

The Isle of Cyprus seemed quite familiar to me, although I had no opportunity to examine it, as I had so often attended to the representation of that splendid tragedy of Othello, the scene of a great portion of which is laid in this Cyprus. "Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus and our noble general, Othello." There is no Desdemonas here now; all are gone. It looks now unlike a place of so much consequence as it once was, when the Venetians

were straining every nerve to keep the Turks from coming farther into Europe. Cyprus has long since been frightened "from her propriety." There was no soldier there who dared say,

> ——"If once I stir,
> Or do but lift this arm, the rest of you
> Shall sink in my rebuke."

The Isle had more Iagos in it than Cassios. The malignant, the envious, the deceitful often swarm, where there are but few confiding, honest men.

Our love for Shakspeare increases the more we read him. Without travelling out of England, he was acquainted with all countries, and he made every city subservient to his purposes. Without ever having seen much of mankind, he knew every thing of human nature. Wherever man may roam, there he will find that the genius of Shakspeare has been before him to cull every thing peculiar and valuable. He seems to have been taken upon Pisgah, and shown not only the land of Canaan, but those of the whole earth, and the mastery of them was given to him without checks or balances.

Wednesday, June 26th.—We sailed along the Island of Cyprus all the morning, and anchored at twelve, opposite the west part or point of it; the wind being contrary, we remained at anchor all day and during the night.

Thursday, June 27th.—We set sail early in the morning, the wind being more favorable, but

it soon turned against us, we kept beating all day, the wind westerly. The Island of Cyprus, as we sailed along it, was on the right or rather starboard quarter. The land appeared broken and hilly; I have heard the Cyprus wine was good. We made but little progress this day.

Friday, June 28th.—We sailed all day with a contrary wind. We steered by a compass, but had no chart or quadrant to know where the ship exactly was; however, it is always at this season fair weather, and we could see the sun, and stars, and planets, by which they shaped their course.

Saturday, June 29th.—We had a fair wind, and got on from about three to five miles an hour, and expected to see Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, on the next day, as it is the first object we see on making Alexandria harbor. This made two weeks and one day since I came on board this Turkish vessel.

Sunday, June 30th.—We had a fair wind all last night, and with the continuance of the breeze, arrived to-day at Alexandria, by about twelve o'clock. I put up at the Maltese Hotel. Here, as well as in all other Turkish towns, I was obliged to use my mattress and bedding. I went immediately to Mr. Gliddon. He was just at dinner, and made me partake; then to Mr. Lee, the English Consul. I delivered a package of letters from Mr. Abbot, Consul at Baruth. He sent immediately

for a captain of a Maltese brig, having cleared out for Malta, the first and best going there, in which he engaged a passage for me. I was to pay forty dollars, and he to find me in all things, and also to remain on board and perform my quarantine, included in the forty dollars, having expressed my great desire to get on as soon as possible to England, to which Malta is in the direct route. The English have really been very civil to me, kind and attentive to all my wishes; for which I must request in this public manner, they would accept my most cordial and warmest thanks and gratitude. They are what I have always thought and found them to be, the most noble, renowned, brave, and high nation on the face of the earth. If I have ever spoken harshly of them, it has been when some haughty individual has been rude to me. This is natural, and I shall make no further apology for it.

Monday, July 1st.—I went on board to look at the brig this morning at six o'clock. She was a fine large brig, called Tartaro, with a good cabin, and pleasant in appearance; the captain, Seignor Cossaco, spoke Italian, but the mate spoke English; and the brig was under English colors. I bought some small red beads, six strings, made at Mecca, of the stones of the date fruit, and colored with it; also four strings of sandal-wood beads, highly scented; also two strings of mother-of-pearl beads, and two round pearl shells, engraved,

and colored, all from Mecca. I was so tired of my passage in this uncomfortable Turkish boat, I did not go out but little during the morning after my return from viewing my brig. She waited only for a wind to sail.

Tuesday, July 2d.—I got my passport signed by Mr. Lee, and a letter from Messrs. Gliddon & Brothers, saying to Messrs. James Bell & Co., of Malta, there remained now due to me four hundred and fifty-one scudes. I saw at Mr. Gliddon's a Mr. Mieno, his clerk; and this morning, Mr. Winch, from India, paid me a visit; he was going to Malta in the same ship.

Wednesday, July 3d.—I sent a letter dated yesterday, by way of Leghorn, to Mrs. Rapelje, New-York; waiting still to-day for a fair wind. The trade to this place increases fast. Within nine weeks since I left it, I perceived the difference in its favor. Water and muskmelons are plenty, as also grapes in market, just beginning to ripen. They all came from the south, from up the Nile, from Cairo, &c.

Thursday, July 4th.—The wind contrary; I paid Mr. Lee, the British consul, a visit, and borrowed of him Sir Robert Wilson's Account of the History of Abecrombie's Expedition and Campaign in Egypt; also the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Friday, July 5th.—Amused myself with reading Wilson's account of the Expedition to Egypt,

and Arabian Nights, the wind unfavorable to sail. These tales of Arabian origin are wonderful performances; they enchant all ages; the old man is as much delighted with them as the child. These entertaining stories were collected together by the Caliph Haraun Al Raschid, in the ninth century; many others are said to have been written since. They were, however, a sealed book to Europeans for centuries. The French were among the first translators of them. They took the lead in Oriental literature. The English followed; but the first translations into our vernacular were very indifferent; but they appear now in a respectable dress. These people, described a thousand years ago, are the same now, excepting, these Arabs, Persians, and Indians, were in their glory then, and in their abasement now; but still the elements of their character are the same. If they have lost something of the glow of literary excitement, they have retained the same capacity for producing creations of the imagination, and the same love for the romantic. Men whose lives and property are constantly dependent on the will of their superiors, wander into ideal worlds, and draw happiness, or at least pleasure, from their own creations. The descriptions of the deserts, of the caravans, and caravansaries, in these tales are exact, only we must call to mind that it was the palmy state of "Araby the blest" when they were written, which is now in a state of great degradation. The

changes all over this cradle of the world have been astounding. While in Tyre and Sidon I could not refrain from again returning to the Scriptures, twenty-third chapter of Isaiah, from the first to the eleventh verse, which so distinctly foretold the downfall of these marts of nations. This denunciation of the great prophet Isaiah is a sublime specimen of eloquence and of prophecy:

"The burden of Tyre. Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in: from the land of Chittim it is revealed to them.

"Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle; thou whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished.

"And by great waters the seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river, is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations.

"Be thou ashamed, O Zidon: for the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea, saying, I travail not, nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish up young men, nor bring up virgins.

"As at the report concerning Egypt, so shall they be sorely pained at the report of Tyre.

"Pass ye over to Tarshish; howl, ye inhabitants of the isle.

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn.

"Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre,

the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth?

"The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth.

"Pass through thy land as a river, O daughter of Tarshish: there is no more strength.

"He stretched out his hand over the sea, he shook the kingdoms: the Lord hath given a commandment against the merchant-city, to destroy the strong holds thereof."

A beguiled traveller is a fool; but, I believe, that the more one sees, and examines, the more distinctly will he come to the conclusion, that God has often vouchsafed a partial revelation to man in ancient times, if he sees no necessity for it now. Tyre and Sidon have fulfilled the prophecy.

Saturday, July 6th.—The Turkish drogoman of Mr. Lee came for me to go on board at six in the morning. Accompanied by him, my baggage was not searched at the custom-house.

Sunday, July 7th.—After getting the pilot on board, at seven this morning, with a moderate wind, but not fair, we got up the anchor, and set sail for Malta.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, July 8th, 9th, and 10th.—We had an unfair wind; gained as yet but little on our course.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 11th, 12th, and 13th.—The weather in the middle of

the day quite hot, the wind very light, and still contrary.

Sunday, July 14th.—This day closed one week since we sailed from Alexandria, and the vessel was not any nearer our destined port of Malta, than we were at Alexandria. We had some fresh winds, but contrary ones. A good sailing English or American vessel would have beat against the wind, with the breezes we had, several hundred miles; but this clumsy, heavy laden hulk of a vessel could not get through the water more than three knots an hour. Patience, patience I found I must have, and hoped it would not forsake me. It is the badge of all men who trust themselves on the waters.

Monday, and Tuesday, July 15th, and 16th.—Still contrary winds; the vessel gaining very little.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.—Nothing can be interesting at sea while contrary winds prevail.

Monday, July 22d, and Tuesday, 23d.—We had contrary winds, and it was very hot in the middle of the day. The sun in setting on Tuesday, exhibited many curious and remarkable shapes of urns, pots, one head with horns, and yet there was not a cloud to be seen. This phenomenon has been remarked in other places, and philosophers have attempted to account for it.

Wednesday, July 24th.—This morning at day-

light we saw the Island of Candia, the Capo de Monte, St. Johannes, or St. Jean, and sailed in sight of it to the south during the day; some very high lands were in sight; the tops of the highest of them were covered with snow.

Thursday, July 25th.—We were in sight of Candia during the day, about twenty or thirty miles distant. It was quite hot.

Friday, July 26th.—We had contrary, baffling, light winds, and sudden changes to calms, and now and then a strong gust. We were in sight of Candia, the Cape St. John, and also the small low Island of Gosa. Candia appeared very hilly and broken ground.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 27th, 28th, and 29th.—Nothing material happened. We had head winds, once for half a day fair, and then quite light, turned soon to a calm; we got on by degrees, though slowly.

Tuesday, July 30th.—A monotony of the same unfair northerly wind for two days past, bringing a thick fog, which kept the deck and cabin quite wet, as if it rained.

Wednesday, July 31st.—We were getting on with a more favorable wind from the northward, laying our course about west, and in latitude thirty-four degrees, eighteen minutes north; and longitude twenty-two degrees, five minutes east; the weather continued fine, but for two days past there has been a heavy mist.

Thursday, August 1st.—The living on board is like that with most of the Italians. They took little for breakfast, a cup of tea and a bit of biscuit, a little cheese, or Bologna sausages. The sailors have wine, cheese, and biscuits served out for their breakfast. The dinners are good; they have soup always first, either macaroni or rice, or lentiles, often with oil, and with a fowl, then boiled salt beef, the fowl sometimes boiled, sometimes fricasseed, with onions, and often with cucumbers or the egg plant, as long as they lasted; sometimes the inside of the cucumbers and plants were stuffed with puddings, and they always had a few raisins in the stuffing; and afterwards a dish called *polenta*, made of Indian meal, mixed with eggs, boiled thin, rolled out and cut in diamond shapes, about an inch and a half wide, and two and a half inches long, and three quarters of an inch thick, and fried brown, either in oil or butter; also, sometimes another dish of thin small round fritters, made of eggs and flour, and two or three raisins in the middle of each one; for supper no soup, but some dishes the same as are made for dinner. They have always wine with dinner and supper, with cheese and dates after as a dessert.

Friday, August 2d.—The whole crew as well as captain were Roman Catholics, and every Friday they ate beans or lentiles, or rice boiled in soup, and they add salt fish, bread, and wine, but no meat; a chicken was dressed for me. The

rising and setting of the sun in those seas is most magnificent, with air so clear and pure, with that beautiful azure sky, so peculiar to this Eastern World.

Saturday, August 3d.—At three this morning there was an eclipse of the moon, which, as I slept on deck, I saw; and being near the coast of Africa, though invisible to Europe and America. There was nothing material occurred, but the wind getting a little better; the day very hot.

Sunday, August 4th.—The wind was light most of the day. The weather was cool, and we laid our course near for Malta; we were then about a hundred and twenty miles from it.

Monday, August 5th.—We got a fair wind but very light, and were going for a few hours at the rate of four and four and a half miles an hour.

Tuesday, August 6th, and Wednesday, 7th.—The weather was very hot during the day, with frequent calms, and light southerly and westerly winds; the cabin was truly suffocating; the vessel was old and smelt offensively. I slept every night on deck, and was constantly wet with heavy dews. The brig was loaded with lentiles and wheat. An immense number of small black bugs were constantly creeping on me. I saw a joyous sight, the land at half-past eight on this Wednesday, after a thirty-two days' voyage from Alexandria.

Thursday, August 8th.—We were mistaken in

the island seen yesterday morning; we mistook a small island for Malta in the same latitude, called Linosa, about sixty or seventy miles from it; we had miscalculated our longitude. This morning about five we saw Malta, but had a contrary wind all day, and were obliged to beat for it.

Friday, August 9th.—The vessel still on her tacks, with contrary winds. We saw Malta, but owing to the wind, gained but little.

Saturday, August 10th.—A heavy, strong gale blew all day right against us. The brig was twenty years old; and when the wind was high she pitched greatly, shipping seas, and leaking. It took five minutes every morning, and five minutes every evening, to pump her out.

Sunday, August 11th.—This morning, early, a light breeze, and fair, sprung up; and, being about eight or ten miles from Malta, got on slowly; when at the entrance of the harbor, fourteen boats, with from four to six men in each, towed us into the quarantine harbor, and we anchored at ten o'clock. It being Sabbath, I staid on board all day.

Monday, August 12th.—I was going into the Lazaretto, to perform my quarantine of twenty days, and to take new clothes from shore, leaving all my old clothes and baggage to perform the purpose, but found an English ship, the Nancy, Capt. Brooks, just from Alexandria, which arrived this morning, going to London. She was a quick

sailer. I agreed to go with her, and to pay him twenty-five guineas for my passage. He did not intend to perform quarantine, and was only delayed a few days to get out some cargo to stop a leak. I paid Capt. Cossaco his forty dollars for my passage from Alexandria, and sent a letter up to Mr. Bell to forward to Mrs. Rapelje. I went to the quarantine ground, and saw Mr. Paul Emond, who was very civil, and had clothes prepared to lend me, expecting I should perform my quarantine. At quarantine all is very particular. Two guards are constantly on board; and one always goes to the Lazaretto, or quarantine ground, with every passenger.

Tuesday, August 13th.—Here I had plenty of excellent fruit of all kinds; grapes, figs, plums, nectarines, peaches, pears, apples, melons, &c., in great perfection, from the Island of Gozo, the former famed Island of Calypso; and noted for the adventures of Telemachus, about seventeen miles off; here are fine meats, from Barbary; also the noted small bird, called Beca Figa, or fig-sucker. The bones of the bird are so tender that they are chewed as the meat, which is of delightful flavor.

Wednesday, August 14th.—I went to the quarantine, and saw Mr. Paul Emond, the vice American consul, who was civil, attentive, and offered his services to me.

Thursday, August 15th, and Friday, 16th.—No-

thing material on these two days. On Friday Mr. Fisk, and Mr. Temple, clergymen, missionaries from Boston, in America, called at the Lazaretto to pay me a visit. I went there from the brig, and had some conversation with them. They were going in the ensuing winter to Syria. They of the island are very severe and strict in their quarantine laws. In one of the vessels at quarantine, some person was trying to catch fish, and the sentry from shore fired his musket at him. This was, they say, a regulation of General Maitland's, not to permit any one to fish in the quarantine grounds; and he was very much disliked by the Maltese inhabitants, and also by the English. The Island of Malta (the ancient Melita) possessed, through a succession of ages, a greater degree of fame and power than any place of its size on the face of the globe. It is sixty miles from Sicily, and about two hundred from the nearest shore of Africa. It is separated from the Island of Gozo by a strait three or four miles wide. The population of Malta and Gozo, at one period of their history, was very great, considering their small extent of territory. The Maltese are made up of all nations, from Europe, Asia, and Africa. Their language is a base mixture of numerous tongues. There is but one small stream in the island, the water of which is conducted by a noble aqueduct, seven or eight miles in length, to Valetta. The climate would be hot if it was not moderated by sea

breezes. The produce of the island is cotton, principally, but finer melons are not to be found in the world, than are raised here. The city of Valetta was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Jean Parisat de Levalette, the forty-eighth Grand Master, an active, wise, and splendid officer, whose resources in war were truly astonishing. He defended Malta against Solyman II. who attacked it with a force of eighty thousand men, and, after a siege of several months, was obliged to retire with immense loss. The Grand Master was considered as a sovereign prince, and sent his ambassadors to several courts of Europe. The fortifications on this island are remarkable for their strength. One thousand pieces of cannon are mounted on the walls. This island was given by Charles to the knights of St. John, who had been driven from Rhodes by the Turks. The knights fortified, and defied the whole world to take it. The history of this island, and that of these brave knights, would make a volume as full of romance as any of the creations of the imagination. Many writers have given us some sketches of this island and its inhabitants.

Saturday, August 17th.—Nothing material.

Sunday, August 18th.—The weather was warm.

Monday, August 19th.—I wrote a letter to the Honorable C. C. Colden, and went on board the ship Nancy, Capt. Brooks, for London.

Tuesday, August 20th.—Sailed out of quaran-

tine, at about three o'clock. The passengers were Mrs. Richardson, an English lady, Capt. Miles, and Mr. Brenner, an English captain of a vessel, a Scotchman. We had a light fair wind.

Wednesday, August 21st.—Almost the whole day a calm; but last evening we got off as far as St. Paul's harbor, where the apostle was cast away. Near it is the Island of Gozo, which we were near all day; and is said, as I have observed, to be the ancient fabulous Island of Calypso, famous for the adventures of Telemachus and Mentor. I saw the cliffed rock, being a point, quite high, and projecting into the sea, where I suppose they threw themselves off to go to the ship. The weather was very hot.

Thursday, August 22d.—We got on very little; the wind light, and contrary. We were in sight of Sicily for most of the day.

Friday, August 23d.—We had light wind and calms.

Saturday, August 24th.—We passed with a light fair wind Sciaca and Mazzara.

Sunday, August 25th.—Last night a shower of rain, with some lightning and thunder; and to-day saw Marsalla, a town on the easterly part of Sicily. We passed close by the Islands of Maretina and Faliomana. The weather during the day was excessively hot.

Monday, August 26th.—We got a fair wind, but it did not last long.

Tuesday, August 27th.—It blew a hard gale all day, and contrary. We saw the small Island of Galeta, a few miles from the Barbary coast.

Wednesday, August 28th.—It was calm, and very hot, during the most of the day.

Thursday, August 29th.—The wind came on gradually fair, and we saw the Island of Sardinia but a short distance from us.

Friday, August 30th.—We had light winds, and then a calm.

Saturday, August 31st.—A continuation of calm and light wind, trifling rain, and very hot weather. We saw the land on the Barbary coast called Cape Ferro.

Sunday and Monday, September 1st and 2d.—There was nothing particular happened. Sometimes we had a calm, sometimes high winds.

Tuesday, September 3d.—All last night the ship rolled very much; but to-day we saw the city of Algiers, and the Barbary coast. It was high land. We were proceeding on with a fair wind.

Wednesday, September 4th.—The wind continued fair; we sailed along the coast of Barbary quite plainly. The land appeared high and broken.

Thursday, September 5th.—The wind continued fair with a fine breeze; we sailed from six to seven knots and a half an hour, the whole day.

Friday, September 6th.—This morning was

quite a calm, and we were about a hundred miles from Gibraltar.

Saturday, September 7th.—The wind was light and near a calm. We saw several turtles on the surface of the water; the crew got out the boat and caught three of them with their hands; the turtles were sleeping on the water; two of them had birds on their backs, which flew away as our sailors approached them. The smallest of these turtles weighed fifteen pounds, the largest fifty. We were now in sight of Gibraltar Rock.

Sunday, September 8th.—We got on last night with a fair breeze, and this morning found we were several miles past the rock; but owing to the contrary wind and strong current, we put back and went into Gibraltar harbor or bay, and anchored about one o'clock to wait for a fair wind. On board our vessel were sheep, fowls, ducks, chickens, geese, pigeons, pigs, dogs, and cats, moving about on deck, and were also crowded with boxes of citron trees, which made the vessel appear like Noah's ark.

Monday, September 9th.—We got off some wine, peaches, grapes, apples, and other provisions. The grapes were uncommonly fine, the best white oval grapes I ever tasted. There appeared many fine houses with gardens, and walks, in the old and new town. The barracks in the new town facing the bay, and extending to the Mole, are

very extensive, regular, and handsome buildings. The fortifications are many of them close along the water, and on the west side of the island, in front of the new and old town.

Gibraltar is a strong fortress; it lies at the entrance from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea. It was in the hands of the Arabians until taken from them by Ferdinand, King of Castile, in 1302. Thirty-one years afterwards it was retaken by the Arabs, who held it an hundred and thirty years. In 1704, this fortress came into the hands of the English, who have retained it ever since, although many desperate attempts have been made to deprive them of it. In the harbor at anchor, were the American frigate Constitution, Commodore Jones, the sloop-of-war Ontario, and schooner Nonesuch. I sent letters to New-York and Paris.

We got under sail, with a light wind, and fair from south-east at one o'clock; with an increasing fair wind, passed in high style through the Gibraltar Straits, and were soon out of sight of the Rock, and passed Tarifftown and the point, on which there was a light-house. The land on the European, as well as the African side, appeared high, broken mountains, and volcanic. Through the Strait was a strong current, always setting in from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean; but it is supposed that underneath, there is a counter current outwards. There are eddies along the small bay

and inlets. We passed at six, the Cape and Bay of Trafalgar, where the memorable victory of Nelson, over the French and Spanish, took place. It was a great fight, but not in my opinion equal to that of the Nile. During the night we passed the bay and city of Cadiz. The water, as we got into the Atlantic Ocean, was much greener than the Mediterranean, which appeared a dark blue, and in some places almost black.

Tuesday, September 10th.—We had, during last night and to-day, a fine fair wind, and passed the Bay of Cadiz, and also Cape St. Vincent.

Wednesday, September 11th.—Contrary wind.

Thursday, September 12th.—We tacked ship this morning on to the starboard.

Friday, September 13th.—We had light winds, not fair, and made little progress.

Saturday, September 14th.—The wind more favorable, we passed St. Ubes; saw the land of Lisbon; passed Spain; the weather fine, cool, and pleasant.

Sunday, September 15th.—The wind was contrary, and we got on but slowly.

Monday, September 16th.—The same as yesterday.

Tuesday, September 17th.—Heavy, strong gales from the north and east; we got on slowly; it was quite cold and chilly.

Wednesday, September 18th.—This morning a little before daylight, we were off Oporto; at light,

one of the passengers, Capt. Miles, said he saw the land; heard the sea roar on the shore, and in fact we were so close, that if we had kept on half an hour more, we should have been ashore. At one o'clock, we got a fair strong wind.

Thursday, September 19th.—The wind last night was about south-west. At about nine or ten o'clock it began to blow a heavy gale; the sea beating with such severe thumps against the stern quarters and dead-lights, that one of the passengers, an old seaman, Capt. Miles, thought it would beat and batter them in. Finding no sail set, nor any one he could see on deck, he twice desired the captain to get up and set some sail on his ship, telling him at the time, that it was the most lubberly, unseaman-like behavior he ever knew, to let the ship lay in the trough of the sea, thumping about, and the water driving in the stern quarters, so as to wet the beds of the passengers, and not a bit of sail set. The captain got up quickly, and came out of his state-room in the cabin, at the same moment bringing a pair of large horse pistols, with powder-horn, and balls, and, as hard as his hands would let him, thumped them down on the table, saying that they would settle accounts. He then asked the other passenger to load them. There was a lady in the cabin; the other passenger and myself begged the disputants to go on deck, but they would not. Capt. Miles took one pistol, and

finding it not loaded, was going to batter the but-end about the captain's head, but we begged him to desist. He then secured the pistols in his trunk, and told the captain that by heavens he should not sleep, when he thought, as he then did, that all our lives were in danger. The lady got into fainting and convulsions, which put an end to the fracas, and the captain went on deck, and attended to his ship. The sails and whole rigging were wretched; men are sent to sea often unprepared, and more frequently do not know what to do in an emergency.

Friday, September 20th.—The wind was quite fair on the larboard quarter.

Saturday, September 21st.—Fine fair gale at west, going about six knots, a north-east course, across the Bay of Biscay.

Sunday, September 22d.—We had almost a calm; during last night and to-day, made little headway.

Monday, September 23d.—During part of the night, and this morning, a fine, fair, six-knot breeze, considerable rain, and oppressive, muggy weather.

Tuesday, September 24th.—We got into soundings this morning, in ninety fathoms, off the mouth of the English Channel. The wind was variable, now about north-north-west.

Wednesday, September 25th.—A tolerable

breeze all day, going north-north-east, the ship with not so much motion when we got into the English Channel.

Thursday, September 26th.—The lady passenger, Mrs. Richardson, who had been dreadfully afflicted with the head-ache, was somewhat better to-day. She got up, and I found her, as I had all the passage, quite agreeable and sensible, with an amiable disposition. She was handsome, and cheerful, and, when well, she added much to beguile the tedious hours at sea. She cheered us all up; indeed, men are but poor creatures without the society of ladies.

Friday, September 27th.—We were beating to windward in the mouth of the channel, with head winds, going slowly.

Saturday, September 28th.—I saw the land very plainly; but we had a contrary wind. I amused myself playing back-gammon and cards with the captain and passengers.

Sunday, September 29th.—We were passing the Eddystone Light-house off Plymouth.

Monday, September 30th.—We were standing to the northward in the bay, not far from the town of Portland; and at three, P. M. we were close into the town of Bridgeport, a neat, small town, and, to appearance, in a valley, with fine cultivated lands around it.

Tuesday, October 1st.—We had a contrary wind, and so high that we lost ground to-day.

Wednesday, October 2d.—A light wind during the night.

Thursday, October 3d.—We passed the Isle of Wight, and Southampton, and Plymouth, last night, and to-day Chichester, Arundel, and Brighthelmstone.

Friday, October 4th.—We passed Dungeness Point this morning, on which there is a lighthouse. We entered and sailed through the Straits of Dover, close along the English side; saw the town of Dover; and opposite is the French coast at Calais. A pilot came on board this morning, at about eight, when we were opposite Folkestone. The country all along this shore is beautiful and well cultivated. There are many fine green fields.

Saturday, October 5th.—We got under weigh this morning at eight; saw the Old Royal Yacht, called the Royal Sovereign, pass us, with some of the royal family, from Antwerp. The pilot, Mr. Bowles, told us it was the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. We had a fine view of the ladies on deck, under a handsome crimson canopy. The Duke was walking the quarter-deck with several others. They were in a beautiful ship-rigged vessel, with an elegant royal standard at her mast-head, which was very handsome, and is only hoisted when any of the royal family are on board. The vessel was ornamented all around with heavy borderings of gold, especially her bow and stern; and altogether she was a beautiful vessel. She sails quite

fast. She passed us as if we were standing still. We lowered the main-royal sail, as a mark of respect, when she passed.

We came in the afternoon past Sheerness, where is a large dock-yard, and harbor, and saw many new and old men-of-war laid up, and covered over.

Sunday, October 6th.—This morning the doctor of the quarantine harbor came along side, as it is customary, and made inquiries of the health of the crew, and passengers; and, in the evening, a guardian, or officer of inspection, came on board to examine the state of the cargo, to see if there were any suspected articles.

Monday, October 7th.—We were in great anxiety to know if we would be liberated from quarantine.

Tuesday, October 8th.—This morning another guardian, and officer of inspection, Mr. Watson, came on board. Our detention was owing to two packages, or cases, that were united in the manifest, mentioned "contents unknown," being two small cases one of the passengers, a Scotchman, had taken on board for his friend in London, these being suspicious articles. These inspectors were sent on board to examine them, fearful they might be infectious; and we were fearful they would make us perform a long quarantine for this piece of inadvertency.

Wednesday, October 9th.—In the same situation.

Thursday, October 10th.—We were quite disappointed in not being released from quarantine. The captain's bill of health, it seems, was not a clean bill from Alexandria; and, in consequence, it was uncertain how long we should have to remain.

Friday, October 11th, and Saturday, 12th.—On the latter day, got orders from a Mr. Dixon, one of the superintendent officers of quarantine, that we must remain fifteen days, which made it up to twenty before we were liberated.

We remained in quarantine until Sunday, October 20th. At two o'clock this day, Mr. Dixon, a quarantine officer, came on board, and liberated the ship. The three passengers, Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Hugh Bremmer, and Capt. Miles, went in a small cutter to Rochester, up the river Medway. I remained in the ship, which immediately got under weigh, and proceeded onward; passed Sheerness, and the Foreland, and up the river Thames, for London. Night coming on, and a contrary wind blowing, we anchored in the river half way to Gravesend. Among the number of new ships lying at Sheerness, I saw the Howe and Trafalgar; one, one hundred and ten, the other one hundred and twenty guns.

Monday, October 21st.—On account of the wind and tide being against us, we did not get under weigh till eleven o'clock, when we came up the river Thames, opposite to Gravesend. The

alien-office boat came to the vessel, and obliged me, as a foreigner, to go with them on board a vessel anchored off, where my baggage was searched. I was then taken ashore to the alien-office, at Gravesend, where I obtained a passport. I immediately went to the Prince of Orange Hotel, where the coaches stop, took an inside passage, and got to London, twenty-two miles from Gravesend, at nine, and put up at the New-York Coffee-house. I went through Dartmouth, Deptford, and Woolwich, where were handsome and extensive barracks; also through Blackheath and Greenwich.

Tuesday, October 22d.—I remained in London to-day, and received a number of letters from New-York, forwarded from Cork and Liverpool, one from Mr. Jacob Marsh, inclosing them, and one from Messrs. Thomas and William Earle & Co. inclosing others from Mr. E. D. and David Colden, and a number from Mrs. Rapelje. I paid Mr. J. Vaughan a visit, and inquired for New-Yorkers at the coffee-house, but found none. I was engaged all day in reading my letters.

Wednesday, October 23d.—Last evening at eight I started in the mail coach from the Swan with Two-Necks, Lad-lane, for Liverpool to take passage in the ship Cortes, Captain De Coste. I hastened my departure, as my wife and friends urged me to return forthwith. I rode all night through Coventry and New-Castle, and in the

counties of Stafford, Warwickshire, &c., &c., and over a fine road and delightful country, interspersed with hills, valleys, canals, and ponds, in every direction; there were highly cultivated farms, parks, and gardens, with sheep, horses, and cattle in abundance. Bee hives were around the cottages and gardens. I arrived at Liverpool two hundred and seven miles from London in twenty-eight hours and a half, being at the rate of more than seven miles an hour; but this is not so fast as some mails travel in America.

Thursday, October 24th.—I went a shopping to several places, to get articles of linen and flannel to wear on board. I engaged my passage with Capt. De Coste, of the ship Cortes, to pay him forty pounds, English, when I arrived at New-York. In the evening I went for an hour to the theatre; it is neat and small; I saw the latter part of Tom and Jerry. Miss Hammersley is a pleasant actress, and sings finely. The others are but indifferent. I wrote a letter to Mr. Mark of Cork, one to Capt. Brooks, London, and a note to Messrs. Earle.

Friday, October 25th.—At six I went on board the ship Cortes, Capt. De Coste, for New-York, and sailed out with a fair breeze of wind.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, October 26th, 27th, and 28th.—The wind came rather contrary, and we were getting on slowly; on Sunday evening we saw the Tuscora light, a revolving one, making a circuit every two minutes. We saw the light

about thirty miles off, and expected soon to be out of the channel.

Tuesday, October 29th.—We got a fine wind with rain during the after part of the day.

Wednesday, October 30th.—It rained most of the day.

Thursday, October 31st.—Dull weather, but the passengers on board were genteel, and lived together harmoniously.

Friday, November 1st.—We had high and contrary winds, with rain during the day.

Saturday, November 2d.—The wind was blowing hard, with showers. The passengers endeavored to do all in their power to make each other happy. The captain, although in appearance, a robust, stout man, with a weather-beaten face like my own, I found to possess a kind, tender heart, and was uncommonly attentive to his ship both day and night; obliging and attentive to all his passengers.

Sunday, November 3d.—The wind kept going down during the night, and the morning was fine and clear.

Monday and Tuesday, November 4th and 5th.—The wind was high and contrary; the ship had much motion.

Wednesday, November 6th.—At eleven or twelve last night, the wind from a heavy gale against us, came all of a sudden fair, and continued

fair during the day; the ship going from six to seven knots an hour.

Thursday, November 7th.—The weather pleasant, and wind ahead to south and west, and light during the morning, but increased during the whole of the day.

Friday, November 8th.—Until the middle of the night, the wind blew from the south and west, and the ship went about nine or ten knots an hour. We took in sail during the evening and night; and between eleven and twelve it shifted to north-west and blew a perfect hurricane, so as to shiver the foresail. A man, in handing the sails on the windward main-yard arm, fell, and was lost overboard; it being very dark, there was no chance to save him. The ship was laid too under mizen stay-sail and fore-sail, and so continued during this day; the gale continuing.

Saturday, November 9th.—The gale continued, and the ship lay to, all day. The wind was contrary and strong.

Sunday, November 10th.—The wind was ahead, but abated; there was a heavy sea, and the ship rolled much during the night.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 11th, 12th, and 13th.—We had high, contrary winds. Early on Monday morning, a sudden squall took the sails, and broke in the middle the fore yard-arm; but during the next day we got up a new one.

Thursday, November 14th.—About daylight the wind sprung up a strong blow from the north-west, and this was the first time in a week that it was fair.

Friday, November 15th.—The wind was not very fair.

Saturday, November 16th.—A high wind during the night. Yesterday the maintop-gallant yard broke. We had now been out three weeks, and had proceeded near half way from Liverpool to New-York.—A young lady passenger, Miss Harman, was very ill by constant sea-sickness, and spasms.

Sunday, November 17th.—We had fine weather, the ship going a tolerable course of west-by-south.

Monday, 18th, Tuesday, 19th.—Nothing material.

Wednesday, November 20th.—A fair wind, going eight and nine knots an hour.

Thursday, November 21st.—Wind ahead during the night, and we shipped many seas, and pitched and rolled at a great rate.

Friday, November 22d.—The weather was quite mild during the night, and very warm. The passengers were all pleasant to each other, showing a spirit of mutual accommodation and civility; and we amused ourselves with different games at cards, at whist, cassino, cribbage, &c.; back-gammon, draughts, chess, &c.; reading and walking

the deck, when good weather, notwithstanding now and then a sea was shipped, and we were sprinkled, some of us, even to the skin. We are about eleven hundred and fifty miles from New-York.

Saturday, November 23d.—We had all night, and this day, heavy gales, with squalls of rain; the wind about west, and we making a steady course of north-north-west.

Sunday, November 24th.—High winds, shipping many heavy seas. We were making a north-west course.

Monday, November 25th.—The wind blew almost a hurricane during the night, attended with lightning and rain, the vessel rolling and pitching very much to our annoyance at table.

Tuesday, November 26th.—We had high winds.

Wednesday, November 27th.—There was last night a perfect hurricane from the north-west, with rain and lightning. But few slept, on account of the rolling and pitching of the ship; but to-day the wind was fair, and more moderate.

Thursday, November 28th.—We had a fair wind from the north-east; course north-west, for the last twenty-four hours, during which time we sailed about a hundred and fifty miles, from six to seven miles an hour. It was a pleasant day.

Friday, November 29th.—We had a good southerly and easterly wind all last night, and

to-day, which sent us along at the rate of from seven to nine knots an hour. The morning was clear, and the weather warm. The passengers and crew were well, and in good spirits. This was now just four weeks since the ship sailed from Liverpool, and the only really fair wind we have had. It lasted only two days. The ship has little motion, the sea almost as smooth as a mill-pond.

Saturday, November 30th.—This being St. Andrew's day, and there being several Scotch gentlemen on board, belonging to the society of that name, we celebrated the day. The captain had the table sumptuously furnished on the occasion with real turtle soup, fine salmon, that were preserved, and as fine as if just caught. At lunch there was a collation of rich cake, made on board, and which looked as if just out of the hands of a confectioner; also a fine dessert, as puddings, tarts, preserves, fruits, and nuts, &c., properly served, also choice white and red wines, with champagne. The day was spent with much hilarity and good humor. There were a number of appropriate toasts, songs, and glees. The table was honored by the presence of the ladies on board; and Mrs. Kerr, with her usual goodness of heart, furnished the Scotch gentlemen with St. Andrew's ensignia of the cross, handsomely ornamented. The weather favored us, the sea was smooth, and there was a fair breeze driving us gently on as we honored the birth-day.

Sunday, December 1st.—We had the same misty weather.

Monday, December 2d.—It cleared up in the night, and the wind north-west. The weather much colder, and the wind was not fair.

Tuesday, December 3d.—We had a high wind from the north, south, and east, and we were scudding under very easy sail all day.

Wednesday, December 4th.—We had rain and head winds all day.

Thursday, December 5th.—The wind was ahead, and it was quite cold. We got to soundings in ninety fathoms of water, off Massachusetts Bay and Cape Cod. We supposed the shoals on George's Bank about two hundred miles from that shore. It was quite cold, so as to make ice on the deck.

Friday, December 6th.—It is now just six weeks since we left Liverpool. We had little or no wind during the night, and what there was, ahead; but this morning at six, the wind came from the north. We took an easterly course. We had sleet and snow during the night.

Saturday, December 7th.—The wind was contrary; we coasted by tacking all day.

Sunday, December 8th.—This morning I saw land on the Long Island shores, supposed to be Southampton; wind ahead, but fine, clear, cool weather.

Monday, December 9th.—I threw my pen

aside, and strained my eye-balls to see my native shore.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> 'This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned,
> From wandering on a foreign strand?'"

After receiving the congratulations of my family and friends on my safe arrival after all my wanderings and hair-breadth escapes, and they had not been a few; indeed at times I had been given up for dead by many of my friends in this country, I began to look around my native city, which had increased most marvelously in my absence. This absence seemed a long exile to me, and one which I could not have borne if it had not been voluntary; although, in fact, the time was short for the extent of my rovings. On a survey of the city I found the speculator and the mechanic had been busy. Old buildings had given place to new ones; vacant lots had been covered with fine houses; new streets had been cut, and narrow ones widened for the convenience of the public, if the expenses fell unjustly on some individuals. The lands I left a farm had become house lots, and that ground which had been purchased by the acre, now sold readily by the square foot. On inquiry, I found the state had been equally prosperous, and the United States generally. It would be no easy

matter to make enlightened England believe that we had in this young country, more than fifty colleges; that millions were paid every year for the education of the common classes of society, and that the rich were obliged to pay according to their wealth for all this, and to receive in turn the protection of the citizen soldier in case of invasion; and as for the rest of Europe, they would rank such a story among the annals of the fabulous ages.

On my return I found my farm in Westchester a favorite residence; and I believe it is true to the nature of man, that the more he travels, the more decidedly he places his happiness in retirement, at least in his own imagination, if not in habits. I have now arrived at that time of life when I can no more expect to feel a disposition to encounter the dangers of the ocean, or to traverse distant countries. I wish prosperity to mankind at large, but my most ardent prayers are for my own country; and I have said in my heart, this Republic wants nothing but harmony and peace in her borders, and a full tide of patriotism in the breasts of her citizens, to be the wonder and envy of the world.

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